

Prince ARTHUR

Re:

An Heroick

Tommy

POEM.

In Ten BOOKS.

Sto: Gallman his

Book

BY

RICHARD BLACKMORE, M. D.

AND

Fellow of the College of Physitians in *London.*

The Third Edition Corrected.

To which is added, An INDEX, Explaining the Names
of *Countries, Cities, and Rivers, &c.*

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P R E F A C E.

TO what ill purposes soever Poetry has been abus'd, its true and genuine End is by universal Confession, the Instruction of our Minds, and Regulation of our Manners; for which 'tis furnish'd with so many excellent Advantages. The Delicacy of its Strains, the Sweetness and Harmony of its Numbers, the lively and admirable manner of its Painting or Representation, and the wonderful Force of its Eloquence, cannot but open the Passages to our Breasts, triumph over our Passions, and leave behind them very deep Impressions. 'Tis in the power of Poetry to insinuate into the utmost Recesses of the Mind, to touch any Spring that moves the Heart, to agitate the Soul with any sort of Affection, and transform it into any Shape or Posture it thinks fit. 'Tis therefore no wonder that so wise a State, as that of Athens, should retain the Poets on the side of Religion and the Government. The Stage there was set up to teach the People the Scheme of their Religion, and those Modes of Worship the Government thought fit to encourage, to convey to them such Ideas of their Deities, and Divine Providence, as might engage their Minds to a Reverence of superiour, invisible Beings, and to observe and admire their Administration of humane Affairs. The Poets were look'd on as Divine, not only upon the account of that extraordinary Fire and Heat of Imagination, wherewith they were thought to be inspir'd, but likewise upon the account of their Profession and Imployment, their Business being to represent

The PREFACE.

present Vice as the most odious, and Virtue as the most desirable thing in the World.

Tragedy was at its first Institution a part of the Ancient Pagans Divine Service, when the Chorus which originally was so great a part, contain'd many excellent Lessons of Piety and Morality, and was wholly employ'd in rectifying their mistakes about the Gods, and their Government of the World, in moderating their Passions, and purging their Minds from Vice and Corruption. This was the noble Design of the Chorus. And the Representation of great and illustrious Characters, gradually afterwards introduc'd, their Impious, or their Generous Actions, and the different Event that attended them, was to deter Men from Vice and Impiety, and encourage them to be Generous and Virtuous, by shewing them the Vengeance that at last overtook the one, and the Rewards and Praises that crown'd the other. The End of Comedy was the same, but pursu'd in another way. The business of Comedy being to render Vice ridiculous, to expose it to publick Derision and Contempt, and to make Men ashamed of Vile and Sordid Actions.

Tragedy design'd to Scare Men, Comedy to Laugh them out of their Vices. And 'tis very plain, that Satyr is intended for the same End, the Promotion of Virtue, and exposing of Vice; which it pursues by sharp Reproaches, vehement and bitter Invektives, or by a Courtyly, but not less cutting Raillery. The Odes of the Lyric Poet were chiefly design'd for the Praises of their Gods, their Heroes and extraordinary Persons, to draw Men to an Admiration and Imitation of them.

But above all other kinds, Epick Poetry, as it is first in Dignity, so it mostly conduces to this End.

In

The PREFACE.

In an Epick Poem, where Characters of the first Rank and Dignity, Illustrious for their Birth or high Employment are introduc'd, the Fable, the Action, the particular Episodes are so contriv'd and conducted, or at least ought to be, that either Fortitude, Wisdom, Piety, Moderation, Generosity, some or other Noble and Princely Virtues shall be recommended with the highest Advantage, and their contrary Vices made as odious. To give Men right and just Conceptions of Religion and Virtue, to aid their Reason in restraining their Exorbitant Appetites and Impetuous Passions, and to bring their Lives under the Rules and Guidance of true Wisdom, and thereby to promote the publick Good of Mankind, is undoubtedly the End of all Poetry.

'Tis true indeed, that one End of Poetry is to give Men Pleasure and Delight; but this is but a subordinate, subaltern End, which is it self a Means to the greater, and ultimate one before mention'd. A Poet should employ all his Judgment and Wit, exhaust all the Riches of his Fancy, and abound in Beautiful and Noble Expression, to divert and entertain others; but then it must be with this Prospect, that he may hereby engage their Attention, insinuate more easily into their Minds, and more effectually convey to them wise Instructions. 'Tis below the Dignity of a true Poet to take his Aim at any inferiour End. They are Men of little Genius, of mean and poor Design, that employ their Wit for no higher Purpose, than to please the Imagination of vain and wanton People.

I think these Poets, if they must be called so, whose Wit as they manage it, is altogether unuseful are justly reproach'd; but I am sure those others are highly to be condemned, who use all their Wit in Opposition to

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Re-

The PREFACE.

Religion, and to the Destruction of Virtue and good Manners in the World. There have been in all Ages such ill Men that have perverted the right Use of Poetry, but never so many, or so bold or mischievous, as in ours. Our Poets seem engag'd in a general Confederacy to ruin the End of their own Art, to expose Religion and Virtue, and bring Vice and Corruption of Manners into Esteem and Reputation. The Poets that write for the Stage, (at least a great part of 'em) seem deeply concern'd in this Conspiracy. These are the Champions that charge Religion with such desperate Resolution, and have given it so many deep and ghastly Wounds. The Stage was an Outwork or Fort rais'd for the Protection and Security of the Temple; but the Poets that kept it, have revolted, and basely betray'd it, and what is worse, have turn'd all their Force, and discharg'd all their Artillery against the Place their Duty was to defend. If any Man thinks this an unjust Charge, I desire him to read any of our modern Comedies, and I believe he will soon be convinc'd of the Truth of what I have said.

The Man of Sense, and the Fine Gentleman in the Comedy, who as the chiefest Person propos'd to the Esteem and Imitation of the Audience, is enrich'd with all the Sense and Wit the Poet can bestow; this Extraordinary Person you will find to be a Derider of Religion, a great Admirer of Lucretius, not so much for his Learning, as his Irreligion, a Person wholly Idle, dissolv'd in Luxury, abandon'd to his Pleasures, a great Debaucher of Women, profuse and extravagant in his Expences; and in short, this Finish'd Gentleman will appear a Finish'd Libertine

The

The PREFACE.

The Young Lady that must support the Character of a Virtuous, Well-manner'd Sensible Woman, the most perfect Creature that can be, and the very Flower of her Sex, this Accomplish'd Person entertains the Audience with confident Discourses, immodest Repartees, and prophane Raillery. She is thoroughly instructed in Intreagues and Assignations, a great Scoffer at the prudent Reservedness and Modesty of the best of her Sex, She despises the wise Instructions of her Parents or Guardians, is disobedient to their Authority, and at last, without their Knowledge or Consent, marries her self to the Fine Gentleman abovementioned. And can any one imagine, but that our Young Ladies and Gentlemen are admirably instructed by such Patterns of Sense and Virtue? If a Clergy-man be introduc'd, as he often is, 'tis seldom for any other purpose, but to abuse him, to expose his very Character and Profession: He must be a Pimp, a Blockhead, a Hypocrite; some wretched Figure he must make, and almost ever be so manag'd, as to bring his very Order into Contempt. This indeed is a very common, but yet so gross an Abuse of Wit, as was never endur'd on a Pagan Theater, at least in the ancient, primitive Times of Poetry, before its Purity and Simplicity became corrupted with the Inventions of after Ages. Poets then taught Men to reverence their Gods, and those who serv'd them. None had so little Regard for his Religion, as to expose it publicly, or if any had, their Governments were too wise to suffer the Worship of their Gods to be treated on the Stage with Contempt.

In our Comedies the Wives of Citizens are highly encourag'd to despise their Husbands, and to make great Friendship with some such Vertuous Gentleman

The PREFACE.

tleman and Man of Sense as is above describ'd. This is their Way of recommending Chastity and Fidelity And that Diligence and Frugality may be sufficiently expos'd, tho' the two Virtues that chiefly support the Being of any State, to deter Men from being Industrious and Wealthy, the Diligent, Thriving Citizen is made the most Wretched, Contemptible Thing in the World: And as the Alderman that makes the best Figure in the City, makes the worst on the Stage, so under the Character of a Justice of Peace, you have all the Prudence and Virtues of the Country most unmercifully insulted over.

And as these Characters are set up on purpose to ruin all Opinion and Esteem of Virtue, so the Conduct throughout, the Language, the Fable and Contrivance seem evidently design'd for the same Noble End. There are few Fine Concepts, few Strains of Wit, or extraordinary Pieces of Raillery, but are either immodest or irreligious, and very few Scenes but have some spiteful and envious Stroke at Sobriety and Good Manners, whence the Youth of the Nation have apparently receiv'd very bad Impressions. The universal Corruption of Manners and irreligious Disposition of Mind that infects the Kingdom, seems to have been in a great Measure deriv'd from the Stage, or has at least been highly promoted by it. And 'tis great Pitty that those in whose Power it is, have not yet restrain'd the Licentiousness of it, and oblig'd the Writers to observe more Decorum. It were to be wish'd that Poets, as Preachers are in some Countries, were paid and licens'd by the State, and that none were suffer'd to write in Prejudice of Religion and the Government, but that all such Offenders,

The PREFACE.

senders, as publick Enemies of Mankind should be silenc'd and duly punish'd. Sure some Effectual Care should be taken that these Men might not be suffer'd by Debauching our Youth, to help on the Destruction of a brave Nation.

Some of these Poets, to excuse their Guilt, alledge for themselves, that the Degeneracy of the Age makes their leud way of Writing necessary; they pretend the Auditors will not be pleas'd, unless they are thus entertain'd from the Stage; and to please they say is the chief business of the Poet. But this is by no means a just Apology; 'tis not true, as was said before, that the Poet's chief business is to please. His chief business is to instruct, to make Mankind Wiser and Better; and in order to this, his Care should be to please and entertain the Audience with all the Wit and Art he is Master of. Aristotle and Horace, and all their Criticks and Commentators, all Men of Wit and Sense agree, that this is the End of Poetry. But they say 'tis their Profession to Write for the Stage; and that Poets must starve if they will not in this way humour the Audience. The Theater will be as unfrequented, as the Churches, and the Poet and the Parson equally neglected. Let the Poet then abandon his Profession, and take up some honest, lawful Calling, where joyning Industry to his great Wit, he may soon get above the Complaints of Poverty, so common among these ingenious Men, and lye under no necessity of prostituting his Wit to any such vile Purposes as are here censur'd. This will be a course of Life more Profitable and Honourable to himself, and more useful to others. And there are among these Writers some, who think they might have risen to the highest Dignities in other Professions, had they employ'd their Wit in those Ways.

The PREFACE.

'Tis a mighty Dishonour and Reproach to any Man, that is capable of being useful to the World in any Liberal and Virtuous Profession, to lavish out his Life and Wit, in propagating Vice and Corruption of Manners, and in battering from the Stage the strongest Entrenchments and best Works of Religion and Virtue. Whoever makes this his Choice, when the other was in his Power, may be go off the Stage unpity'd, complaining of Neglect and Poverty, the just Punishments of his Irreligion and Folly.

'Tis no dishonour to be a true Poet, if indeed a Man be one; that is, a noble Genius well cultivated, and employ'd in Writing in such a way, as reaches the End of his Art, and by discouraging Vice, promotes the Good of Mankind. But 'tis a mighty Dishonour and Shame, to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. Such a one is more hateful, as an ill Man, than valuable, as a good Poet. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being of the whole Creation.

Nor is this Abuse confin'd to the Stage, the same Strain runs thro' the other kinds of Poetry. What monstrous lewd and irreligious Books of Poems, as they are call'd, have been of late days publish'd, and what is the greater wonder, receiv'd in a Civiliz'd and Christian Kingdom, with Applause and Reputation? The sweetness of the Wit, makes the Poison go down with Pleasure, and the Contagion spreads without Opposition. Young Gentlemen and Ladies are generally pleas'd and diverted with Poetry, more than by any other way of Writing; but there are few Poems they can fix on, but they are like to pay too dear for their Entertainment. Their Fancies are like to be fill'd with impure Ideas,
and

The PREFACE.

and their Minds engag'd in hurtful Passions, which are the more lasting, by being convey'd in lively Expressions, and all the Address of an artful Poet.

For this End among others, I undertook the writing of this Poem, hoping I might be able to please and entertain, not only without hurting the Reader, but to his advantage. I was willing to make one Effort towards the rescuing the Muses out of the hands of these Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity. If I succeed not my self in this good Design, I hope at least I shall awaken the Courage and Compassion of some other brave Adventurers, that may more happily attempt this honourable Work.

To write an Epick Poem is a work of that Difficulty, that no one for near seventeen hundred years past has succeeded in it; and only those two great Wits Homer and Virgil before. That the modern Poets have been so unsuccessful, has not, I imagin, proceeded so much from want of Genius, as from their Ignorance of the Rules of writing such a Poem; or at least, from their want of attending to them. Tho' Aristotle's excellent Rules of Poetry were early publish'd, and soon after illustrated by the Comments of several Criticks, yet we do not find that our modern Writers were very careful to observe them. And indeed, as our modern Poets seem not to have attended to those incomparable Rules, so neither have they carefully consider'd the great Models that Homer and Virgil left them. Some Readers that are not vers'd in this matter, imagin every thing written in Heroick Verse, is an Heroick Poem; but these have not consider'd the Nature of such a Work, nor look'd into the Criticks, who have written

The P R E F A C E.

on this Subject. I shall therefore give the Definition of an Epick or Heroick Poem, that those that have it not already, may now have a true Idea of its Nature.

An Epick Poem is a feign'd or devis'd Story of an Illustrious Action, related in Verse, in an Allegorical, Probable, Delightful and Admirable manner, to cultivate the Mind with Instructions of Virtue. 'Tis a feign'd or devis'd Discourse; that is, a Fable; and so it agrees with Tragedy and Comedy. The word Fable at first signified indifferently a true or false Story, therefore Cicero for distinction, uses *Fictas Fabulas* in his *Book de Finibus*. But afterwards Custom obtain'd to use the word always for a feign'd Discourse. And in the first Ages, especially in the Eastern World, great use was made by Learned and Wise Men of these feign'd Discourses, Fables or Apologues, to teach the ruder and more unpolis'd Part of Mankind. Theologians, Philosophers, and great Law-givers, every where fell into this way of instructing and cultivating the People in the Knowledge of Religion, Natural Philosophy, and Moral and Political Virtues. So Thales, Orpheus, Solon, Homer, and the rest of the great Men in those Ages have done, and the famous Philosopher Socrates is by some affirm'd to be the Author of many of the Fables that pass under Æsop's name. Most of them made their Fables in Verse, that by the addition of Harmony and Numbers they might the better attain their End. Strabo and Plutarch greatly commend this way of teaching the People; and these Reasons may be given for the usefulness of it. Naked Philosophical Precepts and Doctrines are of themselves harsh and dry, hardly attended to, and ungratefully entertain'd. If the Hearers are rude and coarse, or very vicious, there is no hope of gaining them by a

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The P R E F A C E.

grave and solemn Discourse of Virtue, and even the better and more civiliz'd Auditors are hardly kept attentive to it. Man is naturally a Lover of Pleasure, and if you would do him Good, it must be, by pleasing him; you must give him Delight, and keep his Mind in a constant agreeable Agitation, else he will not attend to the most useful Counsel and Instruction. He is pleas'd already with the Notions and Habitudes, howsoever false or vicious, that have the present Possession of him, and you must give him a great deal of Pleasure and Entertainment to engage him to bear you, when you would persuade him to the trouble of becoming Wiser and Better. Now the first Wise Men that undertook to civilize and polish the barbarous World, found this way of Fables especially in Verse, to be mighty Acceptable to the People: The Contrivance gave them Delight, and the Novelty rais'd their Admiration. They could learn them perfectly, and repeat them often, by which means the Instructions of Virtue covertly contain'd in them, were inculcated on their Minds.

And we find, that many Ages after Orpheus, Solon, Homer, &c. the Divine Law-giver of the Christians thought fit to teach the People by Apologues, Parables or Fables, under which he cover'd and disguis'd his Heavenly Instructions.

The Action must be Illustrious and Important; Illustrious in respect of the Person, who is the Author of it, who is always some Valiant, or Wise, or Pious Prince or great Commander. But let his Character be what it will in other respects (for there is no Necessity the Hero should be a good or a wise Person) it's always necessary he should have Courage; which single Quality is sufficient to make the Hero. And the

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The PREFACE.

Action must be important, both in respect of its Object and its End. 'Tis the Action of some great Person, about some noble and weighty Affair. 'Tis true, there are many other Persons concern'd, but 'tis the Action of the chief Person that gives the Being and Denomination to the Poem. This Action must be but one; when it ceases, the Poem is ended; and if it be reviv'd, and taken up again, 'tis a new Poem begins. Action is Motion; and if it ceases cannot be reviv'd, so as to be numerically the same. There are indeed many other Actions besides the Principal one, but they all depend on, and have relation to that which is Principal, with the Unity of which, the Unity of the Poem stands or falls. If this principal Action be broken, the Poem is broken too, if there be any other Action coordinate and independent on this, the Poem is monstrous, and has as many Heads, as there are found independent Actions. The Narration therefore of many Actions successively of one great Person, or the History of his Life related in Verse, is by no means an Heroick Poem, any one great Action being sufficient for that. That which makes the Unity of the Action, is the regular Succession of one Part or Episode to another, not only as Antecedents and Consequents, but as it were Causes and Effects, wherein the Reader may discern that the former Episode makes the following necessary, and the Connection between them is such, that they assist and support each other, as the Members of the Body do, no Episode being out of its place, of a disproportion'd size to the Rest, or that could be spar'd from its place, without maiming, or at least deforming the Whole. If this order of the Episodes be preserv'd, and there appears none but what naturally and probably results from the principal Action, then the Action may be look'd on as one.

The

The PREFACE.

The Action must be related in an Allegorical manner; and this Rule is best observ'd, when as Divines speak; there is both a Literal Sense obvious to every Reader, and that gives him satisfaction enough if he sees no farther; and besides another Mystical or Typical Sense, not hard to be discover'd by those Readers that penetrate the matter deeper. Virgil seems most happy in this Conduct, whose Poem all along contains this double Sense; Homer has often only an Allegorical Sense without the Literal, and therefore is not so well accommodated to this Age, as he was not to that of Augustus. But Ariosto and Spencer, however great Wits, not observing this judicious Conduct of Virgil, nor attending to any sober Rules, are hurried on with a boundless, impetuous Fancy over Hill and Dale, till they are both lost in a Wood of Allegories. Allegories so wild, unnatural, and extravagant, as greatly displease the Reader. This way of writing mightily offends in this Age; and 'tis a wonder how it came to please in any. There is indeed a way of writing purely Allegorical, as when Vices and Virtues are introduc'd as Persons; the first as Furies, the other as Divine Persons or Goddesses, which still obtains, and is well enough accommodated to the present Age. For the Allegory is presently discern'd, and the Reader is by no means impos'd on, but sees it immediately to be an Allegory, and is both delighted and instructed with it. The devis'd Story must be related in a probable manner; without this all things will be harsh, unnatural, and monstrous; and consequently most odious and offensive to the Judicious. Probability must be in the Action, the Conduct, the Manners; and where humane means cannot, Machines are introduc'd to support it. Nothing is more necessary
then

The PREFACE.

then Probability ; no Rule more chafly to be observ'd.

An *Epick Poem* must likewise be delightful and admirable ; and to make it so, must concur sublime Thoughts, clear and noble Expression, Purity of Language, a just, and due Proportion, Relation, and Dependence between the Parts, and a beautiful and regular Structure and Connection discernable in the Whole. Without these it will not be capable of giving Delight, or raising Admiration. Admiration is the Formal Object of an *Epick Poem*, nothing is to be admitted there, but as it is admirable ; and by this it is discriminated from all other sorts of Poetry. Every kind endeavours to please and delight, but this only attempts to please by astonishing and amazing the Reader. In an *Epick Poem* every thing should appear great and wonderful, the Thoughts cannot be too much Elevated, the Episodes too Noble, the Expression too Magnificent, nor the Action too Wonderful and Surprising, if Probability be preserv'd. No Riches of Fancy, no Pomp of Eloquence can be laid out too much on such a Work where the Design is throughout to raise our Admiration. To render the Action the more Admirable, Homer and Virgil have introduc'd the Gods, and engag'd them every where as Parties ; and tho' I cannot say this is Essential and Necessary to an *Epick Poem*, yet 'tis evident, that interesting Heaven and Hell in the matter, does mightily raise the Subject, and makes the Action appear more wonderful. The Pagan Poets had in this a great advantage, their Theology was such, as would easily mix it self with their Poems, from whence they receiv'd their greatest Beauties. Homer indeed to raise his Subject by his frequent Machines, seems to have debas'd his Religion. Virgil's Conduct, in my Opinion, is more careful

The PREFACE.

ful and chaf. But some of our modern Criticks have believ'd 'tis scarce possible for a Christian Poet to make use of this advantage, of introducing Superiour, Invisible Powers into the Action, and therefore seem to despair of seeing an Heroick Poem written now, that shall reach to the Dignity of those of the Pagans. They think the Christian Religion is not so well accommodated to this matter, as the Pagan was ; and that if any Attempt be made this way, Religion will suffer more, than the Poem will gain by it. My Opinion has always differ'd from these Gentlemen's, I believe a Christian Poet has as great advantages as the Pagan had ; and that our Theology may enter into an *Epick Poem*, and raise the Subject without being it self debas'd. And this indeed was a second Reason why I undertook this Work, so full of Difficulty and Hazard. I was willing to give an Instance wherein it might appear, that the Assertion I have advanc'd, is actually true.

In the Definition which I have given of an Heroick Poem, according to the Sense and Judgment of the best Criticks, I have said, its End is to convey some Instruction of Virtue. But of this, I have discours'd at large at the beginning of this Preface, and there is no need of repeating it.

'Tis not for me to proceed to Censure other Mens Performances of this Kind ; whoever will be at the Pains to read the Commentators on Aristotle, and Horace's Rules of Poetry ; or that will but carefully consider Rapin, Dacier, and Bossu, those great Masters among the French, and the Judicious Remarks of our own excellent Critick Mr. Rymer, who seems to have better consider'd these matters, and to have seen farther into them, than any of the English Nation ; will be soon able to see wherein the Heroick Poems that

The PREFACE.

have been publish'd since Virgil by the Italian, French, and English Wits have been defective, by comparing them with the Rules of Writing set down by those great Masters. Whether I have succeeded better, must be left to the determination of the Judicious Reader.

In this Work I have endeavour'd mostly to form my self on Virgil's Model, which I look on, as the most just and perfect, and which is most easily accommodated to the present Age, supposing the Christian Religion in the place of the Pagan. I do not make any Apology for my imitation of Virgil in so many places of this Poem; for the same great Master has imitated Homer as frequently and closely; and I do not find that any of his Criticks have condemn'd him for his doing so. Nor is it at all improbable, but that the Greek Poet himself imitated his Predecessors of the same Nation, tho' no doubt he wonderfully improv'd their Model. Homer, I believe, was not the first Writer of an Epick Poem. We find Aristotle in his Book of the Art of Poetry, makes mention of several, I suppose, before him: He tells us of an Epick Poem, intituled, The Little Ilias, and another the Cyprica; and censures them both, as containing many perfect, distinct, and independent Actions. The last of these Poems is likewise mention'd by Herodotus in Euterpe, by Athenæus and Pausanias. And 'tis likely many more such Poems were written before Homer's time, who might be well suppos'd to have imitated them in what they had done well, as well as to have improv'd them in avoiding many of their Errors.

What Homer and Virgil have perform'd with Honour and universal Applause, I have attempted: What they have been able, I have been willing to do. If I have not succeeded, my disappointment will be the less,

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The PREFACE.

in that Poetry has been so far from being my Business and Profession, that it has employ'd but a small part of my Time; and then, but as my Recreation, and the Entertainment of my idle hours. If this Attempt succeeds so far, as to excite some other Person that has a noble Genius, Leisure, and Application, to Honour his Country with a just Epick Poem, I shall think the Vacancies and Intervals that for about two years past, I have had from the Business of my Profession; which notwithstanding was then greater than at any time before, have been very well employ'd.

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Prince Arthur.

BOOK I.

I Sing the *Briton*, and his Righteous Arms,
Who bred to Suffrings, and the rude Alarms
Of bloody War, forsook his Native Soil,
And long sustain'd a vast Heroick Toil,
Till kinder Fate invited his Return,
To blest the Isle, that did his Absence mourn :
To re-enthroned fair Liberty, and break
The Saxon Yoke, that gall'd *Britannia's* Neck.

Tell, sacred Muse, what made th' Infernal King
Use all his Atts, and all his Forces bring
The gen'rous *Briton's* Triumphs to oppose,
Afflict his Friends, and aid his cruel Foes.
Tell, why the angry Pow'rs below, combine
T' opprefs a valiant Prince, and thwart his brave Design.

Ambitious *Lucifer*, depos'd of late
From Bliss Divine, and high Angelick State,
Sinks to the dark, unbottom'd Deep of Hell,
Where Sin, and Death, and endless Sorrow dwell:
Here plung'd in Flame, and torrur'd with Despair
He plots Revenge, and meditates new War.
His Thoughts on deep Designs th' Apostate spent,
When this Conjunction favour'd his Intent.
A spacious, dusky Plain lay wast and void,
Where yet Creating Power was ne'er employ'd

To fashion Elements, or strike out Light;
 The silent, lonesome Walks of ancient Night.
 In th' Archives kept in Heav'n's bright Towers, was found,
 A sacred old Decree, wherein the Ground
 Was set distinctly out, from Ages past,
 For a new World, on this unbounded Wast.
 Here did th' Artificer Divine of late,
 The World so long before markt out, create.
 And gave it to the Man he newly made,
 Where all things him, as he did Heav'n, obey'd.
 In *Eden's* Walks he made his blest Abode,
 All full of Joy, of Glory, full of *God*.
 Nature with vast Profusion on him pours,
 Unmeasur'd Bliss, from unexhausted Stores.

Th' Apostate raging at his own Defeat,
 And envying this new Prince his happy Seat;
 Labours to win him to his Side, to bear
 Arms against Heav'n, and wage Confed'rate War.
 Nor did his Arts in vain weak Man assail,
 His false Seraphick Tongue, and Charms prevail.
 Deluded Man from his high Station fell
 Deserting Heav'n, to serve the Cause of Hell.
 This fatal Conquest o'er fain *Adam* gain'd,
 A mighty Empire *Lucifer* maintain'd;
 Till the blest Prince of Peace, Heav'n's Lord and Heir,
 By Pity's Tears, and charming Mercy's Prayer
 Drawn down from Heav'n, freed lost Mankind, and broke
 The Pow'r of Hell, and Sin's Tyrannick Yoke.
 He makes proud *Lucifer* his Host disband,
 And wrests the Scepter from th' Usurper's Hand.
 The Prince of Darkness owns the Conquerour,
 And yields his Empire to a mightier Pow'r.

From

From Idols and their Priests the Nations freed,
 Celestial Light, and Truth divine succeed.
 Religion large Dominions soon obtain'd,
 And daily Conquests, and fresh Laurels gain'd.
 To *Albion's* Shore she early pass'd the Main,
 And brought along her bright Etherial Train:
 From thence she chas'd Infernal Shades away,
 And o'er the Isle, diffus'd a Heav'nly Day.
 The Prince of Hell at her Appearance flies,
 Spoil'd of his Altars, and his Votaries.
 Confin'd to Barb'rous Northern Lands he staid,
 Till the fierce Saxon, *Albion* did invade:
 Victorious *Otha* who his Shrines ador'd,
 Rebuilt his Altars, and his Groves restor'd.
 Long abdicated Gods make *Albion* mourn,
 At theirs, and their devouring Priests Return.
 Th' Arch-Traytor's Rage hence against *Arthur* rose,
 And all th' Infernal Pow'rs his Arms oppose:
 Conscious should he his glorious End acquire,
 And force th' intruding Pagan to retire,
 Theirs, with the Saxon Empire must expire.
 They must again forsake fair *Albion's* Land,
 And leave Divine Religion to Command.

Scarce had the Britons left the Neustrian Coast,
 Born with a prosperous Gale, scarce had they lost
 The Tops of Spires, and rising Points of Land,
 When *Lucifer*, who did observing stand
 On the high Southern Promontory's Head,
 Of *Vesta's* Isle, the Seas beneath him spread
 With sharp Angelick Ken, views far and wide,
 And soon Prince *Arthur's* hateful Fleet descri'd.
 The Heav'ns serenely smil'd, and every Sail
 Fill'd its wide Bosom, with th' indulgent Gale.

B 2

Mercy

Mercy, Deliverance, Pity, Hope displaid
 Their Silver Wings, and glad attendance paid,
 Sung on the Shrowds, or with the Streamers plaid.
 Rage flash'd, like Lightning, from th' Apostate's Eyes,
 And Envy swell'd him to the vastest Size.
 Then he to himself.

Was not to me in the fam'd Wars of Heav'n,
 The chief Command of all the Forces giv'n,
 Sent by Confederate Potentates to wage
 Unheard of VVar, and all Heav'n's Pow'r engage?
 When I, to end with Honour the Campaign,
 Drew my bright Troops out on the Etherial Plain;
 And push'd on that great, last decisive Day,
 With God-like Vigour, for th' Imperial Sway.
 In Lustre chief, in Danger and Command,
 Did I proud *Michael's* Veteran Troops withstand.
Michael, than whom a Braver Combitant,
 For Skill and Strength the Foe could never vaunt.
 'Gainst fresh Battalions still pour'd on I stood,
 Smeer'd with Celestial Dust, and Seraphs Blood.
 Had not our Mould been *Ether*, Pure and Fine,
 Labour'd with Care, anneel'd with Skill divine;
 The Blows of mighty Cherubs Death hath cloy'd,
 Unpeopl'd Heav'n, and the bright Race destroy'd.
 With *Michael* pain'd with ghastly Wounds, at length
 I clos'd, and grasp'd him with Immortal Strength;
 And down Heav'n's Precipice, had headlong hurl'd
 The great Arch-Angel, to th' Infernal World,
 Had not swift *Uriel* trembling at the Sight,
 That fill'd all Heav'n, with Horrour and dire Fright,
 Rush'd in, to save him from unequal Fight.
 Their stagg'ring Army shrunk, and we had won
 The Throne we fought for, But th' Almighty's Son

Brought

Brought strong Recruits, to reinforce their Host,
 And win back what their General *Michael* lost.
 Tho' overmatcht, did I not firmly stand,
 The chiefest Mark of his Revenging Hand?
 Did I from Posts of greatest Danger run,
 Or once his bright Triumphal Chariot shun?
 Did I once shrink, when showers of poison'd Darts,
 Dipt in Eternal Wrath, shot thro' our Hearts?
 When massy Rocks of Heav'nly Chrystal flew,
 Which the strong Arms of mighty Seraphs threw?
 Did I not run and timely Help afford,
 Where Storms of Fire, and loudest Thunder roar'd?
 'Tis true, o'er-born with Force, at last I fell,
 But got immortal Fame, tho' with it Hell.
 Scarce was I vanquish'd and o'erthrown but late
 By Power Almighty, and Eternal Fate.
 Since that chief Lord, and Prince of Hell I've reign'd
 And from the Foe, his new-made World have gain'd.
 And long maintain'd the Conquests I had won;
 Now much lost back to his Almighty Son.
 But faithful *Otha* has once more restor'd
 This happy Isle to me its ancient Lord.
 Have I been thus for great Atchievements fam'd,
 My Deeds throughout all Heav'n and Hell proclaim'd:
 And shall this British, despicable Wight,
 Me and my Priests, force to a second Flight?
 Rife my Temples, and in Triumph bear,
 Thro' shouting Throngs, the Spoils high in the Air?
 Who then to me will Hymns of Praise return,
 Who on my Altars Odorous Incense burn?
 If I chastise not this vain *Briton's* Pride,
 That does insulting on the Ocean ride.
 If I secure not my new conquer'd Seat,
 And all his wild, ambitious Arms defeat.

This

This having said, to Heav'n he mounts upright,
 Then to the Northern Pole directs his Flight :
 All fir'd with Rage, and full of anxious Care,
 With his swift Wings, he cuts the yielding Air.
 As when the Sun pours from his Orb of Light,
 A glorious Deluge, on the Face of Night ;
 His golden Rays shot from the Rosy East,
 Reach in a Moment, the remotest West,
 And smiling on the Mountains Heads are seen,
 Th' immense Expansion past, that lies between.
 The Prince of Darkness now, once Prince of Light,
 With equal Swiftneſs takes his Airy Flight,
 And the vaſt interval of Seas, and Iſles,
 Wild Deſerts, ſpacious Forreſts, ſnowy Hills,
 Paſt in a Moment, does on *Fial* Light,
 Of *Lapland Alpes*, chief for amazing Height ;
 Where *Thor* reſides, who heretofore by Lot,
 The Sovereign Rule o'er Winds and Tempeſts got.
 Here in ſtrong Priſons bound with heavy Chains,
 His howling, ſavage Subjects he reſtrains,
 And in Eternal Din, and Uproar reigns.
 In cloſe Apartments round his Deſart Court,
 Fierce Priſners are confin'd of different ſort.
 Here boundleſs Stores, and Treasures infinite
 Of Vapours, Steams, and Exhalations, fit
 To engender Winds, or Snow, or Hail, or Rain,
 In Subterranean Magazines remain.
 Here new fledg'd Winds, young yelping Monſters try
 Their Wings, and ſporting round their Priſons fly.
 Here whiſtling Eaſt-winds prove their ſhriller Notes,
 And the hoarſe South-winds, ſtrain their hollow Throats.
Boreas the fierceſt and moſt turbulent,
 Of the mad Race, raves in his Dungeon pent.

At

At th' Adamantine Door vaſt Hills are thrown,
 And abrupt Rocks of Ice, pil'd ſevenfold on.
 Capricious Whirlwinds, of more Force than Sound,
 In everlaſting Eddys turning round,
 Grow Giddy, Furious and Extravagant,
 And ſtrive to break from their cloſe Den's reſtraint.
 When *Thor* unlocks their Priſons, out they fly,
 A lawleſs Rout, and with their Hellish Cry
 Out-howl the hideous Monſters of the Seas,
 Or ſavage Roarings of the Wilderneſs.
 Some range the Flats, and ſcour the Champian Land,
 Or roll in tott'ring heaps the Deſart Sand.
 Some to the lofty Woods direct their Courſe,
 And with an uncontroll'd, impetuous Force
 O'erturn oppoſing Structures in their haſt,
 Tear up tall Pines, and lay the Foreſt waſt.
 Some to the Ocean with like Speed reſort,
 And in loud Tempeſts on the Billows ſport.
 Embroil the Coaſts, and in wild Outrages
 Turn up to Heav'n, the bottom of the Seas.
 But huſht at *Thor's* Command they all obey,
 And to their ancient Priſons haſte away.

To him, thus *Lucifer* : Great Prince, on thee
 Fate has beſtow'd the Empire of the Sea,
 All there concern'd, invoke thy Deity.
 The Merchants pray to thee to fill their Sails,
 Enrich thy Priests, and purchaſe proſperous Gales.
 I too thy Suppliant, ask thy powerfull Aid,
 A haughty Prince, deſigning to invade
 My faithful Subject *Oſſa*, and beguile
 Me of my Hopes of fair *Britannia's* Iſle ;
 Sails with a numerous Fleet, with Men and Arms,
 And *Oſſa* trembles at his proud Alarms.

Let

Let him in furious Hurricanes be tost,
 Be sunk, or wreckt, or on the Ocean lost,
 Beat him at least, from his intended Coast.
 Make him thy Vengeance feel, thy Power regard,
 And be whate'er thou askest, thy Reward.

Great Prince, Then *Thor* reply'd,
 Who rul'st the Realms of Hell with Sovereign Sway,
 Whom all th' Infernal Thrones, and Pow'rs obey,
 I own Obedience to thy high Command,
 Who putt'st this Scepter first into my Hand.
 Thou led'st in Heav'n our bright Battalions on,
 And bravely didst attempt th' Almighty's Throne;
 I saw thy mighty Deeds, and kept my Post
 Close by thee, till that Glorious Day was lost.
 Thy faded Splendor, and illustrious Scars,
 From ghastly Wounds receiv'd in those just Wars,
 I view with Reverence, 'tis true subdu'd
 Headlong we fell from Heav'n's high Tow'rs, pursu'd
 With Whirlwinds, and loud Thunder, down to Hell,
 And Storms of Fire beat on us as we fell.
 Yet after that, thou ledst us to invade
 This Globous World, which we our Conquest made.
 And my Election Patroniz'd by thee,
 This great Command and Province fell to me.

That said, by him their heavy Gates unbarr'd,
 Which loud on mighty Iron Hinges jarr'd,
 Out-ratling *Eurus*, and loud *Boreas* fly,
 And with Outrageous Tempests fill the Sky.
 They bend their Course strait to the British Coast,
 And on those Seas lay out their Anger most.
 Their furious Wings the swelling Surges beat,
 And rouse old Ocean from his peaceful Seat.

The

The raging Seas in high ridg'd Mountains rise,
 And cast their angry Foam against the Skies.
 Then gape so deep, that Day Light Hell invades,
 And shoots grey Dawning thro' th' affrighted Shades.
 Low bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light,
 And o'er the *Britons* spread a Noon Day Night.
 Exploded Thunder tears th' Embowel'd Sky,
 And Sulphurous Flames a dismal Day supply.
 The Dire Convulsions, for a certain Space
 Distorted *Nature*, wresting from it's Place
 This *Globe*, set to the Sun's more oblique View,
 And wrench'd the *Poles* some Leagues yet more askew.
 Horrour, Confusion, Uproar, Strife and Fear
 In all their wild amazing Shapes appear.
 Mean time old *Chaos* joyful at the Sight,
 Look'd and smil'd horrible on older *Night*,
 Hoping that *Nature*, their grand Foe would crack
 With universal Ruin, and her Wreck
 Would give them all their lost Dominions back.
 The Sailor's Clamour, and enormous Cries,
 The Crack of Masts, mixt with th' outrageous Noise
 Of Storms and Thunder, rending all the Air,
 Form the last Scene of Horrour and Despair.

When the just *Arthur* fill'd with Grief and Dread,
 And Pale Confusion deeply sigh'd, and said,
 O righteous Heav'n, why hast thou rang'd this Day
 Against me all thy Terrors in Array!
 Arm'd in thy Cause thy Temples to restore,
 And give that Aid thy sacred Priests implore.
 If thou such fierce Destruction dost dispence,
 To punish some unpardon'd old Offence,
 On me let all thy fiery Darts be spent,
 Let not my Crime involve the innocent.

C

VVhelm

Whelm o'er my guilty Head these raging Seas,
 And let this Sacrifice thy Wrath appease,
 But let the *British* Youth return in Peace.
 That said, his Ship unmasted, without Guide,
 Driv'n by the Winds and Seas impetuous Tyde,
 The Sight of all the scatter'd Navy lost,
 Strikes on the Quicksand of an unknown Coast.

Mean time bright *Uriel*, Heav'n's high Favourite,
 Left the celestial Palaces of Light,
 Sent by supream Command, and down he flies,
 Let by a Golden Sun-beam thro' the Skies.
 Meekness divine, serene and Heav'nly Grace,
 And fresh immortal Youth shone on his Face.
 God-like his Form, his Looks so charming mild
 That where he came, all ravish'd Nature smil'd.
 He strait alights on lofty *Gobeum's* Head,
 Which wonder'd at the Heav'n about it shed,
 From the bright *Cherubim*, who touch'd his Lyre,
 Fam'd for its Sweetness in the Heav'nly Quire.
 Th' enchanted Winds straightway their Fury laid,
 Grew wondrous still, and strict Attention paid.
 Aerial Demons that by twilight stray,
 Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play,
 Spread their brown Wings, and fly in Clouds away.
 The Day returns, the Heav'n's no longer scowl,
 And fierce Sea-Monsters charm'd forget to howl.
 The Winds retreat, and leave the peaceful Waves;
 To rest their Wings, and sleep in *Lapland* Caves.
 Soft *Zephyrs* only stay to fan the Woods,
 And play in gentle Gales along the Floods.
 The Ocean smiles to see the Tempest fled,
 New lays his Waves, and smooths his ruffled Bed.

All things thus hush'd, great *Arthur* gave Command,
 To quit their Ship, stuck in the barren Sand,
 And in their Boats to make the neighboring Land.
 They spy a Creek not far, a peaceful Seat,
 Where flying Waves by furious Tempests beat,
 Find from the fierce Pursuit a safe Retreat.
 Free from th' outrageous Clamours of the Deep,
 They rest secure, and unmolested sleep
 Stretcht smooth beneath the shady Trees and Rocks,
 Which guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks.
 Here smaller Vessels may securely ride,
 And all th' assaults of angry Storms deride.
 Here they arriv'd, and Heav'n they first ador'd,
 Which gave the Aid, their earnest Cries implor'd :
 Which sav'd them from the Winds, Waves, Rocks, and Storms;
 Deaths of so many, and such hideous Forms.
 Then for their parted Friends, with humble Prayer,
 They ask Heav'n's Pity, and indulgent Care.
 Now *Arthur* from the Rock, views far and wide
 The Seas beneath, if thence might be descry'd
 The Friends he lately lost, but views in vain,
 No Friend appears on all the Desert Main.

Return'd he thus began :
 Too dark th' Eternal's ways are; too profound;
 For the most sharp created Wit to sound.
 Clouds black, as those that rise the sacred Fence
 Of his high Throne, surround his Providence ;
 Whose walks are trackless, and on ev'ry Hand
 About her Paths, shades and thick Darkness stand.
 Her ways are so perplex, so wide her steps,
 Such turns and windings, and such frightful leaps ;

Such Gulphs, and interposing Rocks appear,
 There such Ascents, such dreadful Downfalls here,
 That Reason straight affrighted stops her pace,
 Is soon thrown off, and quits th' unequal Chase.
 Th' Almighty's Councils are so high and steep,
 Immense, unbounded, without Bottom deep;
 Angels amaz'd from their high Thrones of Bliss,
 Trembling look down on this profound Abyss.
 Sometimes he seems to thwart his own Intent,
 Stop and defeat his long design'd event;
 Yet which way e're he steers, his end's attain'd,
 By uncouth means, with greater Wonder gain'd.
 Sometimes his high Permission, leaves oppress'd
 The Men most like him, and that serve him best:
 But still their Sufferings and severer Fate,
 Prepare them for some glorious, future state.
 Invited by sad Britain's Prayers, and Tears,
 To save her State; and ease her deadly Fears,
 We arm'd, depos'd Religion to enthrone,
 T' enlarge the Christian Empire, not our own.
 We arm'd thus, to restore in Hell's Despight,
 To Heav'n its Worship, and to Men their Right.
 Resume your Courage then, it can't be true,
 That Heav'n's Revenge, should Heav'n's own Cause pursue.
 These Evils are not in Displeasure meant,
 - Heav'n is too Just, and you too Innocent:
 Success and Triumph will our Arms attend,
 And these rough Ways lead to a glorious End.
 With Pleasure we hereafter shall relate
 These sufferings, which will greater Joys create.

He said, and all his anxious Cares suppress'd,
 And kept conceal'd his trouble in his Breast.

VVith

VVith looks compos'd, 'twixt Pleasure and Despair, }
 Grave but serene, he bids them all repair }
 Their strength, exhausted with much toil and care.
 Of Meats and Fruits part of their Naval Store,
 VVhich with them from their Ship they brought ashore;
 Their weary Limbs repos'd, beneath the shade
 Of well spread Trees, a grateful Meal they made.
 Rich VVine of *Burgundy*, and choice Champaign,
 Relieve the Toil, they suffered on the Main.

But what more cheer'd them, than their Meats and VVine,
 VVas wise Instruction, and Discourse Divine,
 From God-like *Arthur's* Mouth, by Heav'n inspir'd;
 VVhich all their Breasts with sacred Passions fir'd.
 Great were his Thoughts, strong and sublime his Sense
 Of Heav'n's Decrees, Foreknowledge, Providence.
 He reason'd deep of Heav'n's mysterious Ends,
 And made stern Justice, and fair Mercy Friends.
 How high he soar'd, how noble was his Flight,
 Speaking of Truth divine, and VVisdom infinite!
 He opens all the Magazines above,
 Of boundless Goodness and Eternal Love,
 From these rich Stores of Heav'n, these sacred Springs
 Of everlasting Joy and Peace, he brings
 Ambrosial Food, and rich Nectarean Wine,
 Which cheer pure Souls, and nourish Life Divine.
 He then compar'd this transient, mortal state, }
 To the fierce Tempest they escap'd so late, }
 VVhich often is the great and good Man's Fate.
 If God-like Men for Heav'n embark, and stand
 Their Course direct, to make the blissful Land;
 Strait Hell the bloody signal gives to Arm,
 Cain's cruel Offspring takes the dire Alarm;

And

And potent Fiends by Sea their Forces joyn,
 T' obstruct their way, and break their brave design.
 All with consummate Malice, furious Rage,
 Against th' adventurous Voyagers engage.
 Through all the Sky they raise outrageous Storms,
 And Death stands threat'ning in a thousand Forms.
 Clouds charg'd with loud Destruction drown the day;
 And airy Demons in wild VVhirlwinds play.
 Thick Thunderclaps, and Lightning's livid glare
 Disturb the Sky, and trouble all the Air;
 Outrage, Distraction, Clamour, Tumult Reign
 Through the Dominions of th' unquiet Main.
 The lab'ring Bark with Heav'nly Treasure fraught,
 Now almost sunk, now up in Tempests caught,
 Near Sands and Rocks, rides on the dark Abyss,
 Long beaten off from the bright Coasts of Bliss.
 At last Calm Day succeeds this stormy Night,
 And the glad Voyagers find in their sight,
 The Realms of Peace, and the blest Shores of Light.
 Here they arrive, and find a safe Retreat,
 And all their Pain, and Labours past forget.

There was a Cave hard by, which Nature made
 In the hard Rock, and cover'd with the shade,
 Offspreading Trees, that Day could not invade.
 Hither the pious British Prince retires,
 To offer Praises up, and pure Desires.
 Here rapt'rous Converse he with Heav'n maintains,
 And aided by *Devotion's* purest strains,
 Combates Almighty Power, and Conquest gains.
Devotion, that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,
 And with her Prayers and Tears, her powerful charms,
 Of all its Thunder, his right hand disarms.

She

She passes quick Heav'n's lofty Chrystal Walls,
 And the high Gates fly open, when she calls.
 The lovely Goddess of Divine Address,
 Has to th' Almighty's Presence free Access.
 Her Pow'r can sentenced Criminals relieve,
 Judgment Arrest, and bid the Rebel live.
 Her Voice did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay,
 And on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day.
 She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
 And calls back to the Dead, departed Life.
 Charmed by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their Course,
 And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force.
 Such is *Devotion's* Power, which *Arthur* knew,
 And when distress'd still to this Refuge flew.
 Much to his Conduct he, much to his Arms,
 But more he trusted to *Devotion's* Charms.
 Of Triumph and Success he rarely fail'd,
 For those on Earth, and these in Heav'n prevail'd.

Now in the silent, shady Cave retir'd,
 He with her sacred Fury lay inspir'd.
 The Prince being thus entranc'd, a Heav'nly Light
 Shoots smiling thro' the VVood with silent flight.
 The Trees Admire the Glory on them shed,
 And seem'd to start, and humbly bow their Head;
 When fresh arriv'd on Earth, with Heav'n's Commands,
 Great *Raphael's* Glorious Form by *Arthur* stands.
 Celestial Sweetness, Mild and Godlike Grace,
 Ineffable, sat on his blooming Face.
 His Cheeks such Beauty shew'd, such Light and Joy his Eyes
 As from full Bliss, fresh Youth, and Strength immortal rise.
 The purest piece of Heav'n's Etherial Blue,
 In a rich Mantle, from his Shoulders flew.

Celestial

Celestial Linnen, finely Spun and Wove
 On Looms divine, by all the Skill above,
 Bleach'd on the Empyrean Plains till white as Snow,
 Made the long Robe which to his Feet did flow.
 Immortal Gold, illustrious as the Morn,
 And dazzling Gemms by high Arch Angels worn,
 With pond'rous Pearl from Heav'n's bright Eastern Shore,
 Adorn the shining Garments that he wore.
 A Purple Girdle, from the Morning Sky
 New rent, does round his starry Vesture tye.
 Thus he appear'd, and with the Light he gave,
 And unknown fragrancy, fill'd all the Cave.

Then thus he spake, Hail mine and Heav'n's kind Care,
 Hither I come, drawn by thy powerful Prayer.
 Know Righteous Prince, th' Almighty does approve,
 Your firm Adhesion, and unshaken Love.
 Ends Great and Wise lodg'd in his secret Breast,
 Obstruct your Wishes, and your Course molest.
 Yet still pursue your great and just intent,
 No Force or Arts shall your Design prevent,
 Propitious Heav'n Decrees your wish'd Event.
 You on these Coasts for happy ends are thrown,
 And after this, expect the British Crown.
 Your Friends and Navy on the Ocean lost,
 Are All arriv'd safe on th' *Armoric* Coast,
 By the impetuous Tempest beaten back,
 But Men and Ships sav'd from the threatn'd Wreck.
 You're cast on *Hoel's* Lands amidst your Foes,
 Who hate your Cause; and your just Arms Oppose.
 But fear not *Hoel's* Power, though now your Foe,
 By Hell incens'd, he will not long be so.
 Go then direct to his Court, for there,
 A Glorious VVork demands your pious Care.

That

That said, with outstrecht VVings he soars upright,
 And through the Winds vast Empire takes his flight.
 He cuts the Clouds, and by the Planets flies
 Up the steep Crystal Mountains of the Skies.

And swiftly passing through the Starry Spheres,
 Before the Throne he in his Place appears :
 The Cherub's gone, and with him *Arthur's* fears.
 VVho to his Lords returns, and to their Heart,
 Courage and Joy, his Words and Looks impart.
 His God-like Language does their Fears abate,
 And with fresh hopes their troubled Breasts dilate.

Mean time th' Infernal Thrones and Powers resort,
 At their great Monarch's Summons to his Court.
 There they in Council meet, and there debate
 Important matters, high Designs of State.
 Their Prince with Pride extended, mounts his Throne,
 Of polish'd Gold, whence horrid splendor shone :
 And mingled with the Shades tremendous Light,
 More dreadfull thus, as Fires which flame by Night.
 In sad Magnificence, and dismal State,
 He sits, and round th' Infernal Orders fate.

Then *Lucifer* began :
 Immortal Potentates, illustrious Lords,
 The *British* Youth's ambitious Aim affords,
 A weighty Subject for your high debate ;
 Who seeks the Ruin of your Pow'r and State.
 You all have heard how with a mighty Force
 Embark'd, he straight for *Albion* steer'd his Course,
 King *Ossa* to attack, our Votary,
 And make our Priests from our new Altars fly.
 I watch'd, and aided by the Power of *Thor*,
 I shew'd the Miscreant another Shore.

D

His

His Fleet beat back, and haughty purpose crost,
 He wanders, Shipwreckt on th' *Armoric Coast*,
 Where faithful *Hoel* does the Scepter hold,
 Mighty in Arms, and in our Service bold.
Spirits Divine, high Peers of Hell suggest,
 By what sure Plagues he may be more distrest,
 His Ruin finish'd, and his Sect oppress.

That said, a *Fury* crawl'd from out her Cell,
 The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.
 A monstrous Shape, a foul and hideous sight,
 Which did all Hell with her dire Looks affright.
 Huge, full gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
 And Death's dark Courts with their loud hissing rung.
 Her Teeth and Claws were Iron and her Breath,
 Like Subterranean Damps, gave present Death.
 Flames worse than Hell's, shot from her bloody Eyes,
 And Fire and Sword Eternally she cries.
 No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
 No Limbs distinct in th' odious Fiend appear.
 Her squallid, bloated Belly did arise,
 Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size :
 Distended vastly, by a mighty Flood
 Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant *Martyrs* Blood.
 Part stood out prominent, but part fell down,
 And in a swagging heap, lay wallowing on the Ground.
 A Monster so deform'd, so fierce as this,
 It Self a Hell, ne'er saw the dark Abyss.
Horror till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd,
 So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.
Envy and *Hate*, and *Malice* blush'd to see,
 Themselves Eclips'd by such Deformity.
 Her Feav'rish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,
 Not of the impious, but the *Just* and *Good*.

'Gainst

'Gainst whom the burns with unextinguish'd Rage,
 Nor can th' exhausted World her Wrath assuage.

Then thus the *Fury Persecution* spake :
 I mighty Prince of Hell, will undertake
 This glorious Work, I quickly will inspire
Hoel, with my ungovernable Fire :
 Without remorse he shall my Will Obey,
 And crush this *Briton*, now his easie Prey.
Nero by me rais'd his illustrious Name,
 And *Dioclesian* got Immortal Fame.
 I their rude, inbred Cruelty refin'd,
 And stamp't my perfect Image on their Mind.
 My flames all Love's course mixture did destroy,
 And purg'd off soft Compassion's base alloy ;
 I form'd and disciplin'd their untaught Hate,
 And rais'd their fierceness to a perfect State :
 Where shame, and all reflecting Sense is lost,
 And Hell can't purer strains of Malice boast.
 Inexorable they all Cries withstood,
 Ravish'd with Slaughter, and regal'd with Blood.
 Hard marble Rocks might with more ease relent,
 And Fire and Plague learn sooner to repent.
 Then *Christian Kings* my Fury entertain'd,
 And taught by me, in Blood and Slaughter reign'd.
 With pious Rage and fierce destructive Zeal,
 I first inspir'd their Minds, and did reveal
 The mystery, how deep Revenge to take,
 And slay the Servants for the Masters sake.
 How bloody Wrath might with Devotion join,
 And sacred Zeal with Cruelty combine.
 By me the unknown way they understood,
 T' atone the *Christian's God* with *Christian Blood*.

Dz

Hj

By me they shook off Fear's and Love's Restraints;
 And on God's Altars burnt his slaughter'd Saints.
 I made them call, that all Remorse might cease,
 Murder Compassion, Desolation Peace.
 Whilst my infernal Hears their Breasts inspir'd,
 To the vile Sect their own mad Zeal acquir'd,
 Wider Destruction, and more fatal Harms,
 Then all your *Scythian*, or your *Gothick* Arms:
 And *Rome*, proud *Rome* her self must owe to me
 Her present State, and future Dignity.
 The greatest *Genius* this, I e'er could find,
 And to receive my Image best inclin'd.
 I will her Mind inspire, and to her Heart
 Immortal hate, to *Abel's* Race impart.
 These Breasts she empties with her Infant Jaws,
 I file her Teeth, and shape her tender Claws:
 I Nurse her on the horrid *Alps* high Tops,
 And feed her hunger with *Cerberian* Sops
 Dipt in *Tartarean* Gall, and Hemlock Juice,
 Which in her Veins will noble Blood produce.
 Fierce Tygers, Dragons, Wolves about her stay,
 They grin, and snap, and bite, and snarling play.
 I to her Jaws, throw Infants newly Born;
 She sucks their Blood, and by her Teeth are torn
 Their tender Limbs, while I rejoyce to see
 Such noble Proofs of growing Cruelty.
 To her wide Breast, and vast capacious Soul,
 I often Torrents of black Poyson rowl:
 She drinks the livid Flood, and thro' her Veins
 Mad Fury runs, and wild Distraction reigns.
 I'll lead her from the Rocks, her Strength full grown,
 Fix her high Seat in the imperial Town,
 And give her Scarlet, and a threefold Crown.

No

No Blood will then her mighty Thirst assuage,
 No Ravage cloy her *Antichristian* Rage.
 Her mitred Sons that never can relent,
 From the great *Cain* shall prove their high Descent:
 Their Deeds of strange infernal Cruelty,
 Shall shew their Race worthy of Him and me.
 Lay-Bigots, I with Time and Labour wrought,
 Some inward Grudgings still against me fought:
 'Twas hard to raise their hate to a degree,
 From struggling Nature, and all Pity free.
 But these Church-Zealots, of a truer Breed,
 Are form'd with Ease, and scarce my Labour need:
 Their forward Genius without teaching grows,
 And all my hopes, and ev'n my Wish out-does.
 How often shall thy Glorious Sons, O *Rome*,
 With *Martyrs* Flames enlighten *Christianity*?
 How often shall they, to deride their God,
 Lift up in Prayer, their Hands all full of Blood?
 The wasted World shall feel their loud Alarms,
 Their blest Massacres, and their hallowed Arms:
 As if their high intent were to Efface,
 All Foot-steps left of *Abel's* hateful Race.
 Bloody Tribunals, Rapine, Fire and Sword,
 And Desolation, daily Sport afford.
 Mankind they shall with such dire Plagues attack,
 As will their Church a holy Desert make.
 Such is my Zeal to serve th' Infernal State,
 And shall this *British* Prince escape my Hate?
 Forbid it *Hell*, and here she made a pause;
 The Lords in Council gave a loud Applause.
 The Prince of Darkness leaping from his Place,
 Did in his Arms, his darling Fiend embrace:
 Her Anger then rose higher, and all Hell
 Uneasie seem'd, she grew so terrible.

She

She strait contracts her vast dilated Size,
 And thro' Hell's dusky Void, she upward flies.
 As when rich Towns, great Cost and Art employ
 In Fire-works, to expreſs their pulck Joy,
 For ſome great Vict'ry won by Land or Sea,
 Or on ſome Prince's Coronation Day ;
 The flaming *Rockets* hizzing fly by Night,
 And fill the Sky with unknown Noiſe and Light :
 The *Sphears* amaz'd ſtand, or move ſlowly on,
 And wonders how the day returns ſo ſoon,
 And what new Stars riſe brighter than their own.
 So does the *Fiend*, her Snakes all hisſing riſe,
 Through the thick haggair'd Air, and as ſhe flies,
 Leaves tracks of Light, caſt from her fiery Eyes.
 And now arriv'd on the grey Coaſts of Day,
 Direct to *Hoel's* Court ſhe takes her way :
 Where ſhe alighted when the Sun had hurl'd
 His glorious *Orb* hence, to th' other World.
 'Twas then when all thing's look'd, as if old *Night*
 Had *Nature* cruſh'd, and ſeiz'd her ancient Right.
 Whilſt Silence, Shades, and Lights around create
 Sad ſolemn Pomp t' expreſs her Death-like ſtate.
Winds, and wild *Beaſts*, lye in their Dens at reſt,
 Nor theſe the Woods, nor thoſe the Seas moleſt.
 The ſleeping *Vultures* drop their Prey, the *Dove*
 Ceases her Cooing, and forgets to love.
 The Jocond *Fairies* dance their ſilent round,
 And with dark Circles mark the trampled ground.
Tartarean Forms Skim o'er the Mountains Heads,
 Or lightly ſweep along the dewy Meads :
Ghoſts leave their Tombs hid Murders to reveal,
 Or Treasures which themſelves did once conceal.

Viſions

Viſions thro' th' Air, and careleſs *Pantoms* ſtray,
 Or round Mens troubled Heads while ſleeping play.

The Fury *Alma's* Reverend Shape aſſumes,
Odin's high Prieſt, and ſo to *Hoel* comes.
 For the Prieſts Form is fitteſt to engage
 Princes in Blood, and move deſtructive Rage.
 Thus chang'd the *Fiend*, ſuch is her Craft, appears,
 And thus began, juſt *Hoel*, all thoſe years,
 I liv'd, I did with ſtudious Care employ,
 How beſt I might the *Chriſtian* Crew deſtroy.
 I thy great Soul in this bleſt Cauſe engag'd,
 Inſpir'd with Heats Divine, not yet aſſwag'd.
 I quit *Elyſian* Pleaſures to impart,
 What does with greater Joy extend my Heart ;
 And will do thine; *Arthur*, curſt be that Name,
 Deſigning Empire, and Illuſtrious Fame
 Embark'd with Arms, fair *Albion* to invade
 But by juſt Heav'n, is thy cheap Captive made.
 Purſu'd by Thunder, and in Tempeſts toſt,
 At laſt he's Shipwreckt on this happy Coaſt.
 With his ſad *Friends* he wanders up and down,
 Naked, perplext, deſerted, and undone.
 But yet juſt Heav'n decrees him greater Harm,
 But ſaves that Glory for your Zealous Arm.
 To take his Life muſt be your pious Care,
 And with the Gods divided Honour ſhare.
 Thus you their En'my, and your own remove,
 Secure your Peace, and pleaſe the Pow'rs above.
 To *Chriſtians* this can be no Injury,
 That call for *Torments*, and are pleas'd to Dye.
 They all ſeem fond, to wear a *Martyr's* Crown,
 And meet the Flames, with greater of their own.

No

No *Rights*, no Rules of *Justice* you invade,
 For *Ruin*'s their Profession, *Death* their Trade:
 Go then, and grace the *Briton*, that comes on
 To meet you, and receive the *Martyr*'s Crown.
 Remove this Pillar of the Church, and all,
 The unsupported Roof, will crack and fall.

• Take this *Defender* of their Faith away,
 The passive Rabble, tamely will Obey.
 Their Lives in Sport you may at leisure take,
 They quickly fall, that no Resistance make.
 The Gods into your Hands have cast your Foe,
 To take his Life will please Heav'n, him, and you.

That said, she breath'd her Soul into his Breast;
 And her wild Fury all his Veins possess'd.
 Infernal Flames Rage in his poison'd Blood,
 And his swoln Heart Boils with th' impetuous Flood;
 The *Fiend* her Shape of thickned Air dissolves,
 And disappears, *Hoel* surpriz'd revolves
 The welcome message in his Mind, and strait
 Commands his Lords and Guards should on him wait;
 On the first Shooting of the tender Day;
 So eager did he seem to seize the Prey.

Now was the Eastern Sky dy'd Purple spread;
 For fair *Aurora*'s radiant Feet to tread:
 She mounts serene, and with mild dawning Light,
 Smiles on the lowring, dusky Face of Night;
 That to victorious Day yields up his Seat,
 Whilst her black Forces silently Retreat.
 As when a *Lion* at the Fall of Day,
 Rouz'd with fierce Hunger up to Hunt his Prey,
 Stretches his Limbs out, Yawns, and tries his Paws;
 And for sure Death prepares his cruel Jaws.

He

He stands, and rolls about his angry Eyes,
 Lashing his Sides to make his Fury rise:
 Then scowrs the Hills, ranges the Forrests o'er,
 And thunders thro' the Desert with his hideous Roar.
 The *Winds* all hush'd sit trembling on the Trees,
 And scarcely whisper out a gentle Breeze.
Wolves dare not Howl, but grinning softly creep,
 And *Leopards* stretcht out, feign themselves asleep.
 Th' affrighted *Herd*s close in their Covert ly,
 And to escape his Rage, with Terror dy.
 Thus *Hoel*, with infernal Rage possess'd,
 With fierce desire speeds to the bloody Feast:
 A deadly Storm, does on his Forehead lowr,
 Himself his Rage, *Arthur* his Hopes devour.
 Breathing out *Death* he march'd, but at mid-day,
 He stands by Heav'n arrested in his way.

The Air serene, a black thick Cloud appear'd;
 And as it hover'd o'er their Heads, were heard
 Celestial *Flutes*, and *Harp*s divinely strung,
 With *Hymns*, and *Hallelujahs*, Set and Sung
 By the best Masters of the Quire above,
 With Bliss transported, and inspir'd with Love.
 Whilst *Hoel* and his Friends pleas'd, and amaz'd,
 Listen'd, and on the Scene descending gaz'd:
 The broken Cloud, pours out pure Floods of Light,
 Show'rs of Celestial Rays transcendent bright,
 And Storms of Splendor, dazzling Mortal Sight.
 Th' illustrious *Tempest* does on *Hoel* beat,
 Who falls astonish'd, headlong from his Seat;
 Confounded with unsufferable Day,
 Groveling in *Glory* on the shining Way,
 And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd, he lay.

E

Twis

'Twas then, a soft, still Heav'nly Voice, which broke
 From out the Cloud, to trembling *Hoel* spoke.
 'Gainst me, what Fury did thy Arms engage ?
 What mov'd thee with inexorable Rage,
 Vain Man, to persecute my Saints and Me ?
 In vain thou seek'st to baffle Heav'n's Decree.
 Vain is thy Force, and impotent thy Hate,
 Too weak thy Arms, to stem the Tyde of Fate:
 The Torrent bears thy faint Resistance down,
 Retire, or in Eternal Ruin Drown.

Then *Hoel* thus, O tell me, who thou art,
 Great *Spirit*, and thy Will to me impart:
 Tell me if Error has my Feet misled,
 What safer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The Voice reply'd:
 I am the *Christian's God*, whom you pursue ;
 Go meet my Servant *Arthur*, he shall shew
 At large, what thou hast to believe, what do.
 The Scene here disappear'd, his Lords came round,
 And rais'd reviving *Hoel* from the Ground :
 Who marches on, the *British* Prince to find,
 And act not what himself, but Heav'n design'd.
 With anxious Thoughts the Vision he revolves,
 And to Obey Heav'n's high Command resolves ;
 Whilst to his Lords the Vision he relates,
 They find themselves advanc'd to *Conda's* Gates.

Arthur mean time, to whom great *Raphael's* word,
 Unshaken Hopes, and Courage did afford ;
 Proceeded on his Way, but sent before
 Embassadors to *Hoel*, to explore

His

His temper, and the Genius of his Court,
 That he ; just steps might take by their Report.
 He chose out to discharge this weighty Trust,
 Valiant *Pollandor*, *Roderick* the Just ;
 And faithful *Galbut*, Friends that in distress,
 (A thing unknown to Courts) their Love express.
 Soon after *Hoel* had his entrance made,
 At the same City they arriv'd, and staid
 But little, for th' admission which they pray'd
 Then *Hoel* first the *Britons* thus address'd,
 Let no sad Thought your pious Prince molest :
 A Message sent from Heav'n preventing yours,
 To me great Joy, Safety to him procures.
 Friendship and Love, fill my enlighten'd Mind,
 From Hatred purg'd, from Treachery refin'd.
 Return, and let your Valiant Leader know,
 His *God* has to a *Friend*, transform'd his *Foe* :
 Tell him he's safe from all intended Harms,
 And that I hast, t' Embrace him in my Arms.

With Regal Bounty, he to all presents
 Rich Swords, and various splendid Ornaments.
 To *Arthur* sends a Chariot, dazling Bright,
 Which to the Sun return'd redoubled Light :
 And *Horses* of th' *Iberian* Noble Race,
 That right Descent from the swift *Eurus* trace ;
 Bold, Gen'rous, Sprightly, as th' Illustrious Breed ;
 Which in th' *Etherial*, blue Enclosures Feed:
 That thro' Heav'n's Wast, with the *Sun's* Chariot play,
 And govern *Time*, by carrying round the Day.
 Their Furniture of Gold, their Bridles Gold,
 And Golden Bits, their champing Mouths did hold.
 They hast, and all their Diligence employ,
 To fill just *Arthur's* Mind, with Peace and Joy.

E 2

To

To him returning they impart at large,
 The kind, endearing Things they had in Charge.
 As when his Sons to *Jacob* did relate,
 That *Joseph* liv'd, and liv'd in Regal State;
 Telling of all his Riches, Power, Renown,
Egypt's Support, and Prop to *Pharaoh's* Crown:
 Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure Roll
 Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul;
 He sinks beneath the pressure of his Joy,
 And *Joseph's* Life, does almost his destroy.
 Then Doubts and Fears, his Joys high Tyde oppose;
 From which Contention fiercer Tempests rose.
 While his cross Passions fight with equal Power,
 Each triumphs in his turn, as Conquerour:
 The *Patriarch* in this Distraction lost,
 Is in each Storm with equal Danger tost.
 But when the Chariots and rich Train he saw,
 He did from thence fresh Life and Vigour draw;
 His Breast from all contending Passions freed.
 Calm Joy, and unmolested Peace succeed.
 Enough the *Patriarch* was heard to Cry,
 I'll hast to *Joseph's* Arms, and in them Dye.
 So when Just *Arthur* heard the Message first,
 His wavering Mind with Fears and wise Distrust;
 And rising Tydes of suddain Joy was tost,
 Uncertain which strong Passion press'd him most.
 But when he saw the Presents *Hoel* sent,
 His Doubts suppress'd, he grew more Confident:
 And his calm Mind eas'd of his anxious Cares,
 T' embrace his new, and generous Friend prepares.

And now advancing *Night* the Sky invades,
 While close pursu'd by the Victorious Shades,

The

The Rayes which faintly from the Ground recoil,
 On the green Fields, let fall their pearly spoil.
 When *Arthur* to his secret Joys retires,
 Where his exhaling Soul to Heav'n aspires,
 In sacred *Anhelations*, and inflam'd *Desires*.
 Fixt *Contemplation* feeds his Hope and Love,
 With rapt'rous Preludes to the Joys above.
 His ravish'd Eyes view the unmeasur'd Bliss,
 In the next Life enjoy'd, believ'd in this.
 So *David* often pass'd the silent Night,
 And in his Transports felt sublime Delight,
 Surpassing all that mighty Monarchs have,
 Which his own Crown, and all his Triumphs gave.
 While baser Birds the humble Valley love,
 And sing contented with their little Grove;
 The *Eagle's* generous Pride does nobly rise
 To Heav'n, and thence does this low World despise.
 Scorning a Vulgar Bough, he thinks he sees
 Woods in the Clouds, and hanging Groves of Trees:
 Thither he hasts, and leaves th' ignoble Brood,
 That aim no higher, to their Shrubs and Wood.
 If to his Prey he stoops, ashamed he flies
 Back to his airy Dwelling in the Skies;
 Where in the Clouds he hides his Royal Head,
 Safe from the Snares, which watchful Fowls spread.
 So Men of courser Mould, and baser Birth,
 Pleas'd with the Dust lye grov'ling on the Earth:
 For Food their Souls all foul and bloated, seek
 The Damps and Steams, which from its Bowels reek.
 While Men *divinely* Born, still upwards move,
 And scorn this *World*, that courts in vain their Love.
 In Flames of Zeal, and Pangs of pure Desire,
 These to the Seas of *Light* and *Peace* aspire;

Where

Where they converse with the blest *Minds* above,
 And wonder what on Earth invites Men's Love;
 This Molehill Earth has lost its former Charms,
 Molehill for Bulk, and Stings wherewith it swarms.
 With Wonder they observe how Mortals Pride,
 Can into Kingdoms this small Heap divide.
 How one t' enlarge the Empire he has got,
 Invades the Borders of his Neighbour's Spot
 How this proud Monarch of a Turf, is vex't
 With restless cares, to dispossess the next.
 As Heav'n's vast *Globes* which fill the World with Light,
 Seem little *Balls* to distant Mortals sight,
 That in the most capacious *Planets*, we
 No room for States and large Dominions see :
 So these more noble Minds advanc'd to high,
 Believe the same of us, who from the Sky,
 The low-hung *Earth's* contracted Body spy. }
 They keep above free from the fatal Nets,
 Which for unwary Feet the Tempter sets.
 Free from the Earth's dark Smoke, and endless Noise,
 They dwell in Peace, and feed on Heav'nly Joys.
 Such Pleasure *Arthur* while retir'd, enjoy'd,
 And wish'd he ever might be thus employ'd.

And now the radiant Gates of th' Eastern Sky;
 Unbar'd by bright *Aurora*, open fly :
 Strait issues out the *Sun* with mighty Force,
 As Giants do, prepar'd to run his Course.
 The joyful *Britons* all things ready make,
 And their new Friend to meet, their Journey take.
 Scarce had the Sun his glittering Chariot driv'n,
 Up the steep Brow, and sharp Ascent of Heav'n,
 When the glad Princes did each other meet,
 And *Hoel* thus did first the Stranger greet.

As

As a faint Traveller in *Arabian Sands*,
 Scorcht with the Burning Sun-beams, panting stands,
 Views the dry Desert with despairing Eyes,
 And for the Springs, and distant Rivers sighs.
 As *Sailers* long for Land, Heav'n's Aid implore,
 And with their greedy Wishes grasp the Shore ;
 When beaten from the hospitable Coast,
 And in loud Storms upon the Ocean tost ;
 Where Ruin in so many Shapes appears,
 They scarcely can attend to all their Fears.
 I've wish'd to see you with the like Desire,
 The *Oracle* of whom I must enquire,
 The way to *Peace* and Everlasting *Bliss*,
 Which lost in Night, and unknown Paths, I miss.
 When first I set out with a hostile Mind,
 And Evils which I dread to name, design'd ;
 The Powers that guard your sacred Life, alarm'd,
 Soon interpos'd, and my wild Hand disarm'd.
 Kind Heav'n that both our Safeties did design,
 Turn'd from your Head the Blow, the Guilt from mine.
 For on the way a Glory dreadfull Bright,
 Around me shone, and with excessive Light,
 As they do Stars, the weaker Sun-beams drown'd ;
 I, as transfixt, fell Headlong to the Ground.
 'Twas then a wondrous Heav'nly Voice I heard,
 The words were these, but no blest Face appear'd :
 'Gainst me what Fury does thy Arms engage ?
 What moves thee with inexorable Rage,
 Vain Man, to persecute my Saints and me ?
 In vain thou striv'st to baffle Heav'n's Decree.
 Vain is thy Force, and Impotent thy Hate,
 Too weak thy Arms to stem the Tide of Fate :

The

The Torrent bears thy faint Resistance down,
Retire; or in eternal Ruin drown.
I straight cry'd out, O tell me who thou art,
Great *Spirit*, and thy Will to me impart:
Tell me if Errour has my Feet misled,
What safer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The *Voice* reply'd:

I am the *Christians God*, whom you pursue,
Go find my Servant *Arthur*, he shall shew
At large, what thou hast to believe, what do.

Prince *Arthur* paus'd a while, then silence broke,
And Friendly thus th' *Armoric King* bespoke.
Th' Eternal's Providence I must adore,
Which has compell'd me to th' *Armoric Shore*:
That I might here, serve such a glorious End,
And to the Christian Cause gain such a Friend.
Goodness Divine, King *Hoel* does invite
By Miracles, t' enjoy Celestial Light.
Cast on your Coasts, with Pleasure I will stay,
To aid and guide you in your Heav'nly way.
To whom th' *Armoric Monarch* thus Reply'd;
While we to *Nannetum* together ride;
Instruct, O Pious Prince, my willing Mind,
It is a task your God has you design'd.
Unfold his Heav'nly Will, and let me know,
What *Worship* to him, what *Belief*, I owe.
To whom the Prince, this favour first I ask,
Before I undertake the pious Task:
That you'll dispatch your Servants to the Coast,
To seek my Friends out, in the Tempest lost:
And if by chance cast on th' *Armoric Shore*,
They wander up and down, distress'd and poor,

Your

Your angry Subjects, may not them annoy,
Nor with devouring Flames, their Ships destroy.
This Friendship shewn, I'll with a chearful Mind,
Attempt the Task by you, and Heav'n enjoyn'd.
When the past Night did with her dusky Train
Advance, o'er-shadowing all th' *Aerial Plain*;
A sudden Transport did my Soul engage,
And all my Limbs shook with the sacred Rage.
Straight caught up from the Body, through the Skies
To the third Heav'n, my ravish'd Soul did rise:
Where Things ineffable I saw, and heard
Divine *Instruction*, which my Mind prepar'd
To aid you in your Heav'nly Way, and shew
What *Worship* to th' *Eternal Mind* is due.
Straight *Hoel* to the Shores his Servants sent,
Who might the Harms, that *Arthur* fear'd, prevent.
Who might the hapless *Britons* kindly treat,
And safe conduct them to his Royal Seat.
Such Love the King to *Arthur's* Friends express't,
Who now prepar'd t' obey the King's Request.

F

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK II.

Attentive *Hoel's* Eyes on *Arthur's* Face
 Were fixt, who thus began with God-like grace.
 Before th' unshaken Pillars of the Earth
 Were Reer'd, before prolifick *Nature's* Birth,
 Before the Register of *Time* begun,
 Or Heav'n's bright Forces throng'd about the Sun,
 Was a wild *Void*, that no set bounds restrain'd,
 Where Silence, Night, and Defolation reign'd.
 Where yet no glimmering track of Light appear'd,
 No Discord yet, or Harmony was heard.
 From Ages past lay in th' *Eternal's* Mind,
 A finish'd Model of a *World*, design'd
 To be Erected by Almighty Hands,
 Where now this Round, capacious Fabrick stands.
 The deep Foundations laid, in Heav'n they said
 A strange new *World* was making, Fame soon spread
 The tydings through the Palaces of Bliss,
 To see a work so wonderful as this ;
 Millions of *Angels* to Heav'n's Turrets fly,
 And on the Crystal Terras of the Sky,
 Stood in bright Throngs, and on *Creation* gaz'd,
 And at the Sight were ravish'd, and amaz'd.

Almighty Vigour strove through all the Void,
 And such prolifick Influence employ'd,

That ancient, barren *Night* did pregnant grow,
 And quicken'd with the *World* in Embrio.
 The struggling Seeds of unshap'd Matter ly,
 Contending in her Womb for Victory.
 No Order, Form, or Parts distinct and clear,
 Did in the Crude Conception, yet appear.
 Thick *Darkness* did the unripe *Light* Embrace,
 Which faintly glanc'd on *Chaos* shady Face.
 The unfledg'd *Fire* has no bright Wings to rise;
 But scarce distinguish'd, with the *Water* lies.
 It's sprightly, ruddy Youth not yet attain'd,
 The glitt'ring Seeds, Mother of *Fire*, remain'd
 Like Golden Sands, thick scatter'd on the Shore;
 Of the wild Deep, and shone in burning Oar.
 In glowing Heaps the *Stars* lay dusky bright,
 Rude and unpolish'd Balls of unwrought Light:
 The *Spheres* pil'd up about their *Poles* were Furl'd;
 Design'd the Swadling Bands of th' Infant World.
 The Sky dispers'd, lay in Etherial Oar,
 And azure Veins, betray'd th' Empyrean Store.
 The watry Treasures in th' unfashion'd Birth,
 Lay in the rough Embraces of the Earth:
 But at the great Command will Thaw, and throw
 The Drofs off, and like melted Metals flow.
 Besides vast numbers of loose Atoms stray,
 And in the restless Deep of *Chaos* play.
 In dark Encounters they for Empire strive,
 And gain what *Chance*, and wild *Confusion* give:
 Which jointly here possess the Sov'raign Sway,
 Pleas'd with those Subjects most, that least Obey.
Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,
 And Strife and Uproar fill the noisy Space.
 Tumult and Mis-rule please at *Chaos* Court,
 And everlasting Wars his Throne Support.

Troops

Troops arm'd with *Heat* have here a Battel won,
 But *Moist* and *Cold* the Victor soon dethrone.
 Here heavier Seeds rush on in numerous Swarms,
 And crush their Lighter Foes, with pond'rous Arms:
 The lighter strait Command with equal Pride,
 And on wild Whirlwinds in mad Triumph ride.
 None long submits to a Superiour Power,
 Each yields, and in his turn is Conquerour.
 If some grown mild from fierce Contention cease,
 And with calm Neighbours court a separte Peace;
 If Truce they make, and in kind Leagues combine,
 Their short Embraces some rude Shocks disjoyn.
 Th' *Eternal's* Voice compos'd these *Atoms* jars,
 And jostling Elements intestine Wars.
 He sets imprison'd *Heat* and *Vigour* free,
 And suits and ranges Natures that agree.
 He through the *Mafs* a mighty Ferment spread,
 And where it came mis-shap'd Confusion fled,
 Dark *Chaos* now throws off his gloomy Face,
 Puts on fresh Beauty, and a Heav'nly Grace.
 Th' *Almighty Spake*, and straight the sprightly *Light*
 With lovely Looks broke from the Abyss of Night;
 On Golden Wings it mounts, and in its way.
 Its Smiles diffuse new Morn, and unripe Day.
 Aloft vast spreading Sheets of *Ether* rise,
 Matter for *Spheres*, and pure transparent Skies.
 The Sky which for its Compass scarce finds room,
 Spun thin, and wove on Nature's finest Loom:
 The new-born World in its soft Bosom wraps,
 And all around its Starry Mantle laps.
 The *Sun's* vast *Globe* which till the Birth of Day,
 All Rough and Cloudy in wild *Chaos* lay;
 Well wrought and polish'd is advanc'd on high,
 The vagrant Beams which stray'd about the Sky,

Now

Now becken'd by *Creating* Power obey,
 And the bright Forces higher hast away.
 Then hov'ring on the Spungy Globe they wait,
 And round their new appointed Mansion fate.
 The thirsty *Orb* drinks in the liquid Beams,
 And now but one vast Sea of Glory seems :
 It self a Heav'n with dazling Lustre bright,
 Pours out pure Floods of overflowing Light.
 Here as in Furnaces of boiling Gold,
Stars dipt come back, full as their *Orbs* can hold
 Of glitt'ring *Light*, here too the *Moon* all drown'd,
 Does with the Golden Metal fill her Round.
 Sometimes half dip't, it but in part adorns
 Her Face, and shines with Blunt, resplendent Horns.
 Th' Ætherial Plain now cultivated bears,
 A shining Harvest of illustrious *Stars* :
 Which at a distance seem small Lights, but near
 Capacious *Realms*, and glorious *Worlds* appear.
 The *Spheres* spread forth their Bosoms, now refin'd,
 And Belly out, like Sails swoln big with Wind.
 The *Air* beat out, and purified does lye,
 A Crystal deep between the Earth and Sky.
 Through this thin Void the Sun's indulgent Beams,
 Flow gently on the Earth in Golden Streams ;
 Which kindly steal away the Watry Store,
 And rob the Earth, but to enrich it more.
 The *Earth* with its own Burden tin'd, and prest
 Down with it's weight, lies in the midst at rest.
 A *Deep* broke up, *God* calls the Waters, they
 Feel the Command, and with quick Flight Obey.
 In mighty Heaps the foaming Deluge flows,
 High Liquid Walls and curling Ridges shows.
 Some Waters with smooth and gentle Tyde,
 On the Earth's plain and level Surface Glide :

Others

Others that meet a Steep abrupt Descent ;
 Run down in Floods more loud and turbulent.
 At last they flow from the high Precipice,
 In noisy Falls into the dark Abyss;
 Till the vast Deluge with its liquid Store,
 Fills up the Deep, and crowns the ambient Shore.
 Now their tall Heads the rising *Mountains* show,
 And wide mouth'd *Vallies* sink themselves as low.
 The Earth as yet all bare and naked lay,
 For Heav'n's Command th' imprison'd Spirits stay.
God spake, and straight a lovely *Spring* appears,
 And every Field fresh, verdant Clothing wears.
 Green *Herbs* adorn the Hills aspiring Heads,
 And smiling *Flowers* enrich th' enamell'd Meads.
Trees starting up, lifted their Heads so high,
 They met the Clouds descending from the Sky.
 Some rang'd in beauteous Order, Stately stood,
 Others prest'd close, and throng'd into a Wood.
 Some where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,
 Transparent Gums, and Od'rous Juices Sweat.
 The fragrant *Balsome-Tree*, distills around,
 Her healing Riches, on the neighbouring Ground.
 The humble *Jess'mine*, breaths Perfumes abroad,
 And wanton *Zephyrs* bear the balmy Load.
 Pure Crystal *Rivers* through the Meadows flow,
 Their flowry Banks smile on them, as they go :
 Their watry Train in Snaky Windings slides,
 And in their Streams the *scaly* Nation glides.
Birds glad to try their Wings rise from the Earth,
 And with their Songs they celebrate their Birth.
Beasts in their various Kinds all Mild, and tame,
 Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.
 The Bleating *Flocks* wander on every Hill,
 And lowing *Herd*s the Echoing Vallies fill.

The

The sporting *Lion* paws the wanton *Bear*,
Wolves seek the Woods, the Lawns the timorous *Deer*.
 The Crested *Snake* draws thro' the flowry Plain,
 The shining Volumes of his Spiral Train.
Leviathan in th' Ocean takes his Place,
 Prince of the Waters, and the Finny Race:
 Rolling amidst the Waves, he takes his Sport,
 As a great Sea-God in his watry Court.
 Swimming to Land he drives high Seas before;
 Like a great Island floating near the Shore.
 In wanton Pastime he sucks in with Ease,
 Then spouts against the Skies th' exhausted Seas;
 Like some prodigious Water-Engine, made
 To play on Heav'n, if Fires should Heav'n invade.
 So fair, so rich a Paradise as this,
Almighty Power call'd from the dark Abyss.

To keep the Birth-Day of the World, the *Spring*
 Does all her Joys and fragrant Riches bring.
Nature appearing in her brightest Dress,
 Does all her Sweets and Heav'nly Charms express.
 The *Sphæars* in tuneful Measures Roll above,
 And Heav'n's bright *Orbs* in beauteous Order move.
 The smiling *Earth* discovers perfect Joy,
 Where nothing noxious can its Peace annoy.
 The *Air's* so soft, such balmy Odours fly,
 So sweet the *Fruits*, so pure and mild the *Sky*,
 The Blissful State's too great to be express'd,
 By all the Pleasures of the wanton East,
 By th' *Arab's* Sweets, from *Zephirs* tender Wings
 Gently shook off, or what the Merchant brings
 Of Foreign Luxury with tedious Toil,
 From *Asia's* Coast, or soft *Campania's* Soil.

Thus

Thus after five days Labour *Nature* stood,
God view'd his Creatures, and pronounc'd them *Good*.
 But still there wanted one who might adore
Divine Perfections, and Heav'n's Gifts implore.
 Who might *himself*, and his great *Author* know,
 Obey his *God*, and Rule as God below.
 Then *Man* was made, the *Author* fram'd and wrought
 The nobler Mould, with more Concern and Thought.
 His *Mind* made up of pure *Ethereal Air*,
 Came from the Hands *Divine* all bright and Fair;
 And lodg'd in Clay, did at its Entrance give
 So quick a touch, as made that Clay to live:
 And both united with such wondrous Art,
 In part he's *Angel*, *Animal* in part.
 In whom the Bounds of both the Worlds are seen,
 Where *Earth* does terminate, and *Heav'n* begin.
 One part, like sprightly Flames, will upward move,
 Kin to the blest, unbodily *Minds* above;
 The other, only shap'd and quicken'd *Earth*,
 From moulded Dust receives its humble Birth;
 Yet *Life* *Divine*, and high Perfection gains,
 Ennobled by the Guest it entertains.
 His *Form* erect, and Cherub-like his Face,
 Where Sweetness temper'd Stern and Manly Grace.
 Mild to be lov'd, and awful to be fear'd,
 He, like some new discover'd God, appear'd.
 Then did th' *Almighty* to his Bosom give,
 To bless him perfectly, his Consort *Eve*;
 Of a more soft and nicely temper'd Mould,
 Her strokes was tender, his more strong and bold.
 Sweetness that ravish'd, milder than the Morn,
 And perfect Beauty did her Looks adorn.
 She like a *Goddeß*, with the Heav'nly Charms
 Of blushing Innocence, comes to his Arms.

G

What

What Joys Divine did on the Fav'rite wait,
 These happy Hours that knew his Native State!
 His *Work* thus finish'd, and *Creation* done,
 Th' *Almighty* rests on his Eternal Throne.
 Strait the loud Shouts and Acclamations giv'n,
 Shook the high Towers and jarring Gates of Heav'n.
 There stood an *Alabaster* Mount that shone,
 In th' Air sublime, from the Imperial Throne
 Remov'd at distance, and between them lay
 All pav'd with Stars, a broad, frequented way.
 Hither for great Assemblies they repair,
 From all the Regions of th' Etherial Air.
 Here they in perfect Love and Peace debate;
 Th' affairs which most affect their sacred State.
 Hither the Princes of the Heav'nly Court,
 Follow'd with Throngs unnumber'd, now resort:
 There met, a solemn *Jubilee* they Vote,
 In Honour of the Wonders lately wrought.
 Straight a *Procession* publick was enjoyn'd,
 And thus perform'd t' adore th' *Eternal* Mind.

Trumpets march'd first, and chiefly that whose Sound,
 Shall strike Convulsions thro' the trembling ground;
 Break their dark Prisons down, and call away
 Th' awaken'd Dead, on the great Judgment Day.
 Next Heav'nly *Viols*, soft harmonious *Flutes*,
 Resounding *Dulcimers*, and tuneful *Lutes*
 And *Harp*s, like that which hangs the glitt'ring Pride;
 As Poets feign, of young *Apollo's* fide.
 With perfect Skill here chosen *Cherubs* play,
 And Celebrate th' *Almighty's* Resting Day.
 Then the blest *Voices* came with Hymns of Praise,
 Angelick Musick, sweet Melodious Lays,

Such

Such as bright Spirits in high Raptures sing,
 Around the Throne of their Eternal King.
 Now the first Rank of Potentates and Peers,
 Mighty *Arch-Angels*, and high Thrones appears.
 Crowns of substantial, massy Glory made,
 Adorn'd with *Gems*, and *Flowers* which never Fade,
 And *Greens* of Heav'nly growth all wreath'd between,
 Are on the Heads of this bright Order seen:
 Fresh *Greens* and *Flowers*, such as their Gardens bring,
 Blest with mild Rays, and Everlasting Spring.
 Vials of *Incense* in their Hands they bear,
 And the sweet Clouds in Wheels roll up the Air:
 Odours not to be told, fann'd from them fly,
 And wondrous Fragrancy Perfumes the Sky.
 Each had his *Lyre*, which from his Shoulders hung,
 With Golden Wire, like radiant Sun-beams, strung.
 Such was their Splendour, with such Grace they trod,
 In Looks and Motion each appear'd a God.
 Hither thick Crowds of vulgar *Angels* made,
 And to admire this glorious Order staid,
 And, as they pass'd humble Obeisance paid.
 Then lower Ranks in long Procession pass'd,
 With Crowns and Badges of Distinction grac'd;
 And all so Splendid, all so Rich and Gay,
 That Heav'n before, ne'er saw so bright a Day.
 Unfading *Roses* of a Heav'nly Red,
 On the bright Pavement were profusely spread:
Elysian *Jessamine*, and blest *Am'rant* lay,
 In od'rous heaps along the Milky way.
 The *Fountains* all, such Costw as then bestow'd,
 With unexhausted Springs of *Nectar* flow'd.
 And now advanc'd before th' Imperial Throne,
 Which lofty with excessive Brightness shone,

G 2

They

They from th' uneasy Lustre of the Light,
 Protected with spread Wings their dazzled sight.
 In prostrate *Adoration* down they fell,
 Opprest with Glory unsupportable :
 Entranc'd, Transported, Ravish'd, there they ly,
 And with blest *Hallelujahs* fill the Sky.
 In Songs Sublime they praise th' *Eternal Mind*,
 His Works from all the Ages past design'd,
 His *Greatness*, *Wisdom*, *Empire* unconfin'd.
 His *Justice*, that no Force or Prayer can move,
 His spotless *Truth*, and everlasting *Love*.
 They Sing th' *Eternal Son*'s Immortal Praise,
 And to an equal height the sacred *Spirit* raise.
 Then all arising from the sacred *Quire*,
 O'erflowing with unbounded Joys, retire
 To the blest Shades of the Celestial Bowers,
 Where oft they choose to pass their happy Hours.
 Their Hunger here delicious *Banquets* met,
 With vast Profusion on rich Tables set,
Banquets Divine, not such as Mortals Eat.
 High Dishes in long Pomp and Order stood,
 Fill'd with choice Fruits, rare Meats, all Angels Food.
Ambrosial Juices, sweet *Nectar* Wine,
 Ravish'd their Taste, and made their Faces shine.
 The *Sons of God* thus chear'd, dissolve in Joy,
 Whilst his high Praises their blest Tongues employ.
 In Joys and Triumphs so the Day they spend,
 Such Mirth and Show the Festival attend.
 Then, when the Ev'ning came, or what instead
 Of Evening there, does in its turn succeed :
 Glorious *Illuminations* made on high,
 By all the *Constellations* of the Sky,
 In bright Degrees, and shining Orders plac'd,
 Spectators charm'd, and the blest Dwellings grac'd.

Through

Through all th' inlight'n'd Air rare Fireworks flew,
 Which the Celestial Youth with Shouting threw.
Comets fly up with their red sweeping Train,
 Then fall in Starry Showers, and glittering Rain.
 In th' Air ten Thousand *Meteors* blazing hung,
 Which from Heav'n's gilded Battlements were flung.
 Here furious, flying *Dragons* hissing came,
 Here harmless *Fires* play in a lambent Flame.
 Such universal Joy in Heav'n they shew'd,
 And in such hallow'd Mirth the day conclude.
 In such Delights they pass their time above,
 And so shall we, if like them, we Obey and Love:

In all the Joys that happy Minds attain,
 Blest *Adam* first began to live and reign.
 He to fair *Eden*'s Paradise resorts,
 Where every Sense its proper Pleasure courts.
 The joyful Spring by soft *Favonius* fann'd,
 Diffus'd her Riches with a wanton Hand.
 From new-blown Flowers luxurious Odours fly,
 And Heav'nly *Landscapes* meet his ravish'd Eye:
 The twining Branches weave him shady Bowers,
 And Hony-Dews fall in delicious Showers.
 Birds with their Songs their Sovereign salute,
 From Boughs which bend beneath their Golden Fruit;
 Pure *Streams* to him their Crystal Waters bring,
 And the glad *Fish* leap up, to see their King.
 The harmless *Beasts* their humble Homage paid,
 And the sole Monarch of the World obey'd.
 Uninterrupted *Peace* his Mind possess'd,
 And Joys unutterable fill'd his Breast.
 He view'd his great *Creator*'s glorious Face,
 Clearly reflected from fair Nature's Glass:

On

On her bright *Form* he saw th' impetuous shine,
 Of *Wisdom* infinite, and *Pow'r* Divine;
 Whence all things, as free Emanations flow,
 As Streams their Being to their Fountain owe.
 Which binds fast Nature's vast unshaken Frame,
 Left it dissolve to Nothing, whence it came.
 Whilst in his Thoughts the pleasing Objects move,
 He feels his Breast all fir'd with Heav'nly Love.
 His Eyes thus fixt, the great Seducer's Skill,
 Could not engage his Thoughts, or move his Will.
 A day serene smil'd on his God-like Mind,
 Free from black Clouds, and undisturb'd with Wind,
 No *Guilt*, no *Frown* from Heav'n disturbs his Soul,
 Calm as deep Rivers in still Evenings roll.
 No Storms of *Passion*, such as us molest,
 Annoys the Peaceful Region of his Breast.
 No boiling *Lust* swell'd the overflowing Blood,
 To bear down Reason with th' impetuous Flood.
 His spotless Mind knew yet no other Fire,
 Then those pure Flames, which heav'nly *Minds* inspire.
 O happy Man! above description blest,
 Had he maintain'd the Station he possest.
 Upon the Crystal *River's* flowry side,
 Which winding did in slow Meanders glide,
 As loath to leave the blissful Place, there stood
 A *Tree* that rose above th' *Hesperian* Wood,
 Its Fruit seem'd pleasant, but forbidden Food.
 For he who with enormous Bounty pours
 On Man, fresh Pleasures in incessant Showers;
 That nothing can disturb his flowing Joys,
 Unless Variety suspends his Choice:
 Bids him not Eat the fatal Fruit, to prove
 His due *Obedience*, and his constant *Love*.

The grand *Apostate* for high Crimes displac'd,
 From Heav'n, by fierce *Almighty* Vengeance chas'd,
 Till down th' unfathom'd Precipice he fell
 Confounded to the fiery Gulph of Hell:
 With Rage and Envy sees Man's happy State,
 Whence he for ever lost had fall'n so late.
 Himself undone urg'd with Infernal Spight,
 And dire Revenge, makes Ruin his delight.
 That he from Heav'n might this fair Province gain,
 That *Sin* and *Death* might wider Sway attain,
 And he his baleful Empire might extend,
 Conceal'd beneath the specious Air of *Friend*,
 He does to Man the fatal Tree commend;
 As such whose Worth transcends the greatest price,
 The Flower and Beauty of his Paradise.
 Pleasing to Taste, but much more to the Mind,
 Which those that Eat, should boundless *Knowledge* find:
 Then points up to the fair forbidden Meat,
 Bids him be Wise, and boldly take and Eat.
 He tempts him with the flatt'ring Hopes of Bliss,
 Great as his God's, and lasting too, as his.
 This gaudy Scene of Glory charm'd his Eye,
 And his proud Thoughts at God-like Greatness fly.
 The bright *Illusion* turn'd his giddy Head,
 And with vast Hopes his vain Ambition fed.
 Thus gazing at the Glory of a God,
 The Precipice was hid on which he trod.
 The splendid *Phantome* now advances nigh,
 And in his reach appears *Divinity*:
 Which straight he grasps at, and to hold the more,
 Empties his Hand of what it held before.
 But sooner might he grasp unbody'd Minds,
 And with clos'd Arms clasp'd in the raging Winds.

The glorious Shadow from his Hands does slide,
 Mocks his Embraces, and defeats his Pride.
 He Eat, but did no other Pleasures find,
 Than the sad *Terrors* of a guilty Mind.
 His cheated Hopes can no new *Knowledge* boast,
 But of the *Ill* he feels, and *Good* he lost.

Thus fell lost Man, straight troubled *Nature* moan'd,
 And shaking, with a strong Convulsion groan'd.
 Ev'n *Paradise* look'd Sad, the *Herds* repin'd,
 And lofty *Cedars* shook without a Wind.
 The *Roses* fade, the Golden *Apples* turn'd
 Pallid, and all the Sick *Creation* mourn'd.
 To the thick Trees in vain fall'n *Adam* made,
 To hide his blacker *Guilt* beneath their Shade:
 Close Trees may so their well mixt Branches spread,
 That Sun-beams cannot pierce their shady Head;
 But *God's* clear Eye needs not so gross a Ray,
 His Glory sheds a more illustrious Day.
 But had he been from his bright Eye conceal'd,
 The crying *Guilt* had to his Ear reveal'd
Apostate Man; that Voice to Heav'n does rise
 Loud, as the Thunder-claps for which it cries.
 What a black Train of *Woes* and hideous *Fears*,
 Headed by one bold Crime, to Man appears!
 The Serpent's Venom spreads through all his Veins,
 And *Sin's* Contagion unresist'd reigns.
 A Death-like *Damp* shoots through his poison'd Blood,
 And fear's cold Chains arrest the beating Flood.
 A dreadful Face of Things confounds his Eye,
 He cannot stay secure, nor can he fly.
 Black Thoughts of *Vengeance* seize his guilty Heart,
 And *Conscience* wounds him, with her poison'd Dart.

Amidst

Amidst the Trees he starts at every Noise,
 Grows Pale, and thinks he hears th' *Almighty's* Voice.
 The trembling Branches make him tremble more,
 Now feebler, than the Fig-leaves, which he wore.

Man's Soul, by this rude Shock from's *Center* driv'n,
 Stands so a-skaunt, and so remote from Heav'n,
 Tis scarcely warm'd by its weak, Oblique Ray,
 And has at best but a Cold, darksome Day.
 Fall'n from its bright *Etherial* Seat on high,
 Down to the lowest Regions of the Sky,
 It feels th' attractive *Earth's* Magnetick Force,
 And round this low-hung Ball directs its Course.
 As when a *Planet*, once all fair and bright,
 Sickens, and shines with Pale and faded Light;
 By some fierce *Storm* bred in its wide Bowels rent,
 As Clouds are by the Thunder in 'em pent.
 The mighty Orb disjoyned cracks, and all
 The broken Parts in Noisy Ruin fall.
 The hideous, burning *Hull* does floating lie,
 And with the wondrous Wreck affrights the Sky.
 Sometimes it blazes with a dismal Light,
 And then grown dim, seems lost and drown'd in Night:
 Then sinking does the Starry Sky forsake,
 Contented some inferiour Seat to take:
 Where Heav'n new moulds the Heap, and from th' Abyss,
 Calls forth perhaps a *Moon*, or *Earth*, like this.
 So *Man* seduc'd by the *Impostor* fell,
 From Heav'n's bright Coasts, to the black Verge of *Hell*.
 There he his Lustre lost, and God-like Grace,
 Shews the sad Ruins of a Heav'nly Face.
 Where *Peace* dwelt undisturb'd, and smiling Light,
Confusion now, *Chaos* and horrid *Night*.

H

Black

Black, frowning *Clouds*, and murmuring *Thunder* roll,
 O'er the vext Region of his guilty Soul.
 Fierce, driving *Storms*, and bleak Tempestuous Wind
 Beat on the wastful Defart of his Mind.
Revenge, *Despair*, *Grief*, *Jealousie*, and *Fear*,
 Have in their Turn, supreme Dominion here.
Reason dethron'd, must the Commands obey
 Of this wild Rout, that holds the Sovereign Sway.

Mean time, th' *Almighty* does his Summons send,
 Thro' Heav'n for all his *Angels* to attend.
 High in the midst of the *Etherial Skies*,
 A Mount of rocky *Diamond* did rise ;
 Insuperably steep, and too sublime
 For the tir'd *Wings* of *Cherubims* to climb.
 O'er-looking Heav'n's wide *Vales* and spacious *Plains*
 It stands, and unmolested *Peace* maintains.
 Here the *Almighty's* bright *Tribunal* stands,
 Hence his *Decrees* are sent, and high *Commands*.
 Hence he gives *Laws* to all the *Worlds* below,
 And hence eternal *Right* and *Justice* flow.
 Hence *Punishments* proceed, and just *Rewards*,
 Hence *Orders* come to all th' *Angelick* Guards,
 To keep the *Peace* of Heav'n, and next secure
 On Earth th' afflicted, from th' *Oppressor's* Power.
 And now the *Thrones* and *Powers* the *Vally* fill,
 And stand adoring round the sacred *Hill*.
Adam's Rebellion they had newly heard,
 And God's fierce *Wrath* in dreadful *Signs* appear'd.
Lightnings and *Thunders* issue from his *Throne*,
 Lightning scarce heard of, *Thunder* seldom known.
 Tremendous *Murmurs*, and a mighty *Sound*
 Of wondrous *Ruine* from the *Hill* rebound.

T' ex-

T' expres incens'd *Omnipotence*, conspire
Whirlwinds, thick *Darkness* and consuming *Fire*,
 United *Terrors*, which with *Fury* broke
 From the blest Mount, whence thus th' *Almighty* spoke.

The *Man* I made, and with my *Image* grac'd,
 And next to your *Angelick* Order plac'd,
 Revolting to th' *Apostate* Prince of *Hell*,
 Against my *Throne* has yielded to *Rebel*.
 The *Death* I threaten'd, now I must inflict,
 So *Justice* bids, nor is its *Rule* too strict.
 You're here from all the *Regions* of the *Sky*,
 To hear the *Rebel* doom'd, and see him *Dye*.

He spake, and thro' all Heav'n a *Terror* strook,
 The *Spheres*, and all the *Frame* of *Nature* shook.
 The *Moon* grew pale, the *Sun* all *Dim* appear'd,
 And all the *Sons of God* stood *Mute*, and fear'd.
 Th' *Almighty* his *Vindictive* Arm makes bare,
 Stretch'd out his *Hand*, and did for *Death* prepare.
Mercy Shreek'd out, and trembling on her *Face*,
 Fell down, and did with *Tears* his *Feet* Embrace,
 Offspring *Divine*, in Heav'n the most below'd,
 By whom ev'n *Fate* unchangeable is mov'd.
 Her *Looks* so moving, such *Celestial* Grace,
 So mild, and sweet an *Air* dwell on her *Face*,
 So tender and engaging all her *Charms*,
 That oft th' *Almighty's* *Fury* she disarms.
 Her *Language* melts *Omnipotence*, *Arrests*
 His *Hand*, and thence his *Vengeful* *Lightning* wrests

Then thus she spake :
 Shall the successful, fly *Impostor* boast,
 That by his *Power* the new *Creation's* lost ?

H z

Shall

Shall he thus Triumph in his inpius Deed,
 And all our Hopes defeat from *Adam's* Seed ?
 Must this fair *Race* be lost, so lately made,
 And Hell made Bold your Empire to invade ?
Adam has sinn'd, and Heav'n's high Grace abus'd,
 But sinn'd betray'd, and by Hell's Fraud seduc'd.
 Can't *Wisdom* Infinite, Expedients find,
 To punish *Guilt*, and yet preserve Mankind ?
Compassion, with stern *Justice* mixt, will draw
 Honour to Heav'n's just Government, and Awe
 All from offending the Establish'd Law.

At this, th' Eternal *Son* rose from his Place,
 The bright Effulgence of his *Father's* Face,
 His fair and express Image, full of Grace.
 In whom Divine, Substantial Glory dwelt,
 And who Almighty Life and Vigour felt.
 Th' Essential *Wisdom*, th' Everlasting *Word*,
 The Universal *Heir*, and Sovereign *Lord*.
 And thus he Silence broke, mine be the Task
 To do what Justice and Compassion ask
 To Rescue *Man*, my Self will *Man* become,
 Assuming Substance from a *Virgin's* Womb.
 A willing *Sacrifice*, I'll Death Embrace,
Justice t' Attone, and Ransom *Adam's* Race.

The *Father* straight assented, *Mercy* smil'd,
 To see the *Serpent* of his Prey beguil'd:
Justice well pleas'd, accepts the offer'd Price,
 And Heav'n's aton'd by its own *Sacrifice*.
 The Heav'n's with loud rebounding Shouts did ring,
 And the glad Angels in new Anthems sing,
 The *Intercessor*, and mysterious King.

The

The rolling Years their Circles fill apace,
 And well-breath'd Time runs its appointed Race:
 Till it brought on the Hour when all should see,
 The *Son* make good to Man, his blest Decree.

That our expected Hope might be enjoy'd,
Divinity appears with Man alloy'd.
 His native Glory darts destructive Light,
 And bright Oppression pours on Mortals Sight:
 He therefore draws a humane Veil between,
 That temper'd Lustre might not Kill, when seen.
 Here two Extreams of Distance infinite,
 In one ineffable, mysterious Knot unite:
God lives conceal'd, within a Mould of Clay,
 And does in Dust himself, and's Glory lay.
 He that in all th' expanded Skies wants room,
 Lies now encompass'd with a *Virgin's* Womb.
Immensity is wrapt in Swadling Bands,
 The Prince by whom the World's wide Fabrick stands,
 Supported in his Mother's Arms we see;
 And vast *Eternity* begins to be.
 He leaves his starry Seat, and glitt'ring Crown,
 And lays his dazzling Robes of Glory down:
 Then in an humble travelling Dress is seen,
 Seeking, as unknown Strangers do, an Inn.
 Lord of the World, to whom proud Monarchs owe
 Their Crowns and Scepters, he that does bestow
 Honours and Wealth profusely on the Great,
 Can't for his own Repose, find out a Seat,
 But must from Men, to kinder Beasts, Retreat.
 No other Court receives the new-born King,
 Who to debase himself, did choose to bring,
 No other Pomp, but naked Innocence;
 Nothing for Ornament, or for Defence.

He

He that the Wants of all the World supplies,
 Himself oppress'd with Pain and Hunger, Cries.
 He Man's Assistance asks in vain; to whom
 For Aid and Comfort all th' afflicted come.
Angels that did the Royal *Stranger* know;
 The greatest Signs of Joy and Triumph show.
 The out-Guards of their Camp saw marching round,
 Celestial Splendor rising from the Ground;
 And gave th' Alarm, the shining Squadrons fly
 To th' Out-lines, and the Frontiers of the Sky:
 To see the wond'rous *Mediator* Born,
 Whom they adore, though stupid *Hebrews* scorn.
 Some with spread Wings shoot swiftly thro' the Air,
 And to the Shepherds first the Tydings bear,
 That a great *Shepherd* was at *Beth'lem* Born,
 Whose Deeds and Triumphs should that Name Adorn.
 Tho *Angels* Sing, obdurate Men are mute,
 Nor will their *Saviour*, and their *King* salute.

Yet some few famous Sages come from far,
 Conducted by a brighter Morning Star,
 Left all the Wealth and Wonders of the East,
 To see a greater *Sun* and *God*, rise in the West.
 To find the Prince to *Herod* they resort;
 For where should Kings be found, but in a Court?
 But the directing Star that led their Way,
 Stands still, and points down with a streaming Ray,
 To a mean Stable where the *Stranger* lay.
 Where they with humble Adoration View,
 The Infant *Intercessor*, known to few:
 Whom they present with Odoriferous Gums,
 Choice Spices, and *Arabia's* rich Perfumes.

The

The Son of Righteousness begins to rise,
 And Streaks with radiant Lines the Purple Skies.
 Here did he from his healing Wings display,
 The tender Dawn of *Everlasting* Day.
 Pale Terror thro' the Courts of Darkness flew,
 And Hell's sad Regions double Sorrow shew.
 Th' infernal Spirits wandering in the Air,
 As Thunder-struck, in Anger and Despair,
 With Shreeks and hideous Yellings fly the Sight,
 And the keen Horrour of the Heav'nly Light.
 Like obscene Birds of Night, they haste away
 And shun in Clefts and Caves the Rising Day.
 The Prince of *Darkness* now begins to fear,
 The Dissolution of his Empire's near.
 Th' ambiguous *Oracles* with Fear struck Dumb,
 Proclaim'd by Silence, the *Messiah* come.

Troubled and Sad th' Infernal Counsel sate,
 Thoughtful how best t' avert th' impending Fate.
 Various Projections, deep Designs were laid,
 How best the dreaded Foe they might invade.
 They first the Fury *Jealousie* dispatch,
 To *Herod's* Court who might Occasion watch,
 To kindle strong Suspicions in his Breast,
 That th' Infant from him should his Scepter wrest.
 She did so well perform her Hellish Part,
Herod soon yielded to her subtil Art.
 For while the Sages leave their Eastern home,
 And to admire the wondrous Infant come:
Herod, afraid his Ravish'd Crown to lose,
 The Royal Infant's hated Life pursues.
 What to pale Tyrants dreadful won't appear,
 When *Love* and *Innocence* can move their Fear?

'Tis true,
 A *King*, he is, whose *Empire's* vast extent,
 Shall pass all Bounds, and last when Time is spent.
 Submissive Monarchs shall their Scepters lay
 Before his Feet, and his Just Laws obey.
 Kingdoms oppress'd shall his strong Aids invoke,
 And thrust their Necks beneath his gentle Yoke.
 The *Roman* Eagles shall the Conqueror own,
 And *Cesar* court him to ascend his Throne.
 Admir'd by all, he shall in Triumph go
 Where fruitful *Nile*, or fam'd *Hydaspes* flow,
 Uncheck'd by *Africk* Heats, or *Scythian* Snow.
 Nations invited by his Fame, shall come,
 More then e'er made their Court to conquering *Rome*,
 In splendid Embassies to sue for Peace,
 And Worlds unknown his Empire shall encrease.
 The Earth shall banish'd *Justice* now regain,
 And *Love* and *Truth* attend the happy Reign.
 Soft *Peace* and *Joy* the chearful Earth shall Crown,
 And Savage Beasts shall lay their Fierceness down.
 The *Lion*, *Wolf*, and *Lamb*, no more their Prey,
 And little Infants shall promiscuous play.
 The years in Golden Harnes smiling pass,
 And keeping beauteous Order run their Race.
 Nor shall his Kingdom cease, or Subjects die,
 For when Time finds its empty Channel dry,
 And all its disappearing Streams shall sleep,
 Lost and ingulph'd in vast Duration's Deep:
 Then shall this *King* his full Dominion gain,
 And in Eternal Peace, and Triumph Reign.
 But 'tis not Worldly Empire he design'd,
 His Scepter is his *Grace*, his Throne the *Mind*.

Kings unmolested may their Scepters sway,
 And Peaceful Subjects without Strife obey.
 They may unrivall'd, and unenvy'd reign,
 And all their Pomp, and Regal State maintain.
 The great *Redeemer* has his Court unseen,
 And reigns in *Light*, and Heav'nly *Love* within.

But from the false *Usurper's* Cruelty,
 Officious Angels, warn their Prince to fly.
 He and his happy Parents leave their Home,
 And all to *Egypt's* safer Borders come,
Egypt, tho' for its Monsters famous grown,
 Is now by treach'rous *Palestine* out-done.
 For here they find a more secure Abode,
Egypt once *Jacob* sav'd, and now his God.
 The wandering God returns, the Tyrant dead,
 To rich *Judea's* Soil from whence he fled.
 Where he begins his Kingdom to assert,
 And his mirac'lous Vertue to exert.
 The *Blind* receiv'd their Sight, their Feet the *Lame*,
 And the *Dumb* spake to celebrate his Fame.
 Loud *Storms* and *Winds* were hush'd at his Command,
 And fierce wild *Beasts* did tame and harmless stand.
 The wondring *Dead* arise, and hasty come.
 Obsequious to his Call, from out their Tomb.
 With fresh-created Fish and Loaves, he fed
 Th' admiring Crowd, that lay around him spread.
 To the *Decrepit* he new Force appoints,
 And with strong Nerves new-brac'd their wither'd Joynts.
 His Breath oft cool'd fierce *Feavers* raging Flames,
 And his sole Word the deadly *Poyson* tames.
 Round him in Crowds the sick and feeble throng,
 The sick grow easie, and the feeble strong.

Fresh healing Vertue he diffus'd around,
 And dying Men rose leaping from the Ground :
 The Languishing reviv'd, th' Afflicted cheer'd
 Took healthful Looks, and smil'd when he appear'd.
Demons at his Command vext Men forsake
 And to th' Infernal Caves and burning Lake
 Their hasty Flight, with piercing Screeches take.

Such *Miracles* did his high Office prove,
 And Universal Admiration move,
 Of all the chieftest was his wondrous *Love*.
 He whom rebellious Men might justly fear,
 In all his chosen Terrors would appear,
 With Military Pomp, and Trumpets sound,
 His shining Host of Cherubs pour'd around ;
 Arm'd with keen Lightning, and the sharpest Sword,
 That all his Magazins of Wrath afford,
 To lay all Waste before him, and Efface
 All Footsteps of Apostate *Adam's* Race,
 He, unexampled *Love* ! Attempts to win
 Man from the Curse of *Death*, and Curse of *Sin*,
 With Pity, more than that of Mothers Hearts,
 With *Mercy's* Charms, and *Love's* persuasive Arts.
 His high Design was with his Heav'nly Light,
 To chase away th' Impenetrable Night,
 That cover'd this lost World, and re-inspire
 Man's frozen Breast, with fresh Celestial Fire.
 Th' *Almighty's* faded Image to repair,
 That its bright Lines might shine distinct and fair.
 To raise laps'd Minds to that high State of *Love*.
 Of *Light* and *Bliss*, the Blest enjoy above.
 To pull all bold *U*rsurping Passions down,
 And settle Reason in its ancient Throne.

To

To break Sins heavy Chains, its Slaves release,
 And fix 'twixt Earth and Heav'n a lasting Peace.

The *Jews* amus'd with Worldly Empire's Charms,
 Hoping some Monarch with Victorious Arms,
 With *Roman* Pomp and Grandeur would arise,
 The great *Redeemer's*, humble State despise.
 Inspir'd from Hell, his Message they refuse,
 Deride his Person, and his Deeds accuse.
 He that Supplies on all in want bestow'd,
 Feasting with Miracles the hungry Crowd :
 Finds from th' obdurate *Hebrew* no relief,
 But with the twelve Companions of his Grief,
 He walk'd on his Eternal Purpose bent,
 Scatt'ring his Heav'nly Gifts where'er he went.
 Yet did unwelcom through their Regions stray,
 From those ungrateful Cities thrust away,
 Whence he had *Devils* and *Diseases* cast,
 Him, and his proffer'd Heav'n, they from them chas'd.
 At last his spotless *Innocence* traduc'd,
 He stands before the *Roman* Throne accus'd.
 On *Cesar's* King, *Pilate* in Judgment sits,
 Condemns him, yet his Innocence acquits.
 To please th' inexorable *Jews* he sheds
 Blood, and Heav'n's dreadful Curses on their Heads:
 That done, he wash'd his guilty Hands in vain,
 The Blood he spilt, alone could purge that Stain.

No Form of Cruelty his Foes omit,
 They give sharp *Stripes*, and on his *Face* they spit ;
 Which now adoring Angels blush to see,
 Not for its Splendor, but Deformity.
 To please united Cruelty and Scorn,
 On's wounded *Head*, they fix a Crown of Thorn :

I 2

They

They dress him in a Purple *Robe*, that gone,
 His Blood with richer Purple dyes his own.
 A *Reed* his Hand must for a Scepter sway,
 Which with a Rod of Ir'n shall that Contempt repay:
 They bow in Scorn before him, whilst he sate
 A Pageant Prince, the mockery of State.
 What various Shapes of Cruelty are shewn,
 Under, and on his *Cross* he's made to groan:
 And yet he bears a heavier Load within,
 The pressure of the World's united Sin.
 Stretched on the cursed *Tree* his Body hangs,
 Groaning its Life away in dying Pangs.
Forsoaken both of Earth and Heav'n, his Breath
 He wasted in the Pains of lingering Death:
 Whilst on his *Soul* the blackest Horrors dwell,
 That feels the Pains, without the Guilt of Hell.
 The barb'rous *Hebrews* for whose sake he dy'd,
 Stand by, and see their Sov'reign *Crucify'd*,
 Without the slight Compassion of a Tear,
 Scarce in the Crowd, does one sad Face appear.
 Their Insolence dares mock his dying Moans,
 Sport with his Torments, and deride his Groans:
 Though solid Rocks touch'd with Compassion rent,
 The more obdurate *Jew* does not relent.

For *Man* he dies, that Heav'n may be aton'd,
He dies, the *Universe* afflicted groan'd;
 Heav'n's everlasting Frame shook with the Fright,
 And the scar'd *Sun* shrunk back, and hid his Light.
 Thro' th' Earth's dark Vaults a shiv'ring Horror fled,
 That whilst Convuls'd threw up th' awaken'd Dead:
 Thin pallid *Ghosts* come sweeping o'er the Grass,
 And howling Wolves glare on them as they pass.

Hoarse

Hoarse Thunder rolls in Subterranean Caves,
Chaos to hearken stills his raging Waves.
 Ev'n *Hell* gap'd horrible, such was the fright,
 And thro' the Chasm let thro' prodigious Night:
 Night that extinguish'd the Meridian Ray,
 And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.
 Sad Moans were heard, Shreeks, Howlings, Midnight Cries;
 And Globes of Fire hung blazing in the Skies.
 A fierce Convulsion thro' the *Temple* went,
 The Pillars trembled, and the *Veil* was rent.
 The *Heav'n's* and *Earth* both suffer'd when he dy'd,
 As *Nature's* Self, were with him *Crucify'd*.
 Down by their Sides the silent *Angels* laid
 Their Golden Harps, and neither sung nor play'd;
 Their drooping Wings, and Looks dejected show
 Sadness, as much, as those blest Realms can know.

Thrice the swift Sun, his radiant Chariot drove
 O'er the blue Hills, and out-stretch'd Plains above:
 As oft the Moon had shot her paler Light,
 In Silver Threads thro' the brown Vell of Night:
 When the *Reviving Saviour* leaves his Tomb,
 And, as new-born, breaks from the Earth's dark Womb;
 The Chains of Death shook off, he from the Ground,
 Do's with new Force, *Anteur* like, rebound:
 He comes in Triumph from the Conquer'd Grave,
 And this blest proof of *Resurrection* gave.
 Oft to his mournful Friends their Lord appear'd,
 And their sad Minds with Heav'nly Pleasures cheer'd:
 He then the Plan of his wise Kingdom laid,
 Who should submit, and who should be obey'd.
 To these he gave a Power to loose, and bind,
 And with fixt Bounds that Sacred Power confin'd:

He

He set the Rights his Subjects should enjoy,
Which Princes must Protect, but not Annoy:
And by wise Laws fixt all things that relate,
To the Support of his new-founded State.

That done, pursu'd by their admiring Eyes,
Born on a shining Cloud he did arise,
In Heav'nly Pomp Triumphant thro the Skies.
The Clouds dividing in Obsequious haste,
Smil'd, gilded by his Glory, as he pass'd.
Great *Mibcael*, *Raphael*, and the rest that boast,
The chief Commands in the Celestial Host,
Great Princes, Thrones, and high *Seraphick* States;
With splendid Equipage pour'd from the Gates;
Sublime in high Celestial Chariots rode,
Far out of Heav'n, to meet th' ascending God.
The Pow'rs and high Dominions with their Train;
Shone glorious bright on th' Etherial Plain.
On a fair Hill that the wide Vale commands,
The numberless Angelick Army stands,
Drawn up in shining Lines, and Warlike Bands.
The Trumpets all salute him passing by,
And in th' Air display'd the Banners fly.
And now arriv'd at Heav'n's Eternal Gate,
Attended with his long Triumphant State,
The blest Inhabitants due Honours give,
And all in Arms, their conquering Prince receive.
Dispos'd in glorious Ranks each Order Shines,
And all the way the bright Militia Lines.
On's *Chariot* Wheels the thronging Cherubs hang,
With whose loud Shouts the Heav'n's high Arches rang:
Thus did he to th' *Eternal*'s Palace ride,
The Guards stood to their Arms on either Side:

Entring.

Entring he took his Place, and brightly shone
On the Right Hand, of his great *Father*'s Throne:
Where he shall our great *Intercessor* stay,
Till the last Summons to the Judgment Day.

He ceas'd, and *Hoel* in his Arms embrac'd,
His God-like Friend, and cry'd, I am highly grac'd
With this Divine Discourse, what Thanks to you,
Illustrious Prince, what Thanks to Heav'n are due?
Blest *Peace* came wafted on the raging Waves,
And your late Wreck, me and my Kingdom saves.
Kind Heav'n for me hath call'd forth Joy and Light,
From those fierce Storms, and that outrageous Night,
That forc'd your Vessels on th' *Armorick* Shore,
Your Loss I mourn, but Heav'n's Designs adore.
Long have I stray'd in gloomy Darkness lost,
Deep Gulphs, thick Woods, and trackless Mountains crost,
In endless Mazes, and in endless Night,
Without a Glimpse of Day, or Ray of Light.
The Gates of *Light* thrown open, you display
The first reviving Beams of Heav'nly *Day*:
Which darts across the Shades in shining Streaks,
And on my Mind in tender Dawning breaks.
How much I wish to see this Light Divine,
Rise to its Noon, and in full splendor shine?
You've open'd Heav'n's Eternal Springs, whence flow
Those sacred Rivulets, which you bestow
On the parch'd Region of this barren Breast,
Now with pure Streams of Living Waters blest.
I drink them in with Joy, but thirst for more,
And for this thankful, still more Aid implore.

He ceas'd, the Prince who to oblige him strove,
Thus spake, all Seasons offer'd I'll improve,
To give more *Light*, and kindle greater *Love*.

My

My Toil and Sufferings when review'd, will please,
 Caus'd by the stormy Winds and angry Seas,
 If I can thus assist your Heav'nly Course,
 Thro' gloomy Night, thick Mists, and Tempests force.
 Thro' all the Snares of Hell, till you attain
 Th' Eternal Haven, where blest *Spirits* Reign.
 Now to the Foot of Heav'n's steep Precipice,
 Ready to plunge into the deep Abyss,
 The Red-fac'd *Sun* had roll'd the sinking Day,
 Shooting along the Plains a level Ray.
 The loving *Turtle* to his Airy Nest,
 Flies with his moaning Mate, to Coe, and rest.
 The timorous *Hare* steals from the Brakes to feed,
 And from the Yoke the lab'ring *Ox* is freed.
 With strutting Teats the *Herd*s come lowing home,
 And *Beasts* of Prey o'er Hills and Forrests roam.
 And now the Princes, that had pass'd the Day
 In various talke, to *Conda* came, to stay
 Till the appearance of the Morning Ray.

Prince.

Prince Arthur.

BOOK III.

NOW the Victorious *Sun* the *Night* invades,
 Chafing from Hill to Hill, the flying Shades.
 Up rose the Princes, and were soon prepar'd
 To take their Way, attended with their Guard.
 In the same Chariot friendly they abide,
 Maintaining pleasing Converse, as they ride.
 The *British* Captains, and th' *Armorick* Train,
 On either Side their generous Courser's rein.
 They past not far, when *Hoel* thus address't,
 With pleasing Looks, his Pious, British Guest:
 Your lofty Subject now, brave Prince, resume,
 How shall your *Lord* from Heav'n to Judgment come,
 What follows, what precedes the general Doom?

The *Briton* then began:
 Before the Son of *God* appears on high,
 Prodigious Signs are seen thro' all the Sky.
 New-lighted *Comets* shake their fiery Hair,
 Or trail their flaming Trains along the Air.
 Vast circling Flakes of Fire the World amaze,
 And intermixt, prodigious *Meteors* blaze.
 The Sky shines terrible with Lightning's Flame;
 And Thunder shakes the Universal Frame:
 Th' impetuous Roar, o'erturns Heav'n's lofty Towers,
 And Starry Fragments fall in burning Showers.

K

Rene

Rent Clouds, pour Seas of raging *Sulphur* down,
 Whose livid Flames th' extinguish'd Sun-beams drown,
 Cross the red Air the flaming Torrents fly,
 Gushing from all the fiery Springs on high.
 The melting *Orbs*, and Firmaments conspire,
 To make up one Tempestuous Sea of Fire.
 The glowing *Sphears* dissolve with Heat, and all
 In mighty Floods of liquid Crystal fall.
 The lofty Diques gape wide, which stood around;
 And from the dark Abyss did Nature bound;
Chaos comes pouring thro' the hideous Crack,
 And Nature's Ruines, and th' amazing Wreck
 Of burning Worlds, lie floating on his Waves;
 Scarce its high Bank th' Empyrean Region saves.
 Heav'n's spacious *Balls* are on each other hurl'd,
 Ruin with Ruin crush'd, and *World* o'eturn'd with *World*.
 Confusion, Noise, and Horror fill the Air,
 The Earth, loud Cries, Destruction, and Despair.
 Fierce Storms of raging Vapours, which aspire,
 Mixt with hot Steams, from subterranean Fire,
 That Lakes of Sulphur, burning all beneath,
 That kindled *Naphtha*, and hot Metals Breath;
 The Earth's grip'd Bowels with Convulsions rack,
 And with loud Noise their trembling Prisons crack.
 Imprison'd Thunder roars for wider room,
 Proclaiming loud the World's approaching Doom.
 The *Globe* distorted, burst, disjoynted, rent,
 Gives to the burning Exhalations vent:
 Thro' gaping Clefts, the flaming Tempest flies,
 And Hurricanes of Fire confound the Skies.
 Great Cities, Mountains, Rocks, and shatter'd Hills,
 Vast abrupt Tracks of Land, and sinking Isles,
 Sap'd by the Flame, which underneath destroys;
 Fall down with mighty Cracks, and dreadful Noise;

Prodigious

Prodigious Ruine filling all the Caves,
 And dashing high the subterranean Waves.
Aetna, *Vesuvius*, and the fiery kind,
 Their Flames within blown up with stormy Wind;
 With dire Concussions, and loud Roar complain
 Of deadly Gripes, and fierce consuming Pain.
 The lab'ring *Mounts* belch droffy Vomit out,
 And throw their melted Bowels round about.
 Broad Sheets of Flame, Pillars of Pitchy Smoak,
 And glowing Stones, the Airy Region choak.
 Down their scorcht Sides metallick Torrents flow,
 And form a dismal, flaming Sea below:
 The fiery Deluge rolls along the Ground,
 Dreadful for Colour, horrible for Sound.
 Huge Stones, and vast unmelted Cakes of Oar,
 The thick, unweildy Tide encumber more.
Horror in Triumph, smear'd with Smoak and Blood,
 Rides cross the Ridge of the tremendous Flood.
 It burns new Channels riding o'er the Plain,
 And turns o'er Cities with its pond'rous Train.
 Down to the Deep it rolls its massy Waves,
 Out-roars the Ocean, and its Waters braves:
 Plung'd in the Seas it unextinguish'd lies,
 And o'er the Waves the glowing Wedges rise.
 The affrighted Seas the burning Horror fly,
 And the bare Shores beneath the Deluge fry.
 Into the Air th' exhaling Ocean goes,
 Where *Waters* slept, a Lake of *Sulphur* glows
 All the hot Seeds, and hidden Stores of Fire,
 From subterranean Prisons freed, conspire
 With their bright Arms to lay all *Nature* waste,
 And to the general *Conflagration* haste.
 A fiery *Chaos* Reigns with lawless Power,
 And unresisted Flames the World devour.

K 2

Thes

These Signs first giv'n, amidst the Starry Spears,
 With all the Pomp of Heav'n the *Judge* appears.
 Before his Chariot Wheels, that roll on high,
 Whirlwinds, and Clouds discharging Thunder fly,
 And curling Lightnings run along the Sky.
 Immortal *Thrones*, pour'd out from Heav'n's bright Gates,
 Dominions, Powers, *Seraphic* Potentates,
 Crown'd *Saints*, and *Martyrs* rang'd in glorious Rows,
 Attend his Chariot, and his State compose.
 The dazling Pomp stretches across the Sky,
 From utmost East to West, and passing by
 The Heav'nly Orbs, comes on descending flow,
 Into the Airy Region here below.
 O'er all the Sky, Heav'n's mighty Army shines,
 And here it halts in deep embattel'd Lines.
 In bright Celestial Armour clad, they stand,
 Their Swords of temper'd Flame drawn in their Hand:
 They mark a *Camp* of spacious Circuit out,
 And cast up Crystal Ramparts round about.
 On some fit Eminence, they raise on high
 Their Lord's August Pavilion in the Sky:
 His bright, sublime *Tribunal* here they place,
 On which he sits, with awful, God-like Grace.
 Such Flames of Fire, wheeling in Clouds of Smoak;
 Issue from thence, as from Mount *Sinai* broke.
 Array'd with Majesty, and cloath'd with Light,
 He Glory darts too fierce for Angels Sight.
 In *Hallelujahs* they his Greatness sing,
 And the shook Spears, with loud *Hosannas* ring.
 Thus on the Throne, the Saviour sits prepar'd,
 To judge the World, to punish and reward.

And

And now th' unnumber'd Armies ready stand,
 Grasping revenging Firebrands in their Hand,
 And only wait their Leader's high command.
 The Signal giv'n, a general Shout shall shake
 The Heav'n's around, greater than Armies make
 Rushing to Battel, or was heard in *Rome*,
 When conquering *Cæsar* came in Triumph home.
 Their furious Arms devouring Tempests throw
 On all the guilty, trembling World below.
 They pour down mighty, fiery *Cataracts*,
 Flaming *Bitumen*, and *Sulphureous* Lakes;
 Red Showers of fiery Arrows hissing fly,
 And flashing Lightning flames around the Sky.
 Fires from above, combin'd with Fires below,
 O'er all the Earth in ruddy Torrents flow.
 Vengeance Divine, wastes Nature's burning Store,
 And drowns the Earth in Fire, all drown'd in *Guilt* before.
 The Heat dissolves the Fabrick of the World,
 The broken parts fall down, confus'dly hurl'd:
Chaos restor'd does in wild Triumph reign,
 And ruin'd Worlds his hideous Throne sustain.

Some great *Archangel* now springs forth on high,
 And with the loudest Trumpet of the Sky,
 Summons th' astonish'd, gazing World to come,
 To *Judgment* and the Universal *Doom*.
 The dreadful Noise shakes Heav'n's Etherial Mounds
 And in loud Echoes from the Spears rebounds:
 In Echoes terrible, and piercing shrill,
 That the low World with dire Amazement fill.
 The guilty *Fiends* shriek out at these Alarms,
 That in the Air fly thick in murmuring Swarms:

Their

Their Prince himself trembles, and dares not slay,
 But spreads his broad, dun Wings, and shoots away.
 They sink confounded to th' Infernal Deep,
 Or into Clefts, and hollow Mountains creep.
 They find the fatal Hour's arriv'd at last,
 That shall revenge their bold Rebellions past :
 When to their Torments they shall be restrain'd,
 And lie beneath, on flaming Billows chain'd.
 When *Hell* no more its Pris'ners shall release,
 And *Sin's* black Empire must for ever cease.

No less the dreadful Sound, and awful Sight,
 Confound proud *Tyrants*, and their Guards affright.
 What Horror now distracts each guilty Soul,
 In their sad Breasts, what storms of Vengeance roll !
 How will they bear this dismal Scene of Woe,
 Where they will stay secure, or whither go !
 Terroure, Distraction, Anguish, fierce Despair
 Drink up their Vitals, and their Heart-strings tear.
 Ten Thousand poison'd Darts strike thro' their Reins,
 And wound them with unsufferable Pains.
 The Vulture bred within their Bowels gnaws,
 And *Conscience* gripes them with her Harpy's Claws.
 Such Wounds, such Stings, such Pangs must now be born,
 Of everlasting *Death*, the sad Forlorn.
 What strange Confusion in their Looks appears,
 What wild Amazement, Guilt and deadly Fears !
 What howling Lamentation, what dire Cries,
 What doleful Shrieks, and Yellings fill the Skies !

Besides, the Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground,
 The startled *Dead* awaken at the Sound :
 The *Grave* resigns its ancient Spoils, and all
 Death's Adamantine Prisons burst, and fall.

The *Souls* that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
 To the same *Bodies* with swift Flight return :
 Whose scatter'd Parts God calls together, they,
 To their appointed Meeting haste away.
 The Crowding Atoms re-unite apace,
 All without tumult, know, and take their place.
 Th' assembled *Bones* leap quick into their Frame,
 And the warm *Blood* renews a brighter Flame.
 The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Hearts,
 While its old Task, the beating *Heart* repeats.
 The *Eyes* enliven'd with new Vital Light,
 Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
 The *Veins* too, twine their bloody Arms around
 The Limbs, and with red, leaping Life abound.
 Hard twisted *Nerves* new brace, and faster bind
 The close knit Joynts, no more to be disjoin'd.
 Strong, new-spun Threads Immortal *Muscles* make,
 Which justly fixt, their ancient Figure take.
 Brisk *Spirits* take their upper Seats, and dart
 Thro' their known Channels thence, to every part !
 The Men now draw their long-forgotten *Breath*,
 And striving break th' unweildy Chains of Death.
 Victorious *Life* to every Grave resorts,
 And risses Death's unhospitable Courts :
 Its Vigour thro' those dark Dominions spread,
 From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.
 Now ripe Conceptions thro' the Earth abound,
 And new sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.
 The Sepulchres are quick, and every Tomb
 Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.

But how the *Dead* are chang'd, their Bodies more
 Unlike each other, than their Souls before:

How monstrous foul the *guilty* Dead arise,
 Each struck with Horrour from his Neighbour flies!
 How much deform'd they look, all stain'd with *Sin*,
 Black and mis-shap'd without, but more within.
 Ugly and Fiend-like, from their Graves they crawl,
 And on the Ground, like bloated Vermin, sprawl:
 And like them too, their Bodies have their Birth,
 From putred Damps and Vapours of the Earth.
 So Serpents that entangled lay asleep,
 From out their Beds disturb'd, and waken'd creep:
 They hiss, and cast their fiery Eyes around,
 And with their loathsome Bellies mark the Ground.
 For flight their Poysonous Volumes they display,
 And urg'd with Fear and Anguish, haste away.
 So this foul Brood are forc'd their Graves to leave,
 And to the Ground their growling Bellies cleave:
 Earthy and Black, confin'd so long to Night,
 They dread the Horrors of the chearful Light.
 Amazing change! see, some of these were they,
 Whose Heads were crown'd, whose Hands did Scepters sway:
 These did rich *Purple*, and fine *Linnen* wear,
 And every Meal fed on delicious Fare.
 That hideous *Thing*, who for a Covert seeks,
 With hollow Eyes, fall'n Jaws, and ghastly Cheeks,
 That monstrous Thing, was once, when kept with Care,
 Proud of its *Beauty*, and look'd wondrous Fair,
 Set off with all the Ornaments, that please
 The Eye, and pamper'd with Luxurious Ease.
 But how the guilty Crowd, wreckt with Despair,
 With dismal Cries fill all the echoing Air;
 When they the *Trumpet's* dreadful Summons hear,
 And find the Universal *Judgment* near!
 Back to their Graves, the ugly Monsters fly,
 And in those Coverts would for ever lie.

They

They call aloud for Death, and wish they might
 Melt to thin Air, be drown'd, and lost in Night.

But when Blest *Minds* their *Bodies* meet, no Pair
 Can look more Beautiful, and charming Fair.
 The happy *Souls* shoot swiftly thro' the Sky,
 And to the Graves and Sepulchers they fly:
 Where they their long-forsaken *Bodies* greet,
 Which, like old Friends, they with fresh Pleasure meet.
 Bodies, that seem, they are so Pure and Bright,
 All thicken'd *Glory*, close compacted *Light*;
 Purg'd and refin'd from all that's coarse and gross,
 As melted Gold throws off the baser Dross.
 Smiling they rise, such Charms, so sweet a Grace
 They shew, as dwell not on a mortal Face.
 These rising *Stars* their Heav'nly Beams display,
 Bright Harbingers of Everlasting Day.
 Such Beauties, such mild Glories shall we see,
 In the glad Spring of Immortality.
 Yet these blest Sons of Light, that Angel-like,
 Would Mortal Eyes, with deadly Lustre strike,
 Were those, that once their Excellence disguis'd,
 Liv'd here oppress'd, and like their Lord, despis'd.
 Welcom to them this long-expected Hour,
 Safe by their *Judge's* Favour, from his Power:
 High Tides of Joy into their Bosoms run,
 And Everlasting *Life* they feel begun.
 This shall past Griefs in deep Oblivion drown,
 Compleat their Triumphs, and their Virtues Crown.
 These in the Spring, great Care and Toil bestow'd,
 And water'd with their Tears, the Seed they sow'd:
 The Harvest now their happy Hours employs,
 In reaping Pleasures and Immortal Joys.

L

Bright

Bright *Cherubims* descending thro' the Air,
 To these blest Men with speedy Flight repair.
 Then to the gen'ral Doom aloft they fly,
 And on their Wings convey them thro' the Sky.
 In all the way encouraging their Charge,
 Telling of all the Joys of Heav'n at large.
 Plac'd in the Presence of their Lord, they stand
 In their appointed Seats, at his Right-hand.

Whilst other *Angels* from the Deep of Hell,
 Drive up the *Fiends* that in those Regions dwell.
 With Swords of keenest Flame compelling some,
 And dragging others to the gen'ral Doom.
 In Anguish and Despair, the yelling Fiends,
 Curse, Gnash, and Bite th' Eternal Chain that binds
 So close, and strait, then turn their Heads away,
 From the fierce Terrour of so bright a Day.
 And impious *Men*, in no less Horrour, fly
 To all the Shades, and Coverts they descry:
 Mountains and Rocks their fruitless Cries invite,
 To fall, and hide them from the Judge's Sight;
 For rise they must, and lose their vain Desire,
 Caught up in Whirlwinds, and in Storms of Fire.
 Before the Judge the Prisoners stand in sight,
 And take the Left-hand, as the Just the Right:

Th' Eternal Books before the Judge are brought,
 Where all Mens long-forgotten Deeds are wrote.
 And first are read the Virtues of the Just,
 Their Zeal for Heav'n, their Courage, Hope, and Trust:
 The Prayers, the Tears, the Alms themselves conceal'd;
 Before applauding Angels are reveal'd.
 The righteous Judge their Innocence declar'd,
 Allots the glorious Kingdom, he prepar'd
 For pure and holy Minds a blest Reward.

~
 Their

Their Guardian Angels at their Lord's Command,
 Crown the glad *Saints* with an Officious Hand.

Who now in perfect Bliss, their time employ,
 Discourfing, to promote their mutual Joy,
 How first they left the pleasurable way,
 Where wanton Streams of soft Delight, convey
 Charm'd *Souls*, that with the treach'rous Tyde must go,
 To the dead Lake of Pain, and endless Woe.
 How first they lik'd the dark and lonesome Road,
 Which leads to Bliss, and the blest Minds Abode.
 How when in Shades they mourn'd, a Heav'nly Ray
 Darted a welcome, tho' imperfect Day.
 How *Vertue's* guidance they implor'd and gain'd,
 And what blest Converse with her they maintain'd:
 How thro' dark Pathes she did their Feet conduct,
 Correct the Wanderers, and the rest instruct.
 How by her Aids they bore tempestuous Shocks,
 Climb'd o'er opposing Hills, and hanging Rocks;
 Till they at length the Peaceful Realms did gain,
 Where Joys Divine, and endless Transport reign.
 How sweet and fair Crown'd Innocence appears,
 No more tost on the Waves of Hopes and Fears:
 On Mortal Face such Beauties never shone,
 Like those of *Vertue*, seated on her Throne.

Next this, th' *Apostate Angels* are accus'd,
 That open Force, or secret Arts they us'd,
 To set their Leader, on th' Eternal's Throne,
 Subvert *Christ's* Empire, and advance their own.
 That *Man* by them seduc'd, did first rebel,
 Relinquish'd Heav'n, and to their Party fell.
 That they the Curst defection did support,
 And new-born Men, to new Rebellions court.

L 2

That

That they with indefatigable Care,
 Fresh Heats fomented, and renew'd the War.
 Whence Plagues and Desolation wide, and vast,
 And uncontroll'd Destruction laid all waste :
 Hence *Noah's* universal Deluge came,
 And hence the World lies now o'erwhelm'd in Flame.
 For these black Crimes they're sentenc'd to the Pains
 Of fiercer Fire, and doom'd to heavier Chains.

Next *Chain's* Rebellious Off-spring are accus'd,
 As Heav'n's inveterate Foes, who long abus'd
Goodness's Divine, whom Everlasting *Love*,
 And Life *Eternal*, had no Charms to move.
 They would no reconciling Terms embrace,
 Alike by Threats unchang'd, or Acts of Grace.
 They did with Wine and Noise the Method find,
 To Calm a Conscious, self-revenging Mind.
 To lay asleep th' uneasie Judge within,
 Till they with Care and Pains, grew bold in Sin.
 For when the sacred *Spirit*, did convey
 Into their Breasts, a secret Heav'nly Ray,
 Which did, where cherish'd, soon bring on the Day :
 With hasty Care they choak'd the new-sprung Light,
 Calling to Aid the Shades of Hell, and Night.
Divine Compassion's Force they never felt,
 Nor would in Flames of *Love Eternal* melt.
 Their Hearts untouch'd did all Heav'n's Stroaks repel,
 Temper'd, and harden'd in the Forge of Hell.
 No Overtures of *Peace*, no Offers made,
 Tho' of an endless Kingdom, could perswade
 The unrelenting Rebels, to lay down
 Their impious Arms, to take a Heav'nly Crown.
 They still asserted with their latest Breath,
 Their fixt Confed'racy with Hell, and Death.

Tis

'Tis on them charg'd, that others too that fell,
 Drawn by their Arts, embark'd for Death and Hell.
 They led them to the flow'ry Banks, and show'd
 The flatt'ring Tide, where smiling Pleasures flow'd.
 Where the charm'd Voyagers did careless ride,
 Bewitching *Sirens* singing on their Side :
 Till the false Flood betray'd them thither, where
 It falls into the Gulph of black Despair.

Here secret Crimes are publish'd, and his Name
 Who lov'd the *Sin*, but fear'd th' attendant *Shame*.
 The sly *Adulterer*, who till the late
 Approach of Night, and silent Shades did wait,
 For the Caresses of the *Harlot's* Bed,
 And at the early Dawn of Twilight fled ;
 Is here upbraided, for his careful Flight
 Of Mens, whilst he contemn'd th' *Almighty's* Sight.

Th' *Audacious* Wretch, who did Heav'n's Laws deride,
 And all its Thunder and dire Threats defy'd ;
 Who did cloy'd Nature to fresh Guilt excite,
 Beyond her own ev'n Vicious Appetite :
Anti-Platonic that could Pleasure take
 In naked *Vice*, and sinn'd for sinning's Sake ;
 Who could, abstracted from Enjoyment, sport
 With *Guilt*, and *Vice* ev'n in Idea court.
 Who did himself, so much he loved the Fame,
 The secret Triumphs of his Lusts proclaim,
 Strives in the Crowd to hide his guilty Head,
 Whilst his high Charge, and black Indictment's read.
 Th' astonish'd Wretch Sinks, Trembles, Dies to see
 Enrag'd *Omnipotence*, and frowning *Majesty*.
 Such deadly Torments on his Bowels feed,
 Such Agonies he feels, as far exceed

All

All Shapes of Horrour, Mortals ever saw,
 Poets invent, or troubl'd Fancies draw.
 That There's a *God*, he gives a full Assent,
 On the most sure, but saddest Argument:
 He can his *Being*, and his Power attest,
 From the Almighty Vengeance in his Breast.
 Thus he at last believes, and trembles too,
 On the same Grounds that tortur'd *Spirits* do.
 The Droll'ry which derided Heav'n's just Cause,
 He hears repeated, but without Applause.
 His Jests and bold discourses, will not fit
 This place, nor pass, ev'n with his Friends, for Wit.
 Will he his feeble Arguments produce,
 And make them here, renew their former Use?
 Will he assert his Innocence, and Plead,
 'Twas only harmless *Nature* he obey'd?
 That he to *Vice* did not his Mind enslave,
 But only pleas'd the Appetites Heav'n gave.
 Will he inform the Judge, it cannot be,
 A Being Good, and Merciful, as He,
 Can so much Rigour to his Errors show,
 And make a Creature for Eternal Woe?
 The Wretch's bold Objections will appear,
 His wanton Fancy's wild Caprices here.
 Able no more to stifle with their Night,
 The natural Dictates of his inbred Light.
 They can't the deadly Stings within controul,
 Nor ease the Horrors of his tortur'd Soul.

And now less hardy Pris'ners are Arraign'd,
 Which had not this obdurate temper gain'd.
 Of such a Pendulous, Distracted Mind,
 That oft to Heav'n, and oft to Hell inclin'd:

To

To make up *Peace*, they would with neither part,
 But shar'd between them a divided Heart.
 These travell'd on so long the happy Way,
 Which leads to Life, and pure Etherial Day:
 Till they reach'd Heav'n's bright Confines, could descry
 The Peaceful World of Immortality.
 But then, discourag'd at the steep Ascent,
 And the strait Gate, thro' which the Trav'lers went,
 Gave back, and did of their past Toil repent. }
 But how they now abhor the Cowardize,
 Which made them almost Conquerors, miss the Prize:
 Made them desert a prosperous Cause as lost,
 Which could so many Spoils, and Triumphs boast.
 Curs'd Sloth, that could perswade them to forsake
Christ's Camp, when such a *Kingdom* was at Stake.

Each hears his aggravated Crimes at large,
Devils accuse, and *Conscience* backs the Charge.
 They can't excuse, or hide their *Crimes*, nor fly,
 Nor what's the Refuge of the wretched, dy.
 Now let their past Enjoyments Succour give,
 Let *Wit*, and *Wine* their deadly Fears relieve.
 Let their dear *Riches* their Assistance lend,
Honour and *Pomp* th' ambitious Man defend.
 Let them solícite with their loudest Cries,
 Those Gods, they serv'd, to save their Votaries.
 Blest Heav'n, that Man with such a swift Career,
 Pursues those Toys which are so useless here.

The *Judge* will all his Terrours now assume,
 And thus pronounce the Pris'ners dreadful Doom.
 For ever cursed Souls from me depart,
 As you did oft my Cause, I you desert.

Go,

Go, burn in Everlasting Fire, prepar'd
For *Devils*, take that sad, but just Reward.
Sink to the Bottomless Abyfs of Hell,
Where Agonies, and endless Sorrow dwell:
Go to those Mansions of Despair, and lie
In never-ceasing Torments, go, and die.

The Rebels this expected Sentence past,
With Thunder and Tempestuous Fire are chas'd,
To *Hell's* black Gulph, thro' all th' *Ethereal* Waste.
Where they shall see no chearful Ray of Light,
Doom'd to the Horrors of Eternal Night.
Th' *Almighty's* Arrows Fester in their Heart,
Drink up their Blood, and gall with deadly Smart.
His Wrath consumes the Wretch, his Power sustains,
And, like fierce Poison, o'er his Vitals reigns.
They waste their Souls in Cries, and howling Moans,
And spend *Eternity* in fruitless Groans.

Now the abstrusest Paths of *Providence*,
Which gave the wisest Men so great Offence,
Are so unriddl'd, and made easie here;
The Night dispell'd, they shine as Noon-day, clear.
Justice, that did till now her Graces shrowd,
And walk'd on Earth, encircled with a Cloud;
That did such by and uncouth Ways frequent,
Perplex'd with Windings, frightful for Ascent;
See this bright *Goddeſs* to her Throne restor'd,
Unveils her Majesty to be ador'd.
Her Cloud thrown off, her Form is all *Divine*,
No Lustre now, her Glory can out-shine.
Such are the Beauties of her Charming Face,
Fair *Mercy's* Self, looks not with sweeter Grace.

Rivals no longer, they are here combin'd,
And in so strict a Bond of Friendship joyn'd;
They seem distinguish'd only by their Name,
Their *Charms* alike, their *Votaries* the same,
And both are worshipp'd with an equal Flame.

Justice to all in such due measures shown,
The Judge returns to his Celestial Throne:
And as he goes, crown'd Saints, and Seraphs sing
Loud Songs of Praise to their Triumphant King.
He enters Heav'n attended with his Train,
Who in the new *Jerusalem* shall reign.

The City stands on pure expanded Fields
Of rising *Ether*, which wide Prospect yields,
O'er all the Gulph, and out-stretch'd Vales below,
O'er all th' Inferiour, spacious Orbs can show.
The Walls are Marble of the richest Vein,
And their high Towers, o'er-look the Azure Plain.
Of polish'd Gold the glorious Structures rise,
With gilded Spires, and Turrets in the Skies.
From Heav'nly Quarries on their Front appear
Rich *Stones*, like Winter Stars, but far more clear:
Immortal *Rubies*, *Diamonds*, *Sapphires* met,
In beauteous Mixture, and bright Orders set.
Rare Works, where Cost immense, and Art combine,
Built and adorn'd by th' Architect Divine,
To be for Holy *Minds* a blest Abode,
Th' Imperial Seat, and Residence of *God*.
The Streets are all of fine, *Ethereal Glasse*,
Pure, like the spotless Minds, that thro' them pass.
Thro' these Eternal, living Rivers flow,
Trees on their Banks, in goodly ranges grow,
Which with their golden Fruit, immortal health bestow.

Twelve Gates of Orient *Pearl* unshaken stand,
 Shut, and unbarr'd by the Almighty's Hand.
 A steepy Gulph is plac'd beneath the Walls;
 And down as low as Hell's Abyss, it falls.
 Left Hostile Fiends should leave their burning Lake,
 And bold Excursions to these Regions make.
 The *Air's* Serene, and fit for happy Minds,
 Secure from Thunder, and th' Assaults of Winds.
 No Clouds, but those of curling *Incense* rise,
 By playing *Zephyrs* tost about the Skies;
 That with their gentle Breath sweet Odours blow,
 Which from Blest Woods, and Heav'nly Gardens flow.
 No noxious Damps, the Region's so sublime,
 From Hell's Infernal Caves, can hither Climb.
 No foul terrestrial Steams pollute the Air,
 No Breaths ascend, but those of *Praise* and *Prayer*.
 Essential Glory from th' *Almighty's* Face,
 With its resplendent Efflux, lights the Place.
 All Heav'n's fair *Orbs*, thinn'd and beat out in Light,
 Would not spread out a Day, so pure and bright,
 As that, the *Saints* illustrious Order sheds,
 From the encircling Glory round their Heads.
 The vanquish'd Sun would there seem Dark, his Light
 Whence our course Day proceeds, would there make Night.
 So Glorious are the Dwellings of the Saints,
 Out-done by nothing, but th' Inhabitants.

On lofty Thrones the Heav'nly Princes sit,
 In Robes as white as *new-fall'n* Snow, and writ
 In Golden Characters, their Foreheads bear
 Their *Saviour's* Name, their Breasts his *Image* wear.
 Immortal Vigour shines on ev'ry Face,
 They look with Mild, but with Majestick Grace.

Thick

Thick Beams of Light stream out from ev'ry Head,
 Each *Saint* does his own Heav'n about him spread,
 His radiant Feet on pointed Glory tread. }

Safe on the Shore with Pleasure they behold,
 How the thick Waves are on each other rowl'd.
 What Dangers of a strange amazing Shape,
 What fatal Rocks, they scarcely did escape.
 They hear the Winds grow loud and turbulent,
 See Clouds swoln big, with Thunder in 'em pent,
 With which the lowring Sky is over-cast,
 Hang down upon the Seas which they have past.
 Viewing these Woes themselves did once endure,
 They stand surpriz'd, as if not yet secure.
 Amaz'd at all the Glory they possess,
 Wonder almost suspends their Happiness.
 They on so sweet, and rich a *Climate* thrown,
 Forget their Dangers, now for ever gone.
 Th' *Almighty* they enjoy, at whose Right-hand
 Fulness of *Joy*, and *Life Eternal* stand.
 Down from his Throne, as Light does from the Sun,
 Rivers of fresh Delight for ever run.
 With ravish'd Eyes they drink in Heav'nly Beams,
 Which from his Face flow down in Glorious Streams.
 They gaze so on the *Beatifick* Sight,
 Till they become all Intellectual *Light*:
 So long they his substantial Brightness view,
 Till they all grow *Divine*, and God-like too.
 So quick they feel the mighty Influx come,
 The most Capacious, thirsty Souls want room:
 They widen and extend themselves, to hold
 Those Floods of *Joy*s, which to their Breasts are roll'd;
 Till they a vast, unmeasur'd Bliss possess,
 And strive beneath th' unweildy Happiness.

M 2

If

If but a Glimpse of Heav'n, whose Glory streams
Thro' the thick Clouds in weak, refracted Beams,
Can please so much, what Joys have those above,
Where perfect *Knowledge*, kindles perfect *Love* ?
Transports Ineffable their Minds employ,
Delug'd in Glory, lost in Tides of Joy.

Here *Innocence* will all its Lustre show,
The mournful Looks throw'n off, it wore below.
Sorrows for ever banish' hence, repair
To the low, guilty Regions of the Air.
There no black Clouds of *Discontent* appear,
Which spread themselves o'er these dark Vallies here:
No *Groans* are heard, no *Tears* fall down the Face,
To interrupt the *Joy*, of this blest Place.
No crossing *Arms*, or sad dejected *Eyes*,
Seek out the secret Corners of the Skies.
If Courte, Terrestrial Pleasures, court the Sense
With such strong Charms, that few can make defence ;
When backward Nature's forc'd by Wit, and Art,
All her delicious Treasures to impart.
When the short Days in all Delights are spent,
Which soft, luxurious *Asia* can invent :
What are the Nobler Pleasures, which transport
The blest, that reign in this Celestial Court ?
Which no Decay, or Intermision know,
Debas'd, when liken'd to the best below.
The Clouds all broke, the Tempest chas'd away,
The smiling Skies disclose a cheerful Day.
They've chang'd the Desert's dry and barren Sand,
For all the Riches of a fruitful Land :
Where with Immortal Food they're ever fed,
And drink pure Pleasures at the Fountain's Head.

Hatred,

Hatred, Distress, and Grief, are banish'd hence,
The sad Companions once, of Innocence.
No dying *Martyrs* Flames, or private Cries
Of *Innocents* oppress'd, disturb the Skies.

Here our Delights are mixt with base Allay,
We have at best but a Tempestuous Day :
Our Sweets are still attended with a Sting,
And great Enjoyments, greater Sorrows bring.
Delights, those Beautiful Illusions, play
Around us, and, when grasp'd, they glide away.
Here tempting Joys, our fond Embraces fly,
Choice, Foreign Flow'rs, they only Blow, and Dye.
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,
But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.
Pure unmixt Pleasures on us never flow'd,
But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.
But those above, see no unlovely Day,
Their *Joys* no mixture know, nor fear Decay.
In those black Realms they know no thoughtful Care,
Ever to Triumph is th' Employment there.
There's no Vicissitude of *Day*, and *Night*,
No *Years*, or *Ages*, measure Heav'n's Delight ;
Time has quite finish'd, and gone thro' its Round,
It did their Grief, but can't their Pleasure Bound.
Its Streams here disembogu'd for ever ly,
Lost in th' Abyss of *Immortality*.
They no sad Fears of future Sorrows know,
Completely Happy, and for ever so.
For *Ever* !
We strive in vain to hold this Boundless Space ;
Too wide and vast, for Mortals to Embrace.
Our Arms may clasp the Earth with greater Ease,
And spread themselves a-shore round all the Seas.

When

When Ages have their widest Circle run,
Heav'n wears not, still its *Joys* are but begun.
The Hero's here forget their toil and pain,
And in Eternal *Peace*, and Triumph reign.

No more the Scoffer mocks their pious Care,
As Native Dulness, and ungrounded Fear.
How different Fate he and the Impious kind,
Chain'd in the dark infernal Prisons, find ?
Near the wild *Deep* where restless Atoms fight,
And th' unfrequented Coasts of ancient *Night*,
Where Nature ne'er on Pregnant Matter fate,
To hatch warm Life, and its straight Bounds dilate:
There stands the vast, unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
Where *Sin* and *Death*, in all their Terrors dwell.
Beyond the Verge of Day, these Regions lie,
As low and black, as Heav'n is bright and high.
Horror, and *Night* hang dismal o'er the place,
And grisly Forms fill all the gloomy space.
Dead Seas of pond'rous *Darkness* lie around,
And the sad Realms, from Light's grey Frontiers bound,
Darkness which blunts the sharpest pointed Ray,
And unannoy'd, repels th' Invading Day.
The sluggish Air is choak'd with soultry Gleams,
With poisonous Damps, and suffocating Steams ;
Which from wide Lakes of boiling Sulphur rise,
Laden with Groans, and Everlasting Cries.
No such malignant Breaths, such deadly Reeks,
The delving Miner that hid Treasure seeks,
E'er let out from a subterranean Cell,
As those which break from the black mouth of Hell.
A fiery Sea burns fiercely all beneath,
Blown up, and kindled by th' *Almighty's* Breath.

In flaming Heaps the livid *Ocean* rolls,
And scalding Waves involve despairing Souls.
The boiling Floods terrific Colours shew,
Some deeply Red, and others faintly Blue.
These with the Shades contend, but can't dispel
The *Darkness* which surrounds the burning Cell :
Or if they do, they dart pale, dismal Light,
Worse than the Horrors of the blackest Night.
The troubled *Whirlpool* belches Burnings out,
And throws red Seas of Sulphur round about.
Columns of *Smoke*, with spiral Flames of *Fire*
Inwreath'd, from wide-mouth'd Furnaces aspire.
Hence the black Region is annoy'd with Fumes,
Stench, Reeks, and Flame, which kills, but not consumes.
So when a *Mount*, hot with metallick Seeds,
In its rich Sides a secret Burning feeds ;
Soultring within, it casts up Pitchy Smoke,
And the dead Air ascending Vapours choak.
In mighty Floods the wide *Volcano's* throw
Their melted Treasures out, and overflow,
With glowing Torrents, all the Neighb'ring Ground,
Which lies beneath a burning Deluge drown'd.
Thro' all the Air the liquid Riches fly,
And Floods of Fire dash thick against the Sky.

All *Hope* for ever banish'd flies this Place,
And fixt *Despair* sits Pale on ev'ry Face.
Grief, Anguish, Terror, Shame, Confusion here,
In Forms more terrible than Death, appear.
Here hateful *Sin* throws off its flatt'ring Charms,
And shews a Monster in the Sinner's Arms.
It now no more can please awaken'd Eyes,
Strip of stoll'n Beauties, and the fair Disguise

Of promis'd *Good*, it does it self disclose
 Its hideous Shape, and ghastly Visage shows.
 Th' affrighted Sinner seeing, fain would fly
 Th' Embraces of such foul Deformity :
 He would forget their past Endearments now,
 And from the Monster strives in haste to go:
 But 'twill not be; those Friends on Earth must dwell
 For ever, sad Companions too, in Hell.

This fiery Gulph, was as their just reward,
 For *Lucifer*, and his black Host prepar'd;
 Where now the *Fiends*, once fairest Sons of Light,
 Lie plung'd in Flame, chain'd in Eternal Night,
 These wretched Minds, once pure and free from Stain,
 In the Palaces of Heav'n did reign.
 Array'd with dazling Brightness, there they dwelt
 Blest with their great *Creator's* sight, and felt
 The beaming Influx breaking from his Face,
 And shar'd the Pleasures of that Blissful Place.
 Till with the task of blest Obedience tir'd,
 They to th' *Eternal's* Sacred Throne aspir'd.
 Incens'd with such Ambitious Aims, their *Lord*
 Strikes thro' the Rebels with his flaming Sword.
 Headlong he casts them from the Seats above,
 No longer now, the Creatures of his Love.
 Flaming, and Thunder-struck, the Traytors fell,
 And sunk down to the fiery Jaws of Hell.
 As when strong-rising Flames resistance find,
 Beat downwards, by a fierce, impetuous Wind:
 The liquid Pyramids, with labour bend
 Their tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend.
 So did these *Beings* of a Heav'nly Race,
 Fall from the Regions of their Native Place;

Still working up, they sunk in Pain and Toil,
 For downwards thrown, their *Natures* still recoil.
 So difficult 's an *Angel's* Fall, and thus
 Sinking's to them, what rising is to us.

But who has Strength t' oppose th' *Almighty's* Hand,
 Who can against his deadly *Terroures* stand ?
 He with a single Word, an angry Frown,
 Subdu'd this *Host*, and cast them headlong down.
 Confounded, and amaz'd they sink, and all
 Heav'n's Plagues, and Wrath, pursu'd them in their Fall:
 Here they must lie far from the Coasts of Bliss,
 Chain'd in the Dungeons of the dark *Abyss* :
 Where now they feel what *Guili's* Demerits are,
 Weltring in Fire, and tortur'd with Despair.
 How much they curse the sad Exchange, black *Night*,
 And endless *Death*, for Heav'nly *Joy* and *Light*.
 Sunk deep in liquid Fire they lift their *Eyes*,
 Red both with *Hear* and Anguish, to the *Skies* :
 Then rave aloud, to think what Joys they've lost,
 To think how dear their bold Rebellion cost.
 Nor is the change of these two *Dwellings* such,
 So great, but they themselves, are chang'd as much.
 See how deform'd they are, to what before,
 Stript of the Glory that in Heav'n they wore;
 How much they look too like their guilty State,
 How foul, and how unlike themselves of late.
 Such fatal Changes one bold Crime can make,
 Heav'n's lost, nay more left for a burning Lake.

Man's Crime th' *Infernal* Gates did open lay,
 And rais'd, and pav'd, a broad and easie Way ;
 Leading a-cross the Gulph from Earth to Hell,
 Where now, lost *Men*, with impious *Spirits* dwell.

A Way that's throng'd with mighty Crowds of those,
 That for *Delight* and *Ease*, this Passage chose.
 In Sports and Mirth they journey on, and find
 All the Delights which please a *Vicious* Mind.
 The Way's so wondrous smooth, so prone and broad,
 They rather fall, than travel down this Road.
 But how surprizing is their Journey's End,
 To what dire Seats does this smooth Passage tend ?
 Down to th' Infernal Gulph they sporting glide,
 Born on enchanting Pleasure's wanton Tide.
 A sad exchange they meet, outrageous Seas
 Of Sulphurous Fire, for Luxury and Ease.
 In Darknes chain'd, on flaming Billows tost,
 Too late they find themselves for ever lost ;
 Hopeless they rave, and curse the easie Way,
 That did their Feet to these sad Realms betray.

Hither the *Damnd*, the final Sentence past,
 With *Cherubs* bright, revenging Swords are chas'd :
 Pursu'd with everlasting Wrath, they take
 Their woful Refuge, in the burning Lake.
 Transfixt on unextinguish'd Fire they lie,
 Burn without waste, without expiring die.
 Those Agonies, those Terrors here they know,
 That from a self-revenging *Conscience* flow.
 Grip'd with the sad Remembrance of their Sin;
 They feel the *Stygian* Viper gnaw within.
 With deadly Stings, th' *Almighty* wounds their Hearts,
 And in their Breasts sticks deep his fiery Darts.
 Along their Veins tempestuous Vengeance rolls,
 Pouring Despair, and Horror on their Souls.
 Who can with everlasting Burnings dwell,
 And bear the Guilt, and Punishment of Hell ?

What

What Strength or Courage can support the Load,
 Of Wrath, inflicted by th' *Almighty* God ?

Hear how the *Damn'd* devour'd with Plagues, begin
 To curse aloud their *Judge*, *Themselves*, *their Sin*.
 Transported with their Anguish, Grief, and Shame,
 They gnash their Teeth, and bite the raging Flame.
 Then sunk in deep Despair, such Sighs they breath,
 Such dismal Groans, which but to hear, is Death.
 A secret Fire their Breasts, like *Aetna*, feed,
 And like that too, do their own Thunder breed.
 Their Hellish Nature its own Punishment,
 Is a worse Plague, than Furies can invent.
 Their *Lusts* like Vultures, tear their inward parts,
 And never-ceasing Torments, rend their Hearts.
 Their vicious *Appetites*, not yet destroy'd,
 Still crave the Pleasures, they on Earth enjoy'd :
 Though those are gone, the fierce, untam'd Desire
 Remains, and burns worse than their Lake of Fire.
 But what's the most afflicting Plague of Hell,
 With all these Woes, they must for ever dwell.
 For *Ever* ! Fatal State, for *Ever* ! who
 Can bear the *Doom* of *Everlasting* Woe ?
 What deadly Pangs, what fierce Convulsions rend
 Their Breasts, who know their Pains shall never end ?
 How the despairing *Damn'd* cry out, Is this
 The Place we chose, instead of Heav'nly Bliss,
 Is this black *Prison*, these tormenting *Chains*,
 This Lake of *Fire*, and these Eternal *Pains*,
 The dismal Recompence our Crimes afford,
 And must we thus curst, tortur'd, and abhor'd,
 In these consuming Flames, these Torments ly,
 To all the Ages of *Eternity* ?

N 2

Curst

Curst be the fatal *Crimes*, which we obey'd,
Which stole our Hearts, and have our Lives betray'd.
Curst be the transient false *Delights* that shew'd
The Charms, which we so greedily pursu'd;
Till down the steepy Precipice, we fell
Into this deep Abyss of *Death*, and *Hell*;
Curst be the treacherous *Joy*s, that leave us now
Doom'd to Despair, lost in Eternal Woe.

He ended, *Hoel* highly pleas'd, exprest
The grateful Sense, which fill'd his joyful Breast.
Methinks he cry'd, I view th' Infernal Caves,
And see the *Damn'd* float on the raging Waves
In the dire Lake, where flaming Brimstone rolls,
And hear the dismal Groans of tortur'd Souls:
Then looking up, I see the Blest above,
Dissolv'd in Raptures of Eternal *Love*.
I seem to view their bright, triumphant Throngs,
And hear their *Harp*s, and sweet Harmonious *Songs*.
Then he the *Briton* various questions asks,
Who with great Joy performs the pious Tasks,
He teaches sacred *Myst'ries* yet behind,
And stamps the *Christian* Image on his Mind.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK IV.

IN such *Divine* Discourse, on things sublime,
The Royal Pair with Pleasure pass'd their Time.
Now the day wears, the Sun-beams faintly bound,
And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground.
Advanc'd, the rising Eminence they gain,
Which gave full prospect o'er the fertile Plain,
Where the Imperial Seat of *Hoel* stands,
And all the Soil and Towns around, commands.
Fair *Liger* the *Armoric* Region's Pride,
Does thro' the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,
And rolls his Silver Volumes by its side.
Here the *Nannetian* Heroes did of old,
For Arms and Wisdom fam'd, the Scepter hold.
Arthur the Structure's height, and Pomp admires,
The lofty Walls, strong Towers, and glittering Spires.
He views the rich and fruitful Region round,
Where wanton *Nature* late in Pleasure crown'd,
Scattering with lavish Bounty on the Soil,
Riches and Joys, without the Owner's Toil.

To Martial Sports by thirst of Honour led,
The active Youth o'er all the Fields are spread,
Some of robusier Limbs advance their Name
In wrestling Rings, the fam'd *Olympick* Game.

Some

Some rein their manag'd Steeds with Manly grace,
 Some swift in *running*, strain to win the Race.
 Some hurling pond'rous *Balls* their Fellows brave,
 Some twang the *Bow*, and some the *Colours* wave.
 But all desert their Games, and Warlike sport,
 And round the Kings, run shouting to the Court.
 Which was an ancient, stately *Pile*, that stood
 On the sweet Banks of *Liger's* peaceful Flood.
 Alighted here, th' *Armoric* Prince exprest,
 All signs of welcom to his Royal Guest.
 He leads him to a fair and spacious Room,
 Hung with rich Pieces, from the finest Loom :
 Rare Workmanship, where fam'd *Sydonian* Art
 Did all her Force, and happy Strokes impart.
 Each piece fresh Pleasure, and new Wonder feeds,
 Fill'd with th' *Armoric* Kings Heroick Deeds :
 Their great Exploits in single Combate done ;
 The Towns they conquer'd, and the Fields they won.
 Pleas'd with the Skill, and Story, *Arthur* stands,
 And much of this, and much of that, demands.

Mean time, within a *Supper* they prepare,
 With great Magnificence, and Regal Fare.
 Strong, brawny Servants sweat, and panting strode,
 O'er-burden'd with the *Meats* unweildy Load.
 The Iv'ry *Tables* groan beneath the weight,
 Of high pil'd *Dishes*, all of massy Plate,
 In decent Order set, and Princely State.
 All things appear, which curious search can find,
 Or in the *Finny*, or the *Feather'd* Kind :
 Which *Hills*, or ransack'd *Forests* can impart,
 Profusely heap'd, set off with costly Art.
 Of polish'd Gold capacious *Goblets* shine,
 With sparkling *Stones* enrich'd, and sparkling *Wine*.

Delicious

Delicious *Fruit* crown'd with fresh *Laurel* stood
 In lofty Pyramids, a golden Wood.
 Great *Lights* in silver Sconces plac'd on high,
 Shine round the Room, and more than Day supply.
 The Kings both sate, the *Britons* take their place,
 The other side th' *Armorick* Captains grace.
 Chearful and highly pleas'd, they sit, and eat,
 And now the Art they praise, and now the Meat.
 Choice *Instruments*, some Strung, and some of Wind,
 Were heard, in sweet melodious Confort joyn'd,
 The lively *Hoboy*, and the sweet-mouth'd *Flute*,
 The sprightly *Violin*, and warbling *Lute* ;
 With the sonorous *Viol*, mingling sound,
 Soft Ayres, and Heav'nly Harmony compound.

But that which *Arthur* with most pleasure heard,
 Were noble Strains, by *Mopas* sung the Bard,
 Who to his *Harp* in lofty Verse began ;
 And thro' the secret Maze of *Nature* ran.
 He the great *Spirit* sung, that all things fill'd,
 That the tumultuous Waves of *Chaos* still'd.
 Whose *Nod* dispos'd the jarring Seeds to Peace,
 And made the Wars of hostile *Atomes* cease.
 All *Beings* we in fruitful Nature find,
 Proceeded from the great *Eternal* Mind ;
 Streams of his unexhausted Spring of Power,
 And cherish'd with his Influence, endure.
 He spread the pure *Cerulean* Fields on high,
 And Arch'd the Chambers of the Vaulted Sky :
 Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,
 Adorn'd with *Globes*, that reel, as drunk with Light.
 His Hand directed all the tuneful *Sphears*,
 He turn'd their *Orbs*, and polish'd all the *Stars*.

He

He fill'd the *Sun's* vast Lamp with Golden Light,
 And bid the silver *Moon* adorn the Night.
 He spread the Airy Ocean without Shores,
 Where *Birds* are wafted with their feather'd Oars.
 Then sung the Bard how the light *Vapours* rise
 From the warm Earth, and Cloud the smiling Skies.
 He sung how some, chill'd in their Airy flight,
 Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night.
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Streams
 On the reflected Points of bounding Beams,
 Till chill'd with Cold, they shade th' *Etherial Plain*,
 Then on the thirsty Earth descend in *Rain*.
 How some, whose parts a slight Contexture show,
 Sink hov'ring thro' the Air, in fleecy *Snow*.
 How part is spun in silken Threads, and clings
 Entangled in the Grass in glewy Strings.
 How others stamp to *Stones*, with rushing sound
 Fall from their Crystal *Quarries*, to the Ground.
 How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
 In harmless *Fires* by Night, about the Sky.
 How some in *Winds* blow with impetuous Force,
 And carry Ruine where they bend their Course:
 While some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,
 To fan the Air, and play among the *Trees*.
 How some enrag'd grow turbulent, and loud,
 Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud;
 That cracks, as if the *Axis* of the World: Thurs'd.
 Was broke, and *Heav'n's* bright Towers were downwards
 He sung how Earth's wide Ball at *Jove's* command,
 Did in the midst on Airy Columns stand.
 And how the *Soul* of *Plants*, in Prison held,
 And bound with sluggish Fetters, lies conceal'd;
 Till with the Spring's warm Beams, almost releas'd
 From the dull Weight, with which it lay oppress'd,

Its

Its Vigour spreads, and makes the teeming Earth
 Heave up, and labour with the sprouting Birth:
 The active *Spirit* freedom seeks in vain,
 It only works and twists a stronger Chain.
 Urging its Prison's sides to break away,
 It makes that wider, where 'tis forc'd to stay:
 Till having form'd its living House, it rears
 Its Head, and in a tender *Plant* appears.
 Hence springs the *Oak*, the Beauty of the Grove,
 Whose stately Trunk, fierce Storms can scarcely move.
 Hence grows the *Cedar*, hence the swelling *Vine*
 Does round the *Elm* its purple Clusters twine.
 Hence painted *Flowers* the smiling Gardens bless,
 Both with their fragrant Scent, and gawdy Dress.
 Hence the white *Lilly* in full Beauty grows,
 Hence the blue *Violet*, and blushing *Rose*.
 He sung how *Sun-beams* brood upon the Earth,
 And in the *Glebe* hatch such a numerous Birth;
 Which way they genial warmth in *Summer* Storms
 Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of *Worms*.
 How *Rain*, transform'd by this prolific Power,
 Falls from the Clouds, an animated Shower.
 He sung the *Embryo's* growth within the Womb,
 And how the parts their various Shapes assume.
 With what rare Art the wondrous Structure's wrought;
 From one crude Mass to such Perfection brought;
 That no Part useless none misplac'd we see,
 None are forgot, and more would Monstrous be.

Such was the splendor of King *Hoel's* Feast;
 Which ended, *Arthur* straight retires to rest.
Hoel not so, but with the *Britons* fate,
 Asking of *Albion's* past, and present State.

O

Much

Much he inquires of their intestine Jars,
 Much of the *Picts*, and of the *Saxon Wars*.
 At last, requested *Lucius* to relate,
 Prince *Arthur's* Story, and King *Uter's* Fate :
Lucius began, the rest attentive wait.

How sad a Task do your Commands impose,
 Which must renew unsufferable Woes ?
 Which must our Grief with fresh Affliction feed,
 And make your generous Heart with pity bleed.
 Whilst I the dismal Scene of Ills disclose,
 And bleeding *Albion's* ghastly Wounds expose :
 The cruel Foes in telling would relent,
 And with their Tears, the Spoils they caus'd, lament.
 Pity would *Picts* and *Saxon* Breasts invade,
 And make them mourn, o'er the dire Wounds they made,
 But since you are pleas'd to hear our Country's Fate,
 I'll pay Obedience, and our Woes relate.

Great *Empires*, like their Founders, Mortal are,
 And the sad marks of Age, and Sickness bear.
 Their strong Foundations mouldring wear away,
 And sapp'd by Time's devouring Teeth, decay.
 Triumphant *Rome*, with Pomp and Grandeur crown'd,
 Proudly survey'd the Conquer'd World around.
 The Cold and Burning *Zone* obey'd her Arms,
 And either *Pole* trembled at her Alarms.
 Where Storms can beat, or angry Billows foam,
 Where Sails can fly, or savage Beasts can roam,
 Proud *Tyber's* swelling Tide no Banks withstood,
 Which o'er the *Globe* roll'd her Victorious Flood.
 To so sublime a pitch of Power and Fame,
Rome's wife and valiant Sons advanc'd her Name.

Sons;

Sons, that she bore when vigorous Youth did crown
 Her Limbs with Beauty, and with Strength full grown :
 Enervated with Age and Vice at last,
 She found her Strength, and Youthful Vigour waste.
 Decrepit grown, a puny wither'd Race,
 Feeble of Head and Arms, her Womb disgrace.
 Of all her *Romans*, *Rome* remains bereft,
 Old Names alone, with modern Vices left.
 The Noble *Scipio's*, and brave *Cæsars* gone,
 A starv'ling Brood puts their great Titles on.
 Her *Legions* now can no new Triumphs sing,
 Her molting *Eagles* hang their sickly Wing.
 To break her Yoke the *Provinces* rebel,
 Those she invaded, now she can't repel.
 Fierce *Northern* Storms chastise old *Tyber's* Pride,
 And to its Banks chase the retreating Tide ;
 Loud, foaming Torrents, from high *Scythian* Hills,
 From bleaky *Continents*, and frozen *Iles*,
 In one vast Sea combin'd, came pouring down,
 And *Rome's* fair Cities, and rich Valleys drown.
 A barb'rous Flood of *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Huns*,
 Their Banks broke down, the *Provinces* o'er-runs.
 As a tall *Oak* that Young and Verdant stood,
 Above the Grove, it self a Nobler Wood ;
 His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,
 Shading its Trees, as much, as they, the Ground.
 Young, murmuring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,
 And gathering Clouds frown round his lofty Head.
 Outrageous Thunder, stormy Winds, and Rain,
 Discharge their Fury on his Head, in vain.
 Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above,
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fixt Root remove :
 But then his Strength, worn by destructive Age,
 He can no more his angry Foes engage.

O 2

He

He spreads to *Heav'n* his naked, wither'd Arms,
 As Aid imploring, from invading Harms.
 From his dishonour'd Head, the slightest Storm
 Can tear its Beauties, and his Limbs deform.
 He rocks with every Wind, while on the Ground
 Dry Leaves, and broken Arms lie scatter'd-round.
 So *Rome* decay'd.

Britannia's warlike Youth on this Pretence,
 Is call'd off from her own, to *Rome's* defence:
 Till the exhausted, weak, deserted Isle,
 Tempted fierce Neighbours, to an easie Spoil.
Britannia of her Valiant Son's bereft,
 Expos'd to every Ravisher is left.
 The savage Foes, who did her Anger dread,
 And from her Arms, to Wilds and Mountains fled,
 Now leave the Coverts, where they sculking staid,
 And roaring out, th'unguarded Land invade.
 A cruel Rout of Northern *Scots* and *Picts*,
 The direful Marks of barb'rous Rage inflict.
 Their Arms from Blood and Ravage never cease,
 Where once they basely crouch'd, and fawn'd for Peace.
 Wide Ruine, Desolation, Rapine, Spoil,
 Rage in the Bowels of th'unhappy Isle.
 So *Wolves*, the faithful *Mastiffs* gone, grow bold,
 And fiercely leap into th'unguarded Fold:
 The trembling *Flock* they seize with eager Claws,
 And tear their mangled Limbs with ravening Jaws.
 Till they stand panting with th'uneasie load,
 O'erclroyed with Carnage, and opprest with Blood.

Britannia thus dishonour'd, spoil'd, distrest,
 And by her proud, insulting Foes opprest,
 Is forc'd of stronger Neighbours, to implore
 That Aid and Help, she us'd to lend before.

Urg'd

Urg'd by her Fate, and hard Necessity,
 She dreads th' Expedient, that she's forc'd to try.
 Hard fate of Princes, who to prop their State
 Opprest and sinking, heap on greater weight!
 Fatal Distemper, where we seek for Ease
 From Drugs, more dang'rous than the sharp Disease.

A Warlike Race in *frozen Climates* bred;
 Leaving their *Wilds*, by Valiant Captains led;
 A fertile Soil, and milder Regions fought,
 And won the happy Seats for which they fought.
 Bold by Success, which waited on their Arms,
 They still advanc'd in thick, Victorious Swarms.
 Till Seas as wild, oppos'd their Torrent's Force,
 And watry Banks restrain'd their rapid Course.
 They stretcht their Seats along the *Belgian* Coast;
 No Soil, can more of Nature's Favour boast:
 No Region's blest with more indulgent Beams,
 With fatter *Glebe*, with more, or sweeter *Streams*.
 The warlike *Saxons* here their Empire rear'd,
 With Plenty crown'd, and by their Neighbours fear'd.

King *Vortigern*, unable to oppose
 The barb'rous *Picts*, and fierce *Albanian* Foes,
 With humble Language, and rich Presents pray'd
 This mighty Nation, to afford him Aid.
 The *Saxon* Princes with his Prayer comply'd,
Britannia was too fair to be deny'd.
 As Friends they landed on our naked Coasts,
 And still pour'd on their fresh, unnumber'd Hosts.
 They chas'd indeed the barb'rous *Picts* away,
 But seiz'd, themselves, the Kingdom as their Prey.
 The *Lyon's* Title to the Crown they plead,
 As Friends receiv'd, as Conquerors obey'd.

No

No more let *States*, vex'd with Intestine Wars,
 Call in great *Princes* to compose their Jars:
 What *Britons* by their sad Deliverance won,
 Was, by a stronger Foe, to be undone.
 'Tis true, oppress'd, they did their Wrongs resent;
 But 'twas too late their Counsels to repent.
Britannia's weak precarious Kings, obey
 The proud *Protector's* Arbitrary sway.
 Our Forts, and Navies, and the chief Commands,
 Were on Pretence of *Caution*, in their Hands.
 Th' insatiate Leeches do for ever crave,
 And for their Service, ask us all we have.
 Our Strength is spent, and barb'rous Avarice
 Draws all our Wealth into her deep Abyss.
 Rapine and Murder all our Cities fill,
 Our haughty Friends take leave to Spoil and Kill.
 These dire *Protectors*, arm'd with Lawless Power,
 The *Plowman's* Hopes, and *Merchant's* Gains devour:
 What we prepare, the ravenous Harpies eat,
 And from our frighted Children tear their Meat.
 We starve and die, while they possess our Food,
 Grow Sleek with Ease, and Fat with Spoil and Blood.
Villains dishonour *Virgins* in our sight;
 And bloody *Russians* break our Doors by Night.
 To seek redress, and of our Wrongs complain,
 Was but to add Derision to our Pain.
 How bitter then were sad *Britannia's* Moans,
 What deep-fetch'd Sighs were heard, what deadly Groans?
 Betray'd and ruin'd by a treacherous Friend,
 We saw the Error, which we could not mend.
 We curst our Folly, but we curst too late,
 And all that our Mistake should imitate:
 We wish'd Ten Thousand Woes and Plagues might light
 On their curst Heads, who should again invite

Victorious

Victorious Kings, with *Foreign* Arms to bless
 Their *Native* Country, and their Wrongs redress;
 They'll readily assist your Cause, and fight,
 To do, to injur'd *States*, and *Princes*, Right:
 But still they keep, what by their Arms is won;
 Great *Monarchs* conquer for themselves alone.
 They want a fair Pretence to seize the Prey;
 They come as Friends; but will as Masters stay.
 Thus *Albion* far'd, may *Heav'n* her Sons restrain,
 From splitting on this fatal Rock again.

In vain we strove to break the servile Yoke,
 Our Impotent Attempts new Wrongs provoke.
 At last, no greater Evils left to fear,
 We took fresh *Hope*, and Courage from Despair:
Fury from Ruine sprung rag'd in our Veins,
 And *Death's* seem'd lighter, than the *Saxon* Chains.
 Each free-born *Briton* thought the Choice more brave,
 To die their *Victim*, than to live their Slave.
 We that could ne'er the *Tyrant's* Yoke endure,
 Boil with Revenge, now Slaves to Foreign Power.
 King *Uter's* Breast swells with distracting Rage,
 Whose wounded Soul, no Language could assuage;
 Asham'd his Country's Freedom to out-live,
 He takes the Councils, Grief and Fury give.
 His *Knights* together call'd attentive wait,
 While *Uter* sits on his high Chair of State.
 His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward wound,
 And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

Who thus began; you see what Tides of Woe,
 What angry Seas o'er all your Country flow.
 Th' insulting *Saxon* claims our Land, and draws
 From greater Power, the Justice of his Cause.

Thro'

Thro' all our Towns our Foes triumphant ride,
 Wearing their awful Title by their side.
 They shed your *Blood*, and helpless *Maids* deflow'r,
 Exhaust your *Treasure*, and your *Land* devour.
 A faithless Nation, that no Rule of Right,
 Reverses as sacred, but superiour Might.
 We oft our Fate in bloody Fields have try'd,
 But *Heav'n* has Vict'ry to our Arms deny'd.
Egyptian Plagues lay waste our ruin'd Land,
 No *Moses* here, holds his controlling Wand,
 Humbly invok'd *Heav'n* will perhaps relent,
 And of its fierce, accustom'd Wrath repent.
 Perhaps the *Saxon* Crimes with louder Cries,
 For greater Vengeance importune the Skies:
 Let us howe'er make one strong Effort more,
 Our Country's Peace, and Freedom to restore.
 We'll take the Field, twill gain us greater Fame,
 To perish there, than here, with Grief and Shame.
 How much my Soul disdains th' inglorious Chain?
 I'll fall with *Honour*, or with *Honour* reign.

Tumultuous Passions, *Wrath*, *Revenge*, and *Shame*
 Invade our Breasts, and our gall'd Souls enflame.
 Strait, with one Voice, we all for Arms declare,
 And every Breast already feels the War.
 Resolv'd to make the vanquish'd *Saxons* fly,
 Or in the just and brave Attempt to dy.
 With Fury urg'd, we part from *Uter's* sight,
 Resolv'd for Freedom, and our Native Right.
 Thro' all our Towns we spread the loud Alarm,
 And animated all our Men to Arm;
 To vindicate their ravish'd Country's Cause,
 To banish Foreign *Gods*, and Foreign *Laws*.

'Tis strange, how soon the *Britons* Blood was fir'd,
 What Life and Hope their drooping Hearts inspir'd.
 They saw fair *Liberty* extended lie,
 The *Saxon* Whips and Torments lying by:
 They view'd her squallid Face, exhausted Veins,
 And beauteous Limbs eat in with rusty Chains.
 They heard her mournful Groans, and piercing Cries,
 Her interrupted Sobs, and dying Sighs.
 They saw from gaping Wounds, the gushing Blood
 Enrich the Pavement, with a noble Flood.
 While Pity, Mercy, Hope in Sorrow drown'd,
 To finish the sad Scene, stood weeping round.
 The *Britons* rave, resolving her Defence,
 And vow her Rescue at their Bloods expence.
 In *Albion* this fair Emp'ress still obey'd,
 An uncontested Scepter ever sway'd.
 As universal Soul she Life diffus'd,
 And Warmth to all the heaving Mass infus'd:
 She ever gave to all true *Britons* Hearts
 More Vigour, than their own warm Blood imparts.
 'Tis quick'ning *Liberty*, that gives us Breath,
 Her Absence more, than that of *Life*, is *Death*.
 Such love to Liberty the *Britons* show,
 Such were her Charms, and may they still be so.
 May never *Briton*, ceasing to be Brave,
 Submit his Neck, content to be a Slave:
 May those be doubly curst, that would betray
 Their Country's Freedom, to a Foreign Sway.

Our Men enrag'd, in numerous Bodies meet;
 Arm, Arm, was heard the Cry in every Street:
 The *Plowman* hastens to a nobler Toil,
 Unyokes his *Ox*, and leaves untill'd the Soil.

Abandons all his Hopes, and rustick Care,
Lays down his *Goad*, and shakes the warlike *Spear*.
The *Tradesmen* quits his *Shop*, and takes the *Field*,
And makes his thirst of *Gain*, to thirst of *Honour* yield.
Arm'd *Tenants* crowd about their valiant *Lords*,
And full of *Courage*, wave their threatening *Swords*.
Near *Sorbiodunum's* stately *Walls*, a *Town*
For *Strength* and *Beauty*, of the first *Renown*;
Whose spacious *Plains* rich *Seas* of waving *Corn*,
And lowing *Herd*s, and woolly *Flock*s adorn,
Our *Univerfal Rendezvous* was set,
Where all our *Squadrons*, and *Battallions* met.

Mean time the *Cautious Saxon* was alarm'd,
And to dispel the gathering *Tempest*, arm'd.
Otha the famous *Hengiſt's* Son, a bold
And warlike *Prince*, did then the *Scepter* hold.
Hengiſt that did the first our *Land* invade,
And brought to *Albion* his destructive *Aid*.
The *Fifth* from mighty *Odin*, whose great *Name*,
Had tir'd the flaggy *Wings* of weary *Fame*.
The *Stock*, from which a *Race* illustrious springs
Of numerous *Hero's*, and *Victorious Kings*:
That founded *Empires*, and that living led,
Their *Conquering Armies*, and their *God*, when dead.
They soon the *Hills* by their long *Marches* gain,
And with their *Troops* o'erspread the spacious *Plain*.
We with their hasty *March* alarm'd, prepare
To guard our *Camp*, and wait th' approaching *War*.
Our *Parties* now in rude *Rencounters*, try'd
Their *Courage*, still th' advantage on our *ſide*.
Th' advancing *Hoſt* at laſt appear'd in *fight*,
But *Toil* and wearing *Day*, deferr'd the *Fight*.

Now

Now *Night* advancing, draws her *Sable Train*
Along the *Air*, and shades th' *Eſtherial Plain*.
King *Uter* with his *Lords* in *Council* ſate,
Things of th' important *Juncture* to debate.
Where *Measures* were concerted to oppose
With warlike *Arts*, and *Force*, th' impending *Foes*.
Their *Provinces* the great *Commanders* ſhare,
And from the *Council* to their *Poſts* repair:
Where they their *Troops* diſpoſe, and *Orders* give,
How the *Invading Saxon* to receive.
Encamp'd we lay on advantageous *Ground*,
With strong *Entrenchments*, and high *Works* around.
Our chearful *Troops* great *Joy* and *Courage* ſhow,
And from the *Works* deſie the powerful *Foe*.
All things diſpoſ'd with *Military Care*,
We wait in *Arms*, th' approach of *Day* and *War*.

Now did the *Morn* diſcloſe her ſmiling *Ray*,
And from the *East* let forth th' important *Day*.
To bloody *Labour* all things did invite,
And ſounding *Trumpets* Martial *Heat* excite.
Heav'n's ſtarry *Roof* reſounds with warlike *Noiſe*,
With *Horses* *Thunder*, and their *Riders* *Voice*.
The *Saxons* and the *Britons* ſtand prepar'd,
Thoſe, to attack, and theſe, their *Poſts* to guard.
King *Otha* leads his numerous *Army* on,
And at their *Head* in dazling *Armour* ſhone.
Drawn on the *Right* our rang'd *Battalions* ſtood,
Our *Left* a *River* guards, the *Rear*, a *Wood*.
Otha here makes his warlike *Columns* halt,
Detaching *Horſa* to begin th' *Aſſault*:
Whoſe choſen *Troops* a furious *Onſet* make,
With no leſs *Brav'ry*, ours ſuſtain'd th' *Attack*.

P 2

They

They mount our Works, and our high Ramparts scale,
 And with projected Fires our Men assail :
 Our Troops unbroken stout Resistance make,
 And always forc'd th' invading *Saxon* back.
 As when a *Mould* repels th' invading Seas,
 Protects the Ships, and gives the Harbour Peace ;
 The foaming Tempest on high Billows rides,
 And Storms with watry Troops, its lofty Sides :
 Th' unshaken Structure all their Fury braves,
 And stops the Current of th' insulting Waves.
 The angry Seas break on th' opposing Shore,
 And beaten back with Indignation roar.
 No less unmov'd our valiant *Britons* stood.
 Against the Insults of the *Saxon* Flood.
 Fresh Bodies still pour'd on, their loss supply,
 But still repuls'd, they from our Trenches fly.
 Enrag'd, about our Lines King *Otha* flew,
 To find where best he might th' Assault renew :
 To see what place lay most expos'd, and where
 Our Troops did on the Works but thin appear.
 As when a *Wolf*, pinch'd by Nocturnal Cold,
 And Hunger-starv'd, scours round the lofty Fold ;
 He licks his rabid Jaws, and seems possest
 Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast :
 He offers oft to enter, while the *Lambs*
 Affrighted, tremble round their bleating Dams.
 So *Otha* thirsts for Blood, and scouring round,
 Surveys our Lines, and well observes the Ground.
 Now with fresh Rage his Troops our Walls ascend,
 Which we with Show'rs of Darts and Stones defend.
 What *Shouts*, what noise of *Arms* the Air confound ?
 What *Ruine*, what slain *Heaps* deform the Ground ?
 The Earth grows slippery all distain'd with Blood,
 Which fills the Ditches with a Crimson Flood.

The

The *Dead* make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
 That in the Air, rise, like our Walls, sublime.
 O'erpower'd and weaken'd by the Men they lost,
 And faint with Toil, the *Britons* quit their Post.
 Thrice the invading *Saxon* forc'd our Lines,
 And to their Arms, thrice Victory inclines.
 The Valiant *Uter* that had still withstood
 Their fiercest Troops, all smear'd with Dust and Blood,
 Who still to Posts of greatest danger flew,
 And with unerring Arms their Squadrons flew :
 Who spread fresh Life and Vigour where he came,
 And in our Breasts renew'd the Martial Flame.
 For where we saw his shining Arms appear,
 Our Men reviv'd, and straight forgot to fear ;
 Observing his disorder'd Troops retir'd,
 His boiling Soul distracting Passion fir'd.
 He spurs his furious Steed, and thundring thro'
 The thickest Ranks of the Victorious Foe ;
 Stay, foolish *Britons*, stay, he cries from far,
 Save yet your Country, and renew the War :
 Come follow me your King, I'll lead you on,
 And chase the *Saxons* from the Posts they've won.
 The *Britons* Hearts were touch'd with gen'rous shame,
 Love to their Country, and to Martial Fame,
 With noble Ardour does their Souls inflame.
 Their Leaders Rally all their Troops that fled,
 And Charge the Foe, King *Uter* at their Head.
 With unresisted Fury they attack
 The *Saxon* Troops, resolv'd to force them back.

Now what *Destruction*, what wide *Ruine* reign,
 What heaps of slaughter'd *Saxons* load the Plain ?
 Now arm'd with hissing Death thick *Arrows* flew,
 And out-stretch'd Arms as fatal *Javelins* threw.

The

Then what vast Havock did the *Sword* employ?
 What Troops did *Uter's* single Hand destroy?
 What sever'd *Limbs* lay scatter'd on the Ground,
 What streams of Blood gush from each ghastly Wound,
 What *Shields* and *Spears* in the red Deluge drown'd?

Here first brave *Arthur* did his Courage prove,
 His Age then fitter for the Field of Love.
 God-like his *Face*, and God-like was his *Mind*,
 To virtuous Deeds, and warlike Games inclin'd.
 The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
 And blooming Beauty grac'd his youthful years:
 Yet *Wise* and *Manly*, far beyond his Age;
 His early Deeds the Hero did presage.
 Till now the Woods and Forests were his Joy,
 Where he the Savage-kind strove to destroy,
 That did the Herds, and bleating Flocks annoy.
 He chas'd the *Fox*, the ravenous *Wolf* and *Bear*,
 His Country's *Pest*, dy'd by his fatal *Spear*.
 The People blest him, as a Saviour sent,
 And thought kind *Heav'n*, some great *Deliv'rer* meant.
 He ne'er before had brac'd the *Helmet* on,
 Nor in the Field in polish'd *Armour* shone.
 His *Sword* had ne'er been stain'd with humane Gore,
 Nor had he grip'd the *Shield*, or *Gauntlet* wore.
 His Country's Cause, and Military Fame;
 Invite the Youth to chase a nobler Game.
 No more his Thoughts his rural Sports pursue,
 Tyrants and savage *Men* he'll now subdue.
 For warlike Toil he leaves the gameful Wood,
 And flest his Courage first in *Saxon* Blood.
 The greatest Captains the brave Youth esteem'd,
 He fought like *Mars*, though *Mercury* he seem'd.

Like

Like some fair *Cherub*, or the *Beamy* God,
 He wav'd his flaming *Sword*, and thro' their squadrons rode.
 His youthful Veins Heroick Ardor fir'd,
 And more than humane Force his Breast inspir'd:
 For the great *Deeds* his fatal Arms atchiev'd,
 Where by th' amaz'd Spectators scarce believ'd.

At last amidst the Foe advanc'd too far,
 Alone he long sustain'd th' unequal War.
 Surrounding Throngs the fainting Youth oppress'd,
 And Showers of Death flew pointed at his Breast:
 His weary Arm supports his *Shield* with Pain,
 And his bruise'd *Armour* Streams of Blood distain.
 Here the young Hero had been crush'd, and all
 Our Hopes and Joy had perish'd in his Fall;
 Had not brave *Malgo* a *Dimeian* Chief,
 Forc'd the thick Foe, and flown to his relief.
 Then, when the warlike Youth was most distress'd,
 And *Blfrick's* *Sword*, was falling on his Crest
 With dreadful Sway; *Malgo* its Fury broke,
 And on his *Shield* receiv'd the mighty Stroke.
 The Prince thus guarded from the fatal Blow,
 Bold *Malgo's* *Spear* transfixt th' audacious Foe.
 Groveling in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,
 And pour'd his Life out, from his gaping Wound.

Here *Vortipor* advancing did attack
 Their plying Troops, and forc'd the *Saxon* back:
 While *Olla's* wavering Men began to yield,
 And to pursuing *Uter* quit the Field.
 As when a *Lion*, that with Fury ran
 To seize by Night, some weary Caravan,
 That lay encamp't on an *Arabian* wild,
 Repuls'd by Fires, and of his Prey beguill'd;

With

With hideous Roar he raves at his Defeat,
 Oft stands, looks back, and makes a sower Retreat.
 King *Otha's* Soul like Indignation fir'd,
 That raving, with his vanquish'd Men retir'd.
 But, oh, how soon was this serener Day
 By Clouds, and rising Tempests chas'd away ?
 How short a space could we our Conquests boast ?
 How soon were all our Hopes of *Freedom* lost ?

Won by the potent Charms of *Saxon* Gold,
Carvil his Prince, and Native Country fold.
 He in indulgent *Uter's* Bosom lay,
 And did the Secrets of his Breast betray.
 He on his Conduct, and his Faith rely'd,
 In Peace and War alike his treach'rous Guide.
 He held the most important Trusts of State,
 Nor could his Treasons *Uter's* Love abate.
 Unhappy Prince, that still his Foes believ'd,
 Only by Ruine to be undeceiv'd !
 To Friends ingrate, his Foes he entertain'd,
 Thus lost the one, but not the other gain'd.
 Wisely undone, he knew his Friends too late,
 By his own Prudence manag'd to his Fate.
 Our Prayers and Warnings tir'd his Ears in vain,
 Perfidious Councils only could obtain.
 Rough *Truth*, and loyal *Bluntness* gall'd his Ear,
 That only soft, melodious Sounds could bear.
 His firm and loyal Friends, tho' hardly us'd,
 Look'd on enrag'd, to see their Prince abus'd.
 Tho' some grown cold, ceas'd to lament his Fate,
 For Will and Choice, Compassion still abate.
 Pity a Prince whose Virtues shone so bright,
 Should let so dark a Cloud obscure their Light !

To

To him and us this Weakness fatal prov'd,
 That Men suspected were employ'd and lov'd.
 So *Carvil* was :
 Who labour'd after *Otha's* late Retreat,
 To more than ballance his, with our Defeat.
 The Traytor during all the bloody Day,
 Found not the Means, our Army to betray.
 But when the *Sun* drew off his radiant Train,
 And left the Empress of the Night to reign :
 Then *Carvil* open'd his black Scene of Guilt,
 Wherein such Seas of *British* Blood were spilt.
 He by confiding Hands to *Otha* sent,
 To let the *Saxon* know his dire intent,
 To give him Entrance to our Camp by Night,
 Whither his Arms he did with speed invite.
Otha, whose Arts and purchas'd Reasons won,
 More Towns and Battels, than his Sword had done :
 So fair a Season offer'd, not delay'd,
 But straightway march'd our Army to invade.
Carvil mean time his Creatures had prepar'd,
 To yield the Posts, their Duty was to guard.
 Revolving *Cynthia* with her doubtful Light,
 Had now o'erpass'd the Noon of wearing Night:
 When *Otha's* chosen Troops approach'd the Gate,
 Where to admit their Arms the Traytors wait.
 The furious *Saxon* straight our Camp invades,
 Beneath the Covert of the silent Shades :
 Their unexpected Arms our Men assail,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and wearied with their Toil.
 What Carnage now the raging *Saxons* make,
 Our Camp converted to a bloody Lake.
 They first the brave *Dunwallo* resting found,
 His *Cuirass*, *Helm*, and *Javelin* lying round,
 And with their *Spears* transfixt him on the Ground.

Q

His

His generous Soul flew upwards with Disdain,
 To be massacred, not in Battel slain.
Moriss next with clat'ring Swords alarm'd,
 Wak'd with the Noise, but naked and unarm'd
 His Side pierc'd thro' by *Hors*'s Javelin, fell,
 Enrag'd he should his Life, so cheaply sell.
 Then *Off*'s Spear pierc'd *Capor*'s Bosom through,
 His Soul to *Heav'n* thro' the wide Passage flew :
 Leaving his Body drown'd in purple Gore ;
 None serv'd his Prince, or lov'd his Country more.
Edwal, a Leader of unblemish'd Fame,
 Who from the Banks of fair *Sabrina* came,
 Fell by *Morino*'s Spear, and by his Side
 Brave *Adomar*, by *Balda*'s Javelin dy'd.
 Then *Meirick* in his Breast a fatal Wound
 Receiv'd, and lay extended on the Ground.
 Next *Catel*, who excell'd in youthful Charms,
 Was slain by great *Romondo*'s conqu'ring Arms.
 The glittering Steel did thro' his Bowels pass,
 The Youth expir'd, and with him *Admel*'s Race.
 And now what Slaughter reign'd, what Heaps of Dead,
 What Ruine o'er the bloody Camp was spread :

Thro' the brown Shades at last, they found the way
 To the *Pavilion*, where King *Uter* lay :
 Who soon, awaken'd with the Clamour, rose,
 And form'd his Troops th' Invaders to oppose.
 Long their unequal Force he did repel,
 Till, pierc'd by *Cerdick*'s fatal Spear, he fell.
 Urg'd to retire, *Arthur* our Prayer withstood,
 Tho' faint with Labour, Wounds, and loss of Blood.
 We prest him our remaining Hopes to spare,
 And not of *Albion*'s Fortune to despair.

He

He does at last to our Entreaties yield,
 And with reluctant Steps forsakes the Field.
 We thro' the Wood retreated, where the shade
 With *Cynthia*'s Rays, uncertain Twilight made.
 When the succeeding Day declin'd, we came,
 To *Alda*'s Gates, a Port of ancient Fame :
 Where we the Night in various Sorrows spent,
 Now *Uter*, now our Country we lament ;
 Just *Catel*'s now, now great *Dunwallo*'s Fate,
 And faithful *Edwal*'s Fall, fresh Grief create.

While our sad Minds endur'd so rude a Storm,
 Ent'ring the Room, great *Gabriel*'s God-like Form,
 Mild Glory, and *Celestial* Day diffus'd,
 Advanc'd, he these kind Words to *Arthur* us'd.
 Now *Albion* sinks beneath the *Saxon* weight :
 So *Heav'n* decrees, 'tis so ordain'd by Fate :
 But after Ten times the revolving Sun
 His crooked Race, has thro' the *Zodiac* run,
 The Clouds dispell'd, propitious *Heav'n* shall smile,
 On *Uter*'s House, and this reviving Isle.
Offa shall feel just *Heav'n*'s revenging Stroke,
 And *Albion*'s Youth shall break the *Saxon* Yoke.
 Mean time, brave Prince, whom universal Love
 Attends beneath, and Grace Divine above :
 To *Neustrian* *Odor*'s Court with speed repair,
 Go, *Albion*'s Hopes, and my great Trust and Care ;
 Go, *Albion*'s Hopes with Triumph to return,
 And Rescue those, which shall your absence mourn.
 That said, his Heav'nly Glory he withdrew,
 And to th' immortal Seats of happy Spirits flew.

Now the fair Morn smiles with a Purple Ray,
 Clearing before the Sun the Eastern Way.

Q 2

Whose

Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
 And the new Day does to new Toil invite.
 We the Celestial Message to obey;
 On a stout Ship, that in the Heaven lay
 Ready to Sail, embark and haste away.
 The Sky serene, a fresh and prosp'rous Gale,
 Sprang from the Shore, and swell'd out ev'ry Sail.
Albion's white Cliffs and Towers we quickly lost,
 Standing our Course strait to the *Neustrian* Coast:
 Where when the Sun twice starting from the East,
 Had ran his Race, and reach'd the falling West,
 We safe arriv'd at fair *Cartinia's* Port,
 And took our way from thence to *Odar's* Court.
Odar, a Prince indulgent, valiant, good,
 Ally'd to *Uter* by the Mother's Blood,
 The barb'rous *Goths* Incursions, then withstood.
 His beauteous Queen, with Joy the Prince receiv'd,
 Her Words our Grief, her Gifts our Wants reliev'd.
 Here we to ease our troubled Minds remain'd,
 Till *Arthur* perfect Strength and Vigour gain'd:
 Then taking leave, we straight direct our way
 Unto the Camp, where *Odar's* Forces lay.

And as we pass'd to mitigate our Grief,
 And to our Woest give Divine Relief,
 From his blest Tongue such *Heav'nly* Language flows,
 As did the Greatness of his Mind disclose.
 We thought some God-like *Cherub* to us spoke,
 When from his Lips these high Expressions broke.
Heav'n's Off-spring, with Divine Contentment blest,
 Enjoy the Empire of a guiltless Breast.
 Tho' spoil'd by prosp'rous Robbers, still they find,
 The large Possessions of a Peaceful Mind.

Content

Content alone can all their wrongs redress,
Content, that other Name for *Happiness*.
 Free from Desire, they are as free from Want,
 And from the Cares, that envy'd Greatness haunt.
 'Tis equal, if our Fortunes should augment,
 And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent
 With our Desires, or those Desires abate,
 Shrink, and contract themselves, to fit our State.
 Pois'd on their own unshaken Base they view,
 All the Vicissitudes, that Time can shew.
 They, like tall Mountains, are advanc'd so high,
 That the low Clouds do all beneath them fly.
 Hence while loud Storms inferiour Seats molest,
 They undisturb'd, enjoy soft Peace and Rest.
 These Men that suit their Wishes to their State,
 And, pleas'd still with themselves, enjoy their Fate:
 Whose modest *Passions Reason's* Nod obey,
 Are greater *Kings*, than those who Scepters sway.
 They can the Triumph of a Court despise,
 And the rich Toys, that charm deluded Eyes.
 They rather chuse to tame their Thirst, than have
 All their Supplies their Feaverish Drought can crave:
 Desires for *Freedom* first make humble Suit,
 And modestly demand th' unlawful Fruit:
 But when set loose, they know not where to stay,
 But lawless thro' the World's Dominions stray.
 So subterranean *Vapours*, that contain'd
 In some close *Cavern*, are with Ease restrain'd;
 When once releas'd, ungovernable grow,
 And prove fierce Storms, which no Resistance know.
 Th' unhappy Man, slave to his wild Desire,
 By feeding it, foment the raging Fire.
 His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
 With Plenty *Poor*, and with Abundance *Curst*.

But

But greater Minds, which can themselves subdue,
 Preserve their Peace, and still their Joys renew.
 They never by a Vile, or Impious Course,
 Protect their Wealth from rising Tempests force.
 They face the Storm, and stands its fiercest Shocks;
 Bold as the Winds, unshaken as the Rocks.
 No Tempest that invades th' ambitious Breast,
 Can the calm Region of their Mind molest.
 So Winds, which Rivulets disturb, will play
 In harmless Breezes, on the wider Sea.

Sowr *Discontent*, that quarrels with our Fate,
 May give fresh smart, but not the old abate.
 Envenom'd with its Sting, each harmless loss,
 Grows wondrous sharp, and proves a deadly cross.
 Th' uneasy *Passion's* disingenious Wit
 The *Ill* reveals, but hides the *Benefit*.
 It makes a Toy press with prodigious weight,
 And swells a Mole-hill, to Mountain's height.
 So melancholy Men lie down, and groan
 Preft with the Burden of themselves alone.
 Crush'd with Phantastick Mountains, they despair,
 Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear.
 A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
 And each weak Blast, a Storm too fierce to tame.
 So peevish is the quarrelsome Disease,
 No prosp'rous Fortune can procure it Ease.
 Their Breasts are ne'er from inbred Tempests free,
 Restless as Winds, and troubled as the Sea:
 The Pleasure now they seek would bring Content;
 But when enjoy'd, 'twas somewhat else they meant:
 Some absent *Happiness* they still pursue,
 Dislike the present Good, and long for New.

The

The Man now thinks he sees his Bliss, and flies
 With greedy Arms to grasp the gaudy Prize;
 But then, enquiring what his Hopes have won,
 Vain Man, he finds the cheating Shadow gone.
 Oft does the fair *Illusion* by him stand,
 But when pursu'd, gives back, and mocks his Hand.
 Sometimes he sees the beck'ning *Phantome* here,
 Which, when he follows, does elsewhere appear.
 The Wretch, though tantaliz'd, and always cross'd,
 Yet still pursues, though still that Labour's lost.
 The God-like *Arthur* with such pious Words,
Divine Instruction, and Delight affords.

And while his Language, with a Heav'nly Flame,
 Thus warm'd our Breasts, to *Odor's* Camp we came;
 Where to the *Neustrian* King the Prince address'd,
 Who all the highest Signs of Love express'd.
 The Royal *Exile* he embrac'd with Tears,
 And by these tender words himself endears.
 King *Uter's* Fall, your loss, and *Albion's* Fate,
 Wound me with Grief too mighty to relate.
 Long to Misfortunes, and great Wrongs inur'd,
 I pity those that have like Ills endur'd.
 You are a Stranger here, but not your Name,
 Your early Worth is told aloud by Fame.
Arthur's preserv'd to be the *Saxons* dread,
 And rear oppress'd *Britannia's* drooping Head.
 While you are safe, *Britannia* must revive,
 And *Uter* still in Valiant *Arthur* live:
 While you survive, King *Osta's* Fears remain,
 And *Albion* hopes to break her pond'rous Chain.
 Hero's are for Heroick Deeds design'd,
 And noble Work, attends a noble Mind.

Mean

Mean time, while here your Choice is to reside,
 No Succours, no supplies shall be deny'd.
 And if your *Britons*, banish'd from their home,
 Drawn by their Prince's Fame, shall hither come;
Briton and *Neustrian* shall like Treatment find,
 I'll be to both, without distinction, kind:
 And when mild Days shall your Return invite,
 My Arms shall Aid you, to assert your Right.

The Prince reply'd:
 Divine Compassion melts your Royal Breast,
 And makes your Bounty flow on all distress.
 Like *Heav'n*, you Succours to th' Afflicted grant,
 Comfort their Sorrows, and supply their Want:
 You crush Oppressors, to th' Opprest are kind,
 Such gen'rous Deeds reveal a God-like Mind.
 O'er *Uter's* House the *Saxon* Power prevails,
 And sad *Britannia* her dire Fate bewails.
 The World's supream *Director* so ordains,
 Hence in my Soul no murmuring Passion reigns.
Pleas'd or *Contented*, still I meet my Fate,
 Would not be *Impious*, though Unfortunate.
 Your gen'rous Offer of Protection here,
 With such engaging Language, such an Air,
 As Love and Friendship seek out to endear;
 Perswade, that here my Refuge is design'd,
 Till *Albion* grows more Just, and *Heav'n* more Kind.
 Here your Example shall my Mind prepare,
 For all the high Concerns of *Peace* and *War*.
 Till *Albion* call us back, I'll here remain,
 And in your Service shall grow fit to Reign.
 Here in the Camp the pious *Briton* staid,
 To whom the *Neustrian* Chiefs great Honour paid.

For

For his high Merit could not be conceal'd,
 His valiant Deeds the Hero soon reveal'd.
 Loud Fame his God-like Virtues did proclaim,
 And either Camp resounds with *Arthur's* Name.
 He still the Posts of highest Danger sought,
 And Death and Vict'ry follow'd, where he fought.
 When he advanc'd, the *Goths* unnumber'd Swarms,
 Fled from the Terror of his fatal Arms.
 Like Love and Wonder, *Camp* and *Court* express,
 That did the Hero, this the Saint confess.
 His Sword still won fresh *Laurels* in the Field,
 And to his *Virtues* ev'n *Court-Vices* yield:
 And 'tis more easie to reduce a Fort,
 Or win a Battel, than reform a Court.
 He the fixt Mounds of trembling *Europe* stood,
 And still repell'd the *Goths*, impetuous Flood.
 When he appear'd, their Men, tho' fierce and bold,
 Grow chill with fear, as when at home with Cold.
 Thro' the admiring World his Fame was spread,
 The Christians Joy, and barb'rous Nations Dread.
 Where gagg'd with Ice, the *Waves* no longer roar,
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shoar:
 Where naked Hills in frozen Armour stand,
 Where raging *Sirius*, fries the thirsty Land,
 And rich *Pactolus*, rolls his golden Sand;
 Thither his Triumphs and illustrious Name,
 His gen'rous Deeds, and loud Applauses came.
 His wondrous Virtues, wondrous Love engage,
 That reach'd Perfection, long before his Age.
Odor imbrac'd him, as an Angel sent
 To guard his Throne, and threaten'd Fall prevent:
 He own'd his bright Example did support,
 Th' esteem of Virtue, in the *Neustrian* Court.

R

Their

Their Peace at home proceeded from his Care,
 And from his Courage, their Success in VVar.
 VVhen we our hopes of sinking *Albion* lost,
 Made by Divine Command the *Neustrian* Coast;
 The *Gothick* Arms that Kingdom had o'er-run,
 Surpriz'd their Forts, and fairest Cities won.
 All Banks born down, so high the Deluge rose,
 Before King *Odor* could its Course oppose;
 'Twas then the young Deliv'rer *Arthur* came,
 To drive the *Goths*, and win immortal Fame:
 He soon reduc'd the Cities, and restor'd
 A peaceful Country, to its peaceful Lord.

Mean time the *British* Knights, oppress'd at home,
 Drawn by his Fame, to find a Leader come.
 So thick they Land, our Troops were numerous grown,
 And *Arthur* led an army of his own.
 Ten times the Sun had pass'd his oblique way,
 By turns contracting, and increasing Way,
 Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray:
 And now the *British* Lords, who though oppress'd,
 The *Western* Region of their Isle possess'd;
 Whither retreating, they remain'd secure,
 And from their Hills defy'd the *Saxon* Power;
 Encourag'd by his war-like Fame, invite
 The Valiant *Arthur* to assert his Right:
 To make a bold Descent upon their Coast,
 And win the Regions back which *Uter* lost.

Ten chosen Orators were straight dispatch,
 The chief whose charming Tongue was never matcht,
 Was the great *Tylon*, whose Immortal Worth,
 Rais'd to Heav'n the Isle that gave him Birth.

A sacred Man, a venerable Priest,
 Who never spake, and Admiration mixt.
 Of *Good* and *Kind* he the just Standard seem'd,
 Dear to the *Best*, and by the *Worst* esteem'd.
 A gen'rous Love diffus'd to Humane Kind,
 Divine Compassion, *Mercy* unconfin'd,
 Still reign'd Triumphant in his God-like *Mind*.
Greatness and *Modesty* their Wars compose,
 Between them here a perfect Friendship grows.
 His Wit, his Judgment, Learning, equal Rise,
 Divinely Humble, yet Divinely Wise.
 He seem'd Express on *Heav'n's* high *Errand* sent,
 As *Moses* Meek, as *Aaron* Eloquent.
Nectar Divine flows from his *Heav'nly* Tongue,
 And on his Lips charming *Perswasion* hung.
 When he the sacred *Oracles* reveal'd,
 Our ravish'd Souls in blest Enchantments held,
 Seem'd lost in Transports of *Immortal* Bliss,
 No simple Man could ever speak like this.
 Arm'd with Celestial Fire, his sacred Darts
 Glide thro' our *Breasts*, and melt our yielding *Hearts*.
 So Southern Breezes, and the Spring's mild Ray,
 Unbind the *Glebe*, and thaw the Frozen Clay.
 He triumph'd o'er our *Souls*, and at his Will
 Bid this touch'd *Passion* rise, and that be still.
Wolves, *Tygers*, grizly *Lyons* did admire,
 As *Poets* feign, the famous *Orphean* Lyre:
 Charm'd with sweet *Tylon's* Voice, a kind more wild,
 More fierce and savage, grew divinely Mild.
 Lord of our *Passions* he with wondrous Art,
 Can strike the secret movements of our *Heart*;
 Release our *Souls*, and make them soar above,
 Wing'd with divine *Desires*, and Flames of *Heav'nly* Love.

He still convey'd sublime, *seraphick* Sense,
 In unaffected Strains of *Eloquence*.
 Easie and wonderful is all he says,
 Does both Delight, and Admiration raise.
 His pious Soul did in sad Accents mourn
Britannia's Chains, and *Pagan* Gods return :
 But hop'd, kind *Heav'n* would free, by *Arthur's* Hand
 Of barb'rous *Laws*, and *Gods*, th' afflicted Land.
 With the great *Tylon* young *Pollander* went,
 Fam'd for his Valour, and of high Descent :
 With these wife *Galbut* and *Mordennan* joyn,
 Whose Virtues vye with their illustrious Line.
 Valiant *Giralden* worn with War and Age,
 Does in th' Important Embassy engage.
Gisan was added, a *Dobunian* Knight,
 Bold in the *Senate*, and as Brave in Fight.
Hobar, *Manfellan*, *Cadel*, *Milo*, skill'd
 In Arms and *Eloquence*, the number fill'd.
 Such Orators they chose, fit to excite
 The Pious *Arthur*, and his Arms invite.

Thus *Tylon* to the pious Prince address'd,
 And found the Passage open to his Breast :
Britannia crush'd beneath the *Saxon* Yoke,
 Does with her mournful Prayer your Arms invoke.
 Enslav'd by Foreign Power, Distrest, Undone,
 She sues for Aid to you, her Valiant Son,
 And hopes for Succour from your Sword alone.
Otha all Right, and ancient *Law* subverts,
 And uncontroll'd Tyrannick *Power* asserts.
 His Lawless Will grasps Arbitrary Sway,
 And *British* Slaves, without Reserve, Obey.
 The sacred Bounds and Lines, which *Right* and *Law*,
 Round all those just and happy Kingdoms draw ;

Which

Which from the Wasse of Tyranny they gain,
 Where Uproar, Rage, and wild Confusion reign.
 These broken down, *Otha* does open lay,
 And throw the goodly *Island* up a Prey
 To Furies, which in lawless Kingdoms stray.
Britannia by the Conqueror ravish'd first,
 Then giv'n to Priests, and Souldiers raging Lust :
 Wretched *Britannia*, sunk in deep Despair,
 Beats her white Breasts, and tears her golden Hair.
 Dying with Anger, Shame and Grief, she lies,
 And Floods of Tears gush from her beauteous Eyes ;
 Which swell the silver Tide of mournful *Thames*,
 And grieve old Ocean with the troubled Streams.
 Hear, pious Prince, how to the *Neustrian* Shoar,
 Complaining Waves roll the sad Treasure o'er :
 How murmuring Winds waft o'er *Britannia's* Sighs,
 Can *Arthur* disregard his Country's Cries ?
 With words like these, and such a moving Art
 As can't be told he touch'd the Prince's Heart.
 With so much Life, he spake sad *Albion's* Moans,
 We thought we felt her smart, and heard her Groans
 Nor did the Pious Prince their Prayer oppose,
 But soon resolv'd to ease *Britannia's* Woes.
 To *Odor* he reveal'd his high Intent,
 Who *Ships*, and *Men*, and *Arms* rejoycing lent :
 Supplying all things our Descent requir'd,
 And heaping Gifts, more than our selves desir'd.
 Our *Ships* prepar'd, with chearful Zeal and Care,
 We went on Board, and soon embark'd the War.
 Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topails loos'd, a Gale
 Sprang up, and swell'd the Womb of every Sail.
 Old *Ocean* pleas'd our bounding Vessels laves,
 Which with sharp Keels cut thro' the foaming Waves.

Th'

Th' astonish'd *Saxons* see, and fear from far,
 The long Succession of the Sailing War.
 They spread thro' all the *Isle* the loud Alarm;
 And trembling *Otha* hastes his Men to Arm.
 We Sail'd not long before the Sea ran high,
 And gathering Clouds deform'd the lowring Sky:
 The fearful Storm arose, wherein we lost
 Th' extinguish'd Day, and on the Billows tost,
 Wedrove, till forc'd upon th' *Armoric* Coast.
 He ceas'd, and now the Shades of wearing Night,
 Did the pleas'd Audience to their Rest invite.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK V.

Lovely *Aurora* makes a mild Essay
 With glimm'ring Dawn, to introduce the Day.
 Her rosie Steps the *Sun* pursues, and spreads
 His smiling Glories on the Mountains Heads.
 The Princes rose, and *Hoel* thus exprest
 His friendly Passion, to his Royal Guest.
 Your Virtues shew you are by Heav'n design'd,
 A great *Deliv'rer* of oppress'd Mankind.
 You give to Realms with Wars molested, Peace,
 And from their Chains tormented Slaves release.
 Fair *Liberty's*, and blest *Religion's* Cause,
 Reviving Hopes from your Protection draws.
 Your prosp'rous Arms invading Plagues repel,
 And monstrous *Gods*, and monstrous *Tyrants* quell.
 King *Odor's* Realm and mine you save, in his
 You settle Peace, and Truth Divine in this.
 And now Compassion arms your valiant Hand,
 To free from barb'rous Rage, your native Land.
 To vanquish *Pagan* Darknefs, and display
Immortal Light, and pure *Ethereal* Day.
 My self will here abide, and Succours lend,
 O'er all the Realm *Christ's* Empire to extend:
Conan my Son shall on your Triumphs wait,
 And when return'd, your glorious Deeds relate.

I'll now command that with incessant Care,
 My Men assist, your losses to repair.
 Then I'll conduct you to the *Druids* Grove,
 Which Men of Heav'nly Contemplation love.
 Where solemn Walks and awful Shade invite
 Compos'd Devotion, and Divine Delight,
 Exclude the Sun's, to let in purer Light.
 There with your pious Conversation blest,
 New light will fill my Mind, new Joy my Breast.
 The Orders giv'n the Navy's Wants requir'd,
 The Princes to the *Druids* Grove retir'd:
 Where *Arthur's* Language did the King inspire,
 With Holy Transports, and Seraphick Fire.

Mean time th' *Armoricans* and *Britons* meet,
 All zealous to Equip the shatter'd Fleet :
 Part to the *Groves* and woody *Hills* repair,
 And with loud Labour fill the echoing-Air.
 Axes high rais'd by brawny Arms, descend
 With mighty Sway, and make the *Forest* bend.
 The Mountains murmur, and the nodding *Oaks*,
 Groan with their Wounds, from thick redoubled Strokes:
 The falling Trees desert the neighbouring Sky,
 Where now the Clouds may unmolested fly.
 A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,
 And lofty Ruine loads th' encumber'd Ground.
 Part the hewn Trees draw down with wondrous Toil,
 To enrich the Ocean with the Mountains Spoil.
 So fast they came, and in such Order stood,
 As th' *Orphean* Lyre had call'd th' obsequious Wood,
 From their fix'd Seats, to dance upon the Flood.
 Part raise the *Masts*, now to be shaken more
 With furious VVinds, than on their Hills before.

Part shape new Ribs, and with industrious Care,
 Ships broken Backs, and ghastly Wounds repair.
 Part their bruise'd Sides anoint with unctuous Pitch,
 Part the carv'd Sterns, with Paint and Gold enrich:
 Part Cables twist, part smear'd with Smoak and Sweat;
 With vast Cyclopean Strokes huge Anchors beat.
 While thus the *Britons* did their Ships repair,
 Th' Infernal Prince enrag'd and wreckt with Care;
 Swift, as exploded Lightning from the Skies,
 A second time to *Lapland* Mountains flies :
 Where the rough Monarch's noisy Palace stands,
 Whose awful Nod, the raging VVinds commands.
 To him thus *Lucifer* : Kind Prince, to you
 A second time I for Assistance sue.
 The cursed Prince that by your high Command,
 Your furious Subjects drove on *Hoel's* Land ;
 Aided by *Hoel* does his Fleet repair,
 Ready to *Albion* to transport the VVar.
 Let adverse Winds blow on the troubled Main,
 Retard their Project, and their Ships detain :
 Till *Otha* has prepar'd his Warlike Fleet,
 The proud Invader on the Seas to meet.

He ceas'd ; The Emperor of the Winds replies,
 When you shall ask what Rebel Power denies :
 Your Realms you rule with uncontested Sway,
 Your Post is to Command, mine to Obey.
 That said he calls his wandering Subjects home,
Eurus and *Notus* straight obedient come ;
 Last, sluggish *Auster* to his Den with wet
 And flabby Wings, does heavily retreat.
 To whom their Prince ; Let now your Labours cease,
 Indulge your Wings, be reconcil'd to Peace :

Close in your Darksome Prisons sleeping lie,
 To gain more Breath to blow, more Strength to fly.
 Then down their howling Throats black Sops he threw;
 Of *Poppies* and cold *Night-shade* made, that grew
 On the dark Banks, where *Lethe's* lazy Deep
 Does its black Stores, and drowsie Treasure keep,
 Rolls its slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves asleep.
 The strong Enchantments quick Admission find,
 And the wild Rout benumbing Fetters bind :
 They murmur in their sleep, and strive in vain
 To spurn away th' unweildy leaden Chain.
 Then calling *Boreas*, says, Fly *Boreas*, fly,
 Blow o'er the Lands, and on the Billows lie :
 Make haste, and to th' *Armoric* Coast repair,
 Be thine the spacious Empire of the Air.
 Unrivall'd, unmolested Reign alone,
 Till all thy Force is spent, and all thy Breath is gone ;
 No Hostile, windy Powers contest thy Reign,
 And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main.

Scarce had he ended, when up *Boreas* springs,
 And thro' the Air spreads out his furious Wings.
 He o'er warm Climes diffuses *Northern* Spoils,
 And the cold Treasures of the frozen Isles.
 With blustering War he frights old Ocean's Court,
 Buffets the Waves, and raises Storms in sport.
 In vain th' impatient *Brisons* spread their Sails,
 Loud *Boreas* keeps them back with adverse Gales.
 Proud *Lucifer* urg'd with his Rage and Spight,
 Back to *Britannia* takes his Airy Flight ;
 To find the *Saxon* Monarch, and inspire
 His trembling Soul with fresh Infernal Fire.

And

And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,
 And dusky Shades her silent State attend :
 V While pale fac'd *Cynthia* with her starry Train,
 Dart down their trembling Lustre on the Main.
 The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,
 And Sleep's soft Hand their drowsie Eye-lids close.
 All rest enjoy, but *Ossa* anxious lay,
 V Wakeful, and longing for returning Day.
 His dreadful Crimes affright his startled Soul,
 And in his Breast black Tides of Horror roll.
 Dire Shapes, and staring Ghosts pass threatening by,
 And Streaks of Fire across th' Apartment fly.
 He hears the Shrieks of those his bloody Hand
 Had murder'd, or that dy'd by his Command :
 He hears the V Widows Sighs, and Orphans Moans,
 Himself had made, and tortur'd Pris'ners Groans.
 The Grounds of pale Despair, he sometimes draws
 From *Arthur's* Valour, and his Righteous Cause.
 Sometimes he fears his injur'd Subjects Rage,
 Their vengeful Arms, against him will engage ;
 Then starts, and thinks he hears Prince *Arthur's* Fleet,
 Is on the Coast, proclaim'd in ev'ry Street.

Then *Lucifer* does *Odin's* Shape assume,
 And with Stern Grace enters King *Ossa's* Room.
 His vig'rous Limbs had dazling Armour on,
 And round his Head his polish'd Helmet shone.
 His conqu'ring Sword hung down with awful Grace,
 And Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face.
 His warlike Hand grip'd his Vulcanian Shield,
 With rare Devices pourtray'd on the Field.
 With Martial State he strides along the Room,
 And shakes at ev'ry Step his lofty Plume.

S 2

Advancing

Advancing to the Bed where *Otha* lay,
 He spake: Son *Otha*, from celestial Day,
 From the blest Groves, and mild *Elysian* Seats;
 Thy Father *Odin* to thy Aid retreats.
 To ease thy restless Mind of Anxious Cares,
 Support thy Hopes, and dissipate thy Fears.
 Stand thou uninov'd at *Arthur's* proud Alarms;
 Conquest attends thine, and thy *Saxons* Arms:
 He'll sink beneath the Sea's insulting Wave,
 Or landing find on Shore a surer Grave.
 Think on the Spoils and Trophies you have born,
 And spreading Laurels on your Temples worn.
 Let none that's sprung from my Victorious Race,
 At Danger shrink, and my great Stock debase.
 Go, haste thy Royal Navy to prepare,
 Let *Ships* with *Ships* encounter, *War* with *War*.
 On the wide Main th' Invader's Fleet oppose,
 Better to meet, than here expect your Foes.
 Go, chase their scatter'd Navy o'er the Deep,
 And thus in Peace, thy envy'd Empire keep.
 He ceas'd; and with Majestick Pace retir'd,
 And left King *Otha* with fresh Life inspir'd.

Who with the Sun arose, resolv'd to meet
 With all his Naval Power, Prince *Arthur's* Fleet.
 He gave Command, the Captains straight resort
 To their tall Ships, and leave the wanton Court.
 A forward Zeal the busie Sailors shew,
 Some mend old Ships, and some equip the new.
 With flaming Reeds some their Pitch'd Bellies fry,
 Some hoist the Yards, and Canvas Wings apply.
 Some from its Cradle launch a rocking Hull,
 Some at the Cables strain, and howling pull

Vaft

Vaſt Anchors up, ſome Stores and Arms entomb,
 And ſtow with hidden War the Ships dark Womb.
 The Shores around, and all the Oazy Soil
 Refound with Clamour, and the Sailors Toil.
 Well Rigg'd and Mann'd, the Ships from ev'ry Port
 To their appointed Rendezvous reſort.
 The Rivers diſembogue, beſides their Flood,
 Into the Seas, a lofty, painted Wood.

And now the Moon, had twice the Silver Field
 Of her fair Orb, with borrow'd Glory fill'd:
 Since the uneaſie *Britons* had remain'd
 By adverſe Winds, within their Port detain'd.
Boreas that had his Blaſts Profuſely blown,
 His Storms all ſpent, and bleak Treasures gone,
 With tir'd and flaggy Pinions now retreats,
 To fetch Recruits from wild *Laplandian* Seats:
Auſter does next with milder Blaſts prevail,
 And for the *Britons* blows a proſperous Gale.
 Now each rough Hero of the Ocean ſtands
 On the high Deck, giving Auſtere Commands.
 Prince *Arthur* to Embark approach'd the Shoar,
 Where the reſoſing Seas no longer roar:
 But at his Feet obſequious Billows lay,
 As conſcious of the Power they muſt obey.
 Then their broad Backs ſubſiding they ſubmit,
 Proud to ſuſtain their future Monarch's Fleet.
 The lofty Ships on rolling Billows bound,
 The Waves in ſoft Embraces clinging round.
 As when the *Trojans*, in the *Mantuan* Song,
 From *Africk* Sands, to *Latium* ſail'd along:
 Old Ocean roſe up from his rocky Throne,
 A Cryſtal Scepter, and a reedy Crown

His

His power confest, his dewy Head he rear'd,
 Above the Flood, and smiling on the Waves appear'd.
 New-gather'd Banks of Quicklands he remov'd,
 And kindly thro' the Deep, the Navy shov'd.
 So the calm Ocean seem'd with equal care,
 On its pleas'd Waves, the *British* Fleet to bear.
 Unweildy *Porpoisses* spout Seas away,
 And friendly *Dolphins* round the Squadrons play.
 The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,
 And on its foaming Ridge Triumphant ride.
 In glorious Lines the painted Squadrons move,
 As if the Poets Gods laps'd from above,
 In gilded Clouds, were dancing on the Seas
 In Masquerade, with the green Deities.

Twice the great Ruler of the Day, had hurl'd
 His flaming *Orb*, around th' enlighten'd World:
 When at the early Dawning of the Day,
 The Navies in each other's Prospect lay.
 The *Saxon* Squadrons cover all the Main,
 And with their *Prows* divide the liquid Plain
 Plying to Windward, *Arthur's* Men prepare
 Their Navy, to receive th' advancing War.
 Down on their Fleet King *Oda* bravely bore,
 Whose long-wing'd Navy stretcht from Shore to Shore.
 Both Fleets in Lines of War stood cross the Deep,
 And ready to engage, just Order keep.
 They hoist their bloody Flags, on either side,
 And Death her Jaws does for her Feast provide.
 Now the shrill Trumpets sprightly Voice, and all
 The Harmony of War, to Combate call.
 The *Saxon* Sailors with a hideous Cry,
 Affright the Deep, and rend the ecchoing Sky :

The barb'rous Yellings and out-ragious Sound
 From Rock to Rock, and Shore to Shore rebound.
 A furious Fight between the Fleets began,
 And bold *Selingbert* first attacks their Van.
 Now bearded Darts, and fatal Javelins fly,
 And Balls of Fire hiss thro' th' enlighten'd Sky.
 Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,
 And Death receives, and gives in feather'd Showers.
 Thus milder Fate at distance sparing flew
 Till to a close Fight *Selingbert* flew,
 And on his Foe his massy Grapples threw :
 Which clenching fast their pond'rous, griping Claws,
 The rude Embrace, both Ships together draws.
 The *Saxons* flew on Board with furious Arms,
 And on the Decks appear in numerous Swarms.
Vogan enrag'd, did fatal Wounds dispense,
 With lavish hand, and made a brave Defence.
 With Battle-Axes, Swords, unweildy Crows,
 They clear the Decks of the insulting Foes.
 Beat down with ghastly Wounds, some gasping lie,
 Others their Arms cast down, for Mercy cry.
 Into the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,
 And fly from Death above, to Death below.
 Down the Ship sides Torrents of *Saxon* Blood,
 VVith unknown Crimfon dye th' astonish'd Flood.
 Upon the Decks, which slaughter'd Heaps deform,
 Enrag'd *Selingbert* pours a second Storm,
 Which like a Summer's Shower soon disappear'd,
 By Valiant *Vogan* and his *Britons* clear'd.
Selingbert thus defeated, boils with Rage,
 But forc'd at last, his Ship to disengage ;
 He bears away, and quits th' unequal Fight,
 Providing for his safety, by his flight.

Ossa mean time his Men for Fight prepares,
 And fiercely down on *Arthur's* Squadron bears.
 The spacious sides of his high Ship consum'd
 Whole Forrests, and whole Mountains Spoils entomb'd.
 It self a Fleet a-crofs the Billows stood,
 Engros'd the Winds, and press'd the labouring Flood.
 The lofty, gilded Palace shone from far,
 Presenting to the Foe a glorious War.
 Bold *Ossa*, and the Valiant *Arthur* meet,
 VVhich struck a vast Concern thro' either Fleet :
 On this important Action seem'd to wait
 The *British* Hero's, and *Britannia's* Fate.
 Both sides with Shouts their fatal Weapons fling,
 And wing'd with Death thick Showers of Arrows sing,
 Unerring Darts in hissing Tempests fly,
 And carry swift Destruction thro' the Sky.
 Ships rush to Battle with enormous Shocks,
 As Tow'rs with Tow'rs encounter'd, Rocks with Rocks.
 So in the *Northern* Seas when Storms arise,
 High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice
 Against each other with a mighty Crash,
 Driv'n by the VVinds, in rude Rencounters dash.
 The Sea afflicted foams, the Waves on high,
 Toss'd by th' batt'ring *Islands*, lave the Sky.
 The Crystal Towers break with a fearful Crack,
 And on the Billows spread their floating Wreck.
 Vast Sheets of rocky Ice, and broken Isles,
 Oppress the lab'ring Ocean with their Spoils.
 On both sides now they call forth all their Rage,
 Resolv'd in closer Combate to engage.
 Then Death and Slaughter in sad Triumph reign'd,
 And Seas of Blood the slipp'ry Decks distain'd.

Some the Pale Dead into the Ocean heave,
 Some in the Ships low Caves the wounded leave.
 Prodigious Numbers fell on either Side,
 Thin on the Decks they look'd, but thick upon the Tide.
 For neither Chief e'er met a greater Foe,
 Both wondrous Skill, and wondrous Courage show :
 While Vi&ry poising equal Hope and Fear,
 With doubtful Wings hung hovering in the Air.

The wise Prince *Arthur*, whilst on Shore equips.
 Their use till then unknown, a sort of Ships,
 which since the Deeds of that Important Day,
 Among lost Arts in deep Oblivion lay :
 Till Captains that in after Ages liv'd,
 The long forgotten Stratagem reviv'd.
 Bitumen, Sulphur, and *Vulcanian* Spoils ;
 From lab'ring Mountains, and from unctious Soils
 Naphtha and Pitch, with Skill and Labour wrought,
 With hidden Stores of Flame the Vessel fraught :
 Like rolling Clouds where Lightning's Seeds remain,
 Their swelling Wombs a fiery Birth contain.
Arthur so strange a Ship to *Ossa* sent,
 With such Infernal Treasures in it pent :
 Which with its grappling Engines fix'd, and fir'd,
 The bold Commander to his Friends retir'd.
 The Fire with unextinguish'd Rage, consumes ;
 The Subterranean Wealth the Ship intombs.
 Vast sheets of Flame, and Pitchy Clouds arise,
 And burning Vomit spouts against the Skies.
 Tempests of Fire th' astonish'd Heav'ns annoy,
 Fierce, as those Storms, that from their Clouds destroy :
 As *Ætna* from its glowing Roots was torn,
 And by its own wild Hurricanes, was born

From its old Seat, to float upon the Waves,
 With *Vulcan's* Magazines, and *Cyclops* smoaking Caves.
 The burning Plague adher'd to *Ossa's* side,
 And the scorcht Ribs the hot Contagion fry'd :
 The spreading Mischiefs growth no Force restrains,
 The Plague resisted more severely Reigns.
 To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,
 And neighbour sits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires.
Ossa at last his flaming Ship forsakes,
 And in stout *Horsa's* Vessel Refuge takes.
 He once more here his Royal Standard Rears,
 Where on the Deck undaunted he appears,
 With chearful Looks, dissembling inward Fears.
 He strives the *Saxons* Courage to excite,
 To press the Foe, and still maintain the Fight ;
 But strives in vain, assisted by the Wind,
 The spreading Burnings no resistance find.
 Resistless Flames advance with lawless Power
 From Ship to Ship, and thro' the Fleet devour.
 Naked and half-burnt Hulls with hideous Wreck,
 Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's back :
 Scorcht Bodies, broken Masts, and smoaking Beams,
 Promiscuous Ruin, float along the Streams.
 Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horrour ride
 In fearful Pomp, upon the Crimson Tyde.
 At last King *Ossa*, dreading longer stay,
 Commanding all to follow, tows away ;
 The *Saxon* Captains chearfully obey.

But *Lucifer* enrag'd at this Defeat,
 Plots to protect, and cover their Retreat.
 Summon'd to his *Pavilion*, straight repair
 The *Demons*, that infest th' Inferiour Air :

VVith

With bloated *Fiends*, that in dark Caves abide,
 And o'er the Subterranean Damps preside.
 Last the slow *Powers* come from their misty Dens,
 Who rule the *Marshes*, *Lakes*, and stagnant *Fens* :
 To whom their Prince, see, how King *Ossa* tows
 His shatter'd Ships, prest by Victorious Foes.
 Go, and protect him from the fierce Pursuit,
 And give him time, his Navy to recruit :
 Let all your *Damps*, and lazy *Fogs* arise,
 And with your sluggish Treasures cloud the Skies ;
 Let your thick *Mists* repel th' unwelcome Light,
 And o'er the Ocean spread a friendly Night.

The humble Powers their haughty Prince obey ;
 Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,
 From each embowell'd Mount, and hollow Vault,
 Crude *Exhalations* and raw *Vapours* brought.
 Some from deep *Quagmires*, Ponds, and sedge Moors,
 Drive the dull *Reeks*, and shove the *baizy* Stores :
 To their appointed Station all repair,
 And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air.
 The ponderous *Night's* impenetrable Steems
 Exclude the *Sun*, and choak his brightest Beams.
 The hovering Clouds the *Saxon* Fleet embrace,
 And wondrous Darknets stops the *Briton's* Chase.
Ossa, *Aeneas* like, a misty Night
 Around him cast, escapes the *Briton's* Sight.
 Now had the Sun diffus'd the early Day,
 From his bright Orb, and chas'd the Fogs away :
 To their known Shore the *Saxon* Navy flies,
 And in their Ports and Rivers safely lies.

Arthur, who while the Shades prevail'd, had lain
 Under an easie Sail, upon the Main ;

T 2

Discovering

Discovering that the *Saxon* Fleet was lost,
 Tack'd, and directly stood for *Albion's* Coast.
 He sail'd not long, before his Joyful Men
 Could from the Masts, their native Country ken.
 First the *Boherian* Promontory rears
 His Head, and as a lofty Wedge appears,
 That down into the Deep, had from the Shore,
 Run from *Danmonian* Mines and melted Oar:
 Here when the Oazy Shore, by ebbing Tides,
 Is naked left, around its glittering Sides,
 Pale *Timy* Oar, and *Copper's* brighter Vein,
 Casts Glimmering Lustre o'er the liquid Plain.
 Next they discover the aspiring Hills,
 Whose precious Sides *Metallick* Treasure fills:
 In their dark Caves *Cyclopians* Lab'ers sweat,
 And their vast Blows the echoing Hills repeat.
 With ghastly Wounds they rend the groaning Earth,
 And from its Bowels wrest the massy Birth:
 By racking Engines, and redoubled Blows,
 She's forced her hidden Riches to disclose.
 Under wide *Caldrons*, some whole Forests pile,
 And melt in purging Flames the wealthy Spoil.
 Some in their hot *Ætnean* Forges sweat,
 And glowing Wedges on huge *Anvils* beat:
 Their mighty strokes shake all the bellowing ground,
 The neighb'ring Mountains, and the Vales around,
 With subterranean Toil and Noise resound.
 They pass the crooked Shore, which Fame of old
 Enrich'd with pond'rous *Pearl* and scatter'd *Gold*:
 They view the *Rocks* with *Gems* and Treasure blest,
 In verdant *Samphire*, and *Eringo* drest.
Danmonian Crows, leaving the Neighb'ring Hills,
 In numerous, noisy Flights, their Feet and Bills

With

With Native *Crimson* dy'd, o'erspread the Sky,
 And o'er the Fleet in Ominous Circles fly.
 Not far remov'd, its sides a Mountain shows,
 Where winding Shores a spacious Bay enclose:
 His lofty Head, that flying Clouds invades,
 From Shore to Shore the dusky Ocean shades.
 Long this wild Seat, as ancient Fame obtain'd,
 A fierce *Gigantick* Race of Men maintain'd;
 Tall as the Hill, on which the Monsters dwelt,
 Whose groaning sides their striding motion felt:
 Torn from wild Beasts raw Skins, and grisly Hydes,
 A horrid Dress, adorn'd their hideous sides.
 Half roasted *Swine* their savage Jaws devour,
 Which stain their squallid Chins with flowing Gore.
 In thorny Dens the outstretch'd Monsters ly,
 Half eaten Limbs, and mangled Bodies by:
 With Rapes and Thefts, and endless Murders cloy'd,
 A fearful Plague, the Region they destroy'd.
 Weathering the Point with favourable Gales,
 Along the Shore the Conquering Navy Sails:
 Into the rough *Hibernian* Seas they came,
 That howling Monsters, and dire Gulphs defame;
 Which to avoid, close to the Shore they keep,
 Where fair *Sabrina* to her Parent Deep,
 Drawing her silver Train along does glide;
 Diluting with fresh Streams the Briny Tyde.
 Lovely *Sabrina* that for refluent Tydes,
 Fair Cities, verdant Meadows, flow'ry Sides,
 For Finn'd Inhabitants; and pleasant Streams,
 Yields only to her fairer Sister *Thames*.
 Passing these Seas, they view the fertile Soil,
 Till'd by *Silurian* Farmers skilful Toil;
 Where the vext Sea fair *Clamorgania* laves,
 And rolls along the Sand its foaming Waves:

Here

Here *Rhemnius*, gliding by *Carphili's* Walls,
 Proud of its *Roman* strength, into the Ocean falls:
 Then *Ratofibium* from the hilly Lands,
 Rolls down its rapid Tyde, and troubled Sands.
 Next they descry an Isle of wondrous Fame;
 Which the succeeding Ages *Barry* name.
 In its high sides that to the Sea appear,
 Dreadful to tell, th' astonish'd Saylor's hear
Ætnean Labour, where the bellowing Rocks,
 Shake with Gigantick Toil, and Thundering Strokes
 Of groaning *Smiths*; sometimes a mighty flegde,
 On a vast Anvil, beats a flaming wedge:
 Now Bellows form'd of vast, capacious Hydes,
 All *Boreas* blow from their *Æolian* sides.
 Now the resisting Flames and Fiery Store;
 By Winds assaulted, in wide Forges roar,
 And raging Seas flow down of melted Oar.
 Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
 And to the sides, huge heaps of Cynders shov'd.
 As we advanc'd the Coast in Prospect lay,
 Which the *Dimetian* Lords did then obey:
 Here th' opening Land invites, with outstretcht Arms
 The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms
 Of the rough, windy Powers, to take their Ease,
 And on its Bosom lye diffus'd in Peace.
 The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,
 And gently roll into the Land's Embrace:
 To secret *Creeks* the weary Billows creep,
 And stretcht on *Oazy* Beds securely sleep.
 No happy Land, along th' *European* Coast,
 Can such a fair and spacious *Haven* boast.
 In this wide Station, the *Dimetians* pride,
 The biggest *Ships*, and greatest *Fleets* may ride,
 Safe from the Insults of the Winds and Tide.

Two lofty *Castles* with their gilded Towers,
 Inlighten, and defend the subject Shores.
 Here the Victorious *Britons* safe arrive,
 With all the Joy, long-wish'd for Harbours give:
 In frequent Throngs, the glad *Dimetians* stand
 Upon the *Coast*, thick as th' unnumber'd Sand.
 Their Acclamations and loud Shouts rebound,
 From trembling Hills, and shake the Shores around:
 The Ships lay rocking, and their Masts bend more
 With *Britons* Breath, than with the Winds before.
 The joyful *Britons* and their Friends debark,
 And near the Shore a spacious Camp they mark.
 The pious Prince at a fair Castle staid,
 That *Malgo* the *Dimetian* Lord obey'd.

Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,
 Light sprinkled o'er with *Cynthia's* silver Rays.
 Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,
 And sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light:
 Prince *Arthur* sleeps, by Summons from on high,
 From trembling Joynts, his active Spirits fly
 To the round Palace of th' Immortal Soul,
 And thro' the Rooms and dark Apartments roll.
 The busie Crowd fills all the labouring Brain,
 Bright Fancy's Work-house, where close Cells contain
 Of Forms and Images an endless Train,
 Which thither thro' the waking Senses glide,
 And in fair *Mem'ry's* Magazine abide.
 Compos'd of these, light Scenes and Shows appear,
 Which still employ the restless Theater.
 Divinely mov'd, the Airy Figures take
 Their several Ranks, and this bright Vision make.
 Prince *Arthur*, on a verdant Eminence
 Conversing with King *Uter* stood, from whence,

He views with wondring Eyes, great Lords and States,
 Crown'd Heads, Victorious Princes, Potentates,
 Heroes and Heroines, a glorious Train,
 which in long Order fill'd the subject Plain.
 Prince *Arthur* on the Royal Scene intent,
 Demands what this August Assembly meant:
 For what end thither come, and who they were
 That at th' Illustrious *Congress* did appear.

King *Uter* then reply'd: Know pious Son,
 That after various bloody Battels won,
 You Beauteous *Ethelina* shall espouse,
 The fairest Branch of all King *Otha's* house.
 A *Christian* Princess of a Pagan Line,
 Whose Virtues equal with her Beauty shine.
 You shall Triumphant mount the *British* Throne,
 Which has not yet so great a Monarch known.
 Swell not with Pride, th' Imperial Seat you gain,
 Brings envy'd Honour, but unenvy'd Pain.
 Your People rule with equal *Laws*, and know
 You're happy, when you make your Subjects so.
 Let them a Good, Indulgent *Father* find,
 Be mercifully *Just*, severely *Kind*.
 Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw,
 Glorious Examples have more Force, then Law.
 Seek not an uncontroll'd and lawless Sway,
 Subjects from *Love*, but Slaves from *Fear* obey.
 And whom the People fear, they quickly hate,
 Which Passions in their Prince the like Create:
 Hence mutual Jealousies, and deep Designs,
 Hence strong Distrust the mould'ring State disjoyns.
 Diffusing good on all Mankind, you'll show
 You imitate Heav'n's Government below.

The

The *Benefactor* will most Honour bring,
 And the *Deliverer's* greater than the *King* :
 Believe no Foreign hostile Power, can move
 Your Throne, supported by your Subjects Love.

The bright Assembly which surrounds the Hill,
 And with their Numbers all the Vally fill,
 Are *Albion's* Hero's, who in future days,
 Their own, and *Albion's* Name, to Heav'n shall raise.
 The Regal Orders that the rest outshine,
 With glittering Crowns, are the Imperial Line,
 Which after you, on *Albion's* Throne shall sit,
 Their Names in Fate's Eternal Volumes writ.
 The Kings that in the foremost Rank appear,
 Who frowning and unpleasant Aspects wear ;
 Whose waning Crowns with faded Lustre shine,
 Shall after you succeed, first *Constantine*,
Conanus, and the rest of *British* Line :
 These look not with their Native Splendour bright,
 But dimly shine, with delegated Light.
 Heroick Deeds by great Forefathers done,
 Cast all their Glory on them, not their own :
 To narrow Bounds their scanty Empire shrinks,
 And *Britons* Grandeur, with their Virtue sinks.
 At last their Crimes, offended Heav'n provoke,
 To crush their Nation with the *Saxon* Yoke.

Here *Arthur* sigh'd, that his degenerate Race,
 Should with inglorious Deeds their Stock debase:

When *Uter* cry'd, Observe the *Saxon* Line,
 Where mighty Kings the *British* Rank outshine!
 Crowns on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hand,
 All great in War, and born for high Command.

U

Their

Their Arms the *British* Empire shall assail,
 And aided by the *Britons* Crimes prevail.
 This mighty Nation quickly shall believe
 The Christians God, and Heav'nly Light receive.
 That's *Ethelbert* the first of *Saxon* Race,
 That shall pure Faith, and Truth Divine embrace.
 He shall destroy in their own Temples Flames,
 Their senseless Gods, of barb'rous Northern Names ;
 In vain their Priests on helpless Idols call,
 They, and their Groves by the same Axes fall :
 Fragments of broken Altars, and the spoil
 Of ruin'd Gods, fill all the applauding Isle.
 All shall adore the great mysterious King,
 And of his Cross the glorious Triumphs sing:
 The Spring of Life gilded with Heav'nly Beams,
 Purge guilty Minds, with pure Baptismal Streams.
 From hence the Light shall break, which shall dispell
 The *Pagan* Shades, which on the *Saxons* dwell.
 Proud *Lucifer* subdu'd, flies in despair,
 With all th' Infernal Powers about the Air,
 Who with their broad, extended Wings retreat,
 To seek a safe, and unmolested Seat :
 To fix on *Scythian* Hills their gloomy Throne,
 Or on the Sands fry'd by the burning Zone.
 As when the *Storks* prepare to change their Clime,
 The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,
 Wheeling, and trowing up in Circles fly,
 And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky :
 In lingering Clouds they hang, and Leisure give,
 For all their Feather'd People to arrive.
 To th' Airy Rendezvous all hast away,
 And their known Leaders noisy Call obey ;
 Then thro' the Heav'ns their trackless flight they take,
 And for new Worlds, their present Seats forsake :

So here the Fiends assembled in the Air,
 Quit *Albion's* Soil, and to wild Lands repair.

Remark that Prince, which in the midst appears,
 Seven bright Imperial Diadems he wears ;
 That's the great *Egbert*, whose heroick Might,
 Shall the dismember'd Island reunite :
 His Arms shall give him universal Sway,
 And all the *Saxons* shall his Power obey.

See there the great *Northumbrian* Monarch stands,
Edwine his Name that all the Isle commands :
 A happy Prince, if his good Angels Art
 Diverts the *Mercian* Ruffian's bloody Dart.
Saxons and *Britons* shall obey his Arms,
 Himself, the lovely *Ethelburga* Charms :
 Her Beauteous Eyes the mighty Monarch fire,
 Her Words, his Soul with *Christian* Flames inspire.
 Blest *Ethelburga* of unrival'd Worth,
 That plants Religion in the barren North.

See *Alfred* there, all shall his Praises sing,
 A pious Souldier, and an humble King.
Hero and *Bard*, able in lofty Verse
 His own great Deeds, and Triumphs to rehearse.
 Obey'd by all his unresisted Arms,
 Shall to their Coasts repel the *Danish* Swarms :
 Into the Seas swept by his potent Hand,
 Those *Northern* Locusts leave th' afflicted Land.
 The People his wise Laws shall cultivate,
 From their rude Minds, and smooth th' unpolish'd State.
 Upon the Verdant Plain, where *Isis* Streams
 Hast to th' Embraces of her Sister *Thames* :

This mighty Prince shall a fam'd Empire Found,
 Where Learning sits with branching Laurels Crown'd.
 Where sacred Arts with all their Letter'd Train;
 In lofty Schools shall unmolested Reign :
 Banish'd from *Greece* and *Rome*, no safe Retreat
 They'll find, till settled in this Peaceful Seat.
 Ages to come, this Seat will *Oxford* name,
 Of which no Time, or Place, shall bound the Fame.
 Remoteſt Nations ſhall her Wonders know,
 Far as *Great Britain's* potent Navies go.
 Learning, her Native growth, ſhall Strangers fetch;
 And taught by her, their own rude Countries teach :
 Th'admiring World ſhall *Albion* then adore;
 Revere her Armies, but her Learning more:
 As when the Wiſdom of th' Eternal Mind;
 Rude *Chaos* labour'd, and the Maſs refin'd ;
 The ſcatter'd Rays that wander'd in the Air,
 Did to the Sun's capacious Orb repair ;
 The ſhining Colonies pour' thick around,
 Here fixt, and did a glorious Empire Found :
 So here the broken Beams of glimmering Arts,
 Aſſembling all their Light from diſtant parts,
 To make bright *Oxford's* Luminary ſtay,
 Which o'er the World ſhall ſpread Celeſtial Day.

Remark *Elſeda* there, a Martial Dame,
 That by her Arms ſhall win Immortal Fame.
 At laſt the Princes of the *Saxon* Line,
 From Heav'nly Love and Purity decline :
 Their Chriſtian Virtues, and pure Zeal abate,
 And with them ſickens their decaying State.
 With Chriſtian Names, their Pagan Crimes they keep;
 And deaf to Heav'n's loud Threats ſecurely ſleep:

Till

Till the fierce *Dane* ſent by ſupream Command,
 A vengeful Scourge does on their Borders Land.
 The *Saxon's* Guardian Angels call'd away,
 Leave them to hoſtile Arms, an eaſie Prey.
 Thus Heav'n afflicts a Land, when Impious grown,
 And from their Throne pulls haughty Monarchs down.
 This dreadful Curſe, ſhall by relenting Heav'n,
 Be ſoon from ſad *Britannia's* Empire driv'n :
 The Cruel, ſloathful *Dane* ſhall ſoon decline,
 To make way for a nobler *Norman* Line.

That Prince obſerve, which moves with ſo much Grace,
 Is the great *William* of the *Norman* Race :
 A mighty Prince, a Leader Brave, and Wiſe,
 Whoſe towring Fame ſhall ſoar above the Skies.
 Heav'n does for him *Britannia's* Crown deſign,
 From which great Stock, ſhall branch a numerous Line
 Of mighty Princes, that ſhall Rule this Iſle,
 Enriching it with Conquer'd Nations Spoil.

The Valiant ſecond *Henry*, ſee him there,
 What Maſteſty does in his Looks appear?
 Through wild *Hibernia* he ſhall force his way,
 And add four Kingdoms to the *Britiſh* Sway.

Brave *Richard* ſee, who from the ſacred Coaſt,
 Shall drive the Barb'rous, Unbelieving Hoſt.
 In *Gaul* this Monarch's Arms ſhall be renown'd,
 Dreaded in Battel, and with Conqueſt Crown'd.
 Long time in Peace his Crown might be enjoy'd,
 Could he the Arrow at *Chaluz* avoid.

Now, Son, your Eye to that brave Warriour turn,
 Whoſe Beams ſo much the *Norman* Line adorn:

How

How great a Presence, what a Port he bears?
 How much a mighty Conq'rou he appears?
 That Prince is *Edward*, whose Victorious Arms
Judea save from *Pagan* Foes Alarms.
 How he returns thro' the *Trinacrian* Isle,
 Thro' high *Parthenope's* delicious Soil,
 Thro' loud Applauses of admiring *Rome*,
 Reeking in hostile Blood triumphant home!
 The beauteous Person next that Monarch seen,
 Is *Eleonora* his Illustrious Queen.
 In Storms she's with him on the Ocean tost,
 To seek out horrid War on *Asia's* Coast.
 Midst barbarous Arms his Wife, Adviser, Friend,
 She his prodigious Labours shall attend.
 And when her Lord, so Heav'n permits, shall feel
 Within his Veins, the Murd'ers poison'd Steel:
 She to the spreading Plague her lips applies,
 And gives that Ease, which *Asia's* Balm denies.
 Invading Death her healing Kisses Charm,
 And with new life the sinking Monarch warm.
 No other Prince that in this Age shall reign,
 Shall equal Honour to brave *Edward's* Gain,
 But great *Adolphus*, of the Illustrious Race
 Of Hero's, which the House of *Nassau* Grace:
 This mighty Prince shall gain th' Imperial Sway,
 And wide *Germania* shall his Laws obey.
 The God-like Virtues, and Heroick Fire,
 Which shall the brave *Nassovian* House inspire,
 Shall make *Adolphus* shine in his high Sphear,
 Preluding to the great Deliverer,
 The pious *William*; yonder he's in Sight,
 In whom *Nassovian* Blood, and ours unite.

There

There war-like *Edward* stands, that with his Host,
 Shall cross the Ocean to the *Gallick* Coast:
 Where he his Conquering Ensigns shall display,
 And make the haughty *Franks* his Laws obey.
 There Queen *Philippa* shines, th' *Albanians* Dread,
 Worthy of *Britain's* Crown, and *Edward's* Bed:
 While Foreign Kingdoms *Edwards* Arms subdue;
 Hers thro' the North the vanquish'd *Scots* pursue.
 See the Black Prince in Armour by her side,
 Proud *Gallia's* Terror, and fair *Albion's* Pride:
 What Triumphs wait him in *Pictavian* Fields?
 What never-fading Laurels *Croissy* yields?

That *Henry* mark, the glorious Conquerour,
 Who *Gallia* shall reduce by *Albion's* Power.
 Immortal Prince, if Arms can make thee so,
 For thee in *Norman* Fields what Laurels grow?
 How great he'll seem, his Arms distain'd with Blood,
 Chasing the *Franks* o'er *Sein's* affrighted Flood!
 At *Agencourt* what Wonders shall be done,
 What Towns of Force, what Battels shall be won,
 Before in Triumph he ascends their Throne?

Our Blood the Royal Channel now regains,
 Deriv'd thto' *Tudor* our brave Offspring's Veins;
 Which with the *Norman* joyn'd, the Confluent Tide
 As long, as that of Time, shall downward glide.
 From their Embrace to rule *Britannia* springs,
 A glorious Race of Queens, and potent Kings.
 See, the first *Tudor* that ascends the Throne,
 After the glorious Field at *Bosworth* won.
 The Scepter he shall sway with great Applause,
 And Rule the Isle with Wise and Equal Laws;

Young

Young *Edward* there, *Albion's* Delight appears
 Learn'd, Pious, Manly, Wise above his years.
 Then Liberty in all her lovely Charms,
 Shall sit secure from Tyranny's Alarms:
 Religion purg'd from *Rome's* Adulterous Stain;
 Shall in her pure, and Native Splendor Reign.
 No greater Mind to *Albion's* Crown succeeds,
 Rever'd for Brave, and lov'd for Pious Deeds.
 Blest *Albion*, if kind Heav'n would long permit
 So great a Monarch, on thy Throne to sit!
 But, oh, how short Delights attend him here,
 Such Heav'nly Guests are shewn, and disappear:
 Dear both to Earth and Heav'n, he'll soon remove
 His Throne from hence, to Reign in Bliss above:
 With what Complaint, with what despairing Cries,
 Shall sad *Britannia* Mourn his Obsequies?

There, see, the bright *Elizabetha* rise,
 Inlightning with her Rays the *British* Skies.
 Th' Indulgent Parent of her People, she
 Loves, Feeds, and Guards *Britannia's* Family.
 Heav'n's and her People's Rights she shall protect,
 And for *Britannia's* Ease, her own neglect:
 Her Sons she shall embrace with pious Care,
 And from her Coasts send back th' *Iberian* War.
 Blest times, when she that wears th' Imperial Crown,
 Regards her Peoples Safety, as her own.

Intently now on that great Monarch gaze,
 So much distinguish'd by his brighter Rays:
 This is the Man, the brave *Nassovian*, whom
 I nam'd, the great Deliverer to come.
 Succeeding Prophets under your great Name,
 This our great Offspring shall aloud proclaim;

Rais'd

Rais'd from a noble Branch of *Tudor's* Line,
 From *Thamafis* transplanted to the *Rhine*.
 Amaz'd Posterity, will scarce believe
 The wond'rous Deeds, this Hero shall achieve.
 Th' *European* World by *Rome* and *Gaul* oppress'd,
 By his long-wish'd-for Arms shall be releas'd.
 He'll far out-shine his own Heroick Race,
Europe's protectors, who shall Tyrants chase,
 And Monsters vanquish with *Herculean* Toil,
 And rescue from their bloody Jaws, their Spoil.
 The beardless Hero's first victorious Arms,
 Shall free his Country from the *Gauls* Alarms:
 As he advances, Seas of *Gallick* Blood,
 Shall with red Streams, swell *Mosa's* wondring Flood:
 Their slaughter'd Ranks shall lie along the *Rhine*,
 And with strange Purple stain th' astonish'd Vine.

For in this Age,
 Just Heav'n shall cause a haughty Prince to rise,
 Cruel, as *Lucifer*, and like him wise.
 Heav'n's Laws, and Power, The Tyrant shall deride,
 Breaking in Sport, the Oaths wherewith he's ti'd.
 Th' insatiate Monster pleas'd with humane Gore,
 And urg'd with Hellish Rage, shall first devour
 His *Gallick* Slaves, and with a merciless Hand,
 Spread fearful Ruin o'er his fruitful Land.
 Raging with Fire and Sword, he shall invade
 His Neighbour's Cities, to his Gold betray'd.
 No Spoil, no Carnage, shall his Fury cloy,
 But drunk with Blood, he shall around destroy,
 Like spreading Fires, or Torrents roaring down,
 From melting Snows, that all the Vally drown.
 Like Hell, he shall derive his chiefest Joy,
 From the divine Permission to destroy.

X

Mischief

Mischief and Ruin, he shall Conquest name,
 And from Destruction raise a dismal Fame.
 Regions laid wast, Orphans and Widows Cries,
 Proclaim his Power, and barb'rous Victories.
 So dire a Plague, shall Heav'n permit to reign,
 To scourge th' impious World, but to restrain
 The savage Spoiler, shall this Prince employ;
 Monsters grow up, for Heroes to destroy.
 The valiant Youth sinking *Batavia* saves,
 Their surest Digue against the *Gallick* Waves.
 After oppress'd *Britannia* shall invite,
 The fam'd *Deliverer* to assert her Right.
 His Arms the lowring Tempest shall dispel,
 Which threatening *Albion*, rolls from *Rome* and Hell:
 Fair Liberty her drooping Head shall rear,
 And blest Religion on her Throne appear.
 His Reign fresh Life to *Albion* shall impart,
 And teach her Sons War's long-forgotten Art:
Britons dissolv'd in soft, inglorious Ease,
 In courtly Vices, and luxurious Peace,
 He shall inspire with a new martial Flame,
 And lead them on, to gain their Ancient Fame:
 Now *Albion's* Youth polish their rusty Arms,
 And once more, *Gallia* dreads their loud Alarms:
 Victorious *Britons* as of old, shall come
 Laden with Spoils; and crown'd with Laurels, home:

He ceas'd; but near the great *Nassovian* flood
 A *Heroine*, by men of Royal Blood.
 Her Form Divine, and Seraph-like her Face,
 Where Heav'nly Sweetness, strove with Princely Grace.
 But a black Cloud on her fair Temples lies,
 And on the ground she fixt her beauteous Eyes.

Prince

Prince *Arthur* on th' Illustrious Form Intent,
 Ask'd who she was, and what the Sadness meant,
 That her dejected Eyes did overspread,
 What the thick Mist that hover'd round her Head.

King *Uter* with Reluctance thus replies;
 While flowing Tears gush'd from his mournful Eyes:
 Ah, Son demand no more their Fates to know,
 Which must produce such universal Woe.
 Telling that Offspring's Story, I reveal
 A Scene of Grief, I labour'd to conceal.
 This Wonder to the World, as soon as shown,
 Is taken up to her Celestial Throne.
 Ah! what sad Accents, what a mournful Cry,
 What lamentable Sounds will fill the Sky,
 When her high Herse, shall from her Palace go
 Thro' weeping Throngs, in all the Pomp of Woe:
 So sad a Cry did wondring *Nile* affright,
 When *Egypt's* first-born Youth were slain by Night.
 What Strains of Sorrow will *Augusta* show:
 What Floods of Tears, sad *Thamisis*, will flow
 Into thy Stream, while gliding by the Dome,
 Where fresh erected stands her lofty Tomb:
 Son, mind her Presence, what a God-like Air:
 What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear:
 No nobler Genius, no well fashion'd Mind
 E'er took a Turn more happily design'd,
 From an Ethernal Mould more labour'd and refin'd.
 Mild as the blest above, without serene
 As *Eden's* Air, and calm as Heav'n within.
 No lovelier Star adorns the *British* Sphear,
 Ah! might she longer in her Orb appear,
 That her Celestial Influence might Flow
 In chearing Streams on all the Isle below!

X 2

New

New warmth to *Albion* her kind Beams afford,
 To *Albion* guarded, as before restor'd,
 By the *Nassovian* Angel's flaming Sword.
 My fairest Offspring! ah, her rigid Doom!
 She shall *Maria* be: Come, quickly come,
 Bring me white Lillies, *Roses* newly blown,
 Lillies and *Roses*, like *Maria's* own:
 These on her *Herse* I'll scatter, and perfume
 With Od'rous Herbs and Flowers, the precious Tomb.
 Let me my Sorrow thus express, 'tis true,
 A fruitless Deed, but all that Love can do.

The Tides of Grief which here swell'd *Arthur's* Breast,
 Broke Sleep's soft Fetters, and dissolv'd his Rest:
 The Airy Objects, that without did wait,
 Now rush in by the Senses open Gate.
 His waking Thought, the wondrous Scene reviews,
 And various Passions in his Mind renews.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

B. O. O K VI.

NOW in the East the Saffron Morn arose,
 And call'd the Lab'rer from his soft repose.
 Thro' all the Region flew Loquacious Fame;
 And the glad tidings spread, where'er she came;
 Prince *Arthur's* Landed, is the general Cry,
 Straight to their Arms the cheerful Britons fly:
 The great Restorer all prepare to meet,
 And warlike Noise resounds in every Street.
 His eager Friends impatient of delay,
 Had long expected this Auspicious Day.
 They knew he was Embark'd to bring them Aid,
 And for his quick, and safe arrival pray'd.
 Oft on the Rocks and highest Hills they stood,
 And all around the Subject Ocean view'd
 With longing Eyes, hoping the sight to gain
 Of *Arthur's* Conquering Navy on the Main:
 And when no Fleet, no *Arthur* they descri'd,
 They chid the Winds, and interposing Tyde:
 With less impatience staid th' *Ithacian* Dame,
 Till to her Arms her wish'd *Ulysses* came.
 The *Sesbian* Maid not with such Passion stood,
 To spy her Lover cutting through the Flood.
 The Zealous Men while adverse *Boreas* reign'd,
 And from the Coasts Prince *Arthur's* Fleet detain'd,

When

When mild *Aurora* with her rosy Light,
 Began to streak the dusky Face of Night,
 Oft from their Beds, up to the Windows flew,
 And thence the Fanes and flying Clouds would view;
 To see if yet more favourable Gales,
 Rose from the South, to swell Prince *Arthur's* Sails.
 Anxious they look around, but when they find
 Their hopes retarded by an adverse Wind,
 Their Sorrow in repeated Sighs express,
 They to their Beds return, but not to Rest.

Thus they expected *Arthur's* powerful Aid,
 And such their Sorrow was, their Hopes delay'd.
 But now, at last the Princes Fleet arriv'd,
 Raises their Courage, and their hopes reviv'd.
 The joyful Throngs Prince *Arthur's* praise proclaim;
 This every Tongue employs, ev'n Children aim }
 That scarce have learn'd to speak, to lip his Name. }
 Some praise his Stature, and his God-like Face,
 His awful Presence, and Majestick Grace,
 His Courage some, and Conduct in the Field,
 And think great *Cæsar's* Fame to his must yield:
 His Clemency and Pity some admire,
 And all the Virtues, which his Mind inspire.
 The Actions of his Childhood some repeat,
 In which they still discover'd something Great:
 And now, what they expected, he appears,
 The Hero promis'd in his tender years.
 Others relate the ancient Prophecies,
 Wherein was told a Monarch should arise
 Of mighty Power, and Universal Fame,
 That should to Heav'n advance the *British* Name:
 Things weigh'd, and well compar'd, they all consent
Arthur's the Conq'rou, that the Prophets meant.

Some

Some tell their Friends, their Courage to support;
 What mighty Guards surround the Prince's Court.
 What Succours hir'd were from *Germania* brought,
 Succours, as oft Victorious, as they fought:
 Fierce *Alpine Allobrogs* with slaughter fed,
 In Snows and everlasting Winter bred.
 Men of stupendous Bulk, pamper'd and cloy'd
 With Blood of Nations, which their Arms destroy'd:
 Arm'd with broad flaming Swords, and mighty Spears;
 Their Caps were Wolves, their Coats rough Skins of Bears:
 Who stretch'd on Beds did n'er their Limbs repose,
 But from the naked ground still vigorous rose.
 Of Aspect terrible, their squalid Face
 Thick, matted Beards with bristly Terror grace:
 None e'er escap'd, that did their Arms provoke,
 They mow whole Squadrons with a single stroke.
 This monstrous Kind of Men did Fame invent,
 And *Arthur's* Troops so dreadful represent,
 To raise the *Britons* Hearts before deprest,
 And strike a Terror thro' the *Saxon's* Breast.
 With Joy transported all for Arms declare,
 And all the Accoutrements of War prepare.
 The *Shepherds* on the Hills forsake their Flocks;
 And leave their brouzing *Goats* upon the Rocks.
 Instead of Crooks, which did their Flocks command;
 Long warlike Spears they brandish in their Hand.
 The *British* Youth their Courage rais'd, rejoyce
 To see the Banners fly, and hear the Trumpet's Voice.
 The *Farmers* leave the Hopes their Fields afford,
 To reap fresh Laurels with their Conquering Sword.
 The noise of War does from the Hills rebound,
 And midst the *Miners* Echo's under ground:
 Who straight alarm'd, at nobler Labour Sweat,
 And into Swords their glowing Metal beat.

Then

Their Forges, Anvils and wide Bellows breath,
 Are all employ'd in various kinds of Death.
 Some shape the Halbert, and broad Fauchion's Blade,
 And Darts by some, and Arrows Heads are made.
 Some forming Battle-Axes heave the Sledge,
 Some into Shields strike out a flaming Wedge.
 To fashion Helmers some the Hammer ply,
 Some labour, Pieces for the Leg and Thigh.
 With Lances arm'd, some their hot Courfers rein,
 And to the War Curvet along the Plain.
 Some with their clenching Gauntlets grasp the Shield,
 Shake their long Spears, and rush into the Field.
 Across their Shoulders some their Quivers hung,
 Their Arrows Trim'd, and Bows for Death new strung.
 As when black Clouds dark'ning the Summer Sky,
 Loaded with Crystal Tempests slowly fly,
 Th' Artillery discharg'd, with mighty Sound
 Th' exploded Hailstones, leap upon the ground,
 Thunder amidst the Woods, and from the Hills rebound.
 So with the Britons all the Region swarms,
 So thick their Troops, so loud the noise of Arms:
 The groaning Earth complains, and trembling feels
 The trampling Hoofs, and Chariots fervid Wheels.

In order now, Celestial Muse, declare
 What Troops, and who those ancient Britons were,
 Who for their Country's Liberty combin'd,
 And their Brigades with Arthur's Forces join'd.
 From Times dark Prisons set the Hero's free,
 And may their glorious Names Immortal be.

First warlike Cadwall the Dimetians Head,
 His Forces from the neighbouring Region led.

Their

Their Troops advance from the bleak Northern Shore,
 On which th' *Hybernian* Sea's loud Billows roar:
 And where *Othopitarum*, thro' the Waves
 Wedging his way, th' opposing Ocean braves.
 Fair *Maridunum* pours her Squadrons forth,
 Where the fam'd Sorcerer *Merlin* had his Birth:
 They came who dwelt round high *Plinlimmon's* Sides,
 Where *Stuccia* flows, and swift *Turobius* glides.

King *Meridoc*, the *Ordovician* leads
 Down from the *British Alps*, whose snowy Heads,
Imaus like, stand towering in the Air,
 And midst the Stars eternal Winter bear:
 And from the Soil lav'd by *Conovius* Flood,
 And *Menai's* Banks, where old *Segontium* stood.
 Great Numbers swarm'd from *Mona's* noble Isle,
 Deform'd for Aspect, but of fertile Soil:
 Where once in shady Groves erected stood,
 The *Druids* Altars stain'd with humane Blood.
 The Troops their March from *Mediolanum* take,
 From *Helen's* way, and the *Tegeian* Lake;
 Thro' which fair *Deva's* Streams so swiftly pass,
 They uncorrupted shun th' impure Embrace:
 Here the sublime *Mervinian* Mountains rise,
 And with sharp-pointed Tops transfix the Skies.

Next *Morogan* the bold *Silures* brought,
 None for their Country's Freedom better fought:
 They bravely *Valens* and his Troops withstood,
 And dy'd *Sabrina's* Streams with *Roman* Blood:
 With like Success *Veranius* they defeat,
 And forc'd his vanquish'd Eagles to retreat.
 This cause, as much their Courage did provoke,
 To free their Country from the Saxon Yoke.

Y

They

They take in haſt their Swords and Bucklers down,
 And march to meet the Prince from every Town.
 From all the Cities on the verdant ſide
 Of *Nidus*, and on *Loghor's* Crystal Tyde.
 They march from *Bovium*, and the neighbouring Shore;
 Thick as the Waves, that there inſulſing roar.
 Down from the Hilly Lands the *Batons* came,
 Which now th' Inhabitants *Brechinia* name.
 Where the black Mount ſtands lofty in the Air,
 And forky *Peak*, ſince call'd great *Arthur's* Chair.
 They march from *Bulleum*, *Haga*, and the Lake,
 Where when broad Sheets of Ice diſſolving crack,
 The ratling Noiſe rebounds from neighb'ring Hills,
 And with loud Thunder all the Region fills.
 From *Ariconium*, and the flowry Space,
 Which wanton *Vaga's* winding Arms embrace;
 Where *Lugus* his transparent Boſom ſpreads,
 And where *Liddenus* murmurs thro' the Meads.
 Where thick *Hesperian Woods* with Apples crown'd,
 Of golden Hue, enrich the Fields around:
 Which the moſt generous *British Wine* produce,
Auſonia ſcarce affords a nobler Juice.
 They leave the Fields ſam'd for the pureſt Corn,
 And the rich Plains that Woolly Flocks adorn,
 Which bleſs the Farmer with a nobler Fleece,
 Than what *Apulia* boaſts, or fertile *Greece*.
 They leave the golden Vale, and happy Ground,
 Which *Dorus* laves, and lofty Woods ſurround.
 The warlike Youth from *Venta* came, and thoſe
 That *Muno's* Flood and *Iſca's* Streams incloſe.
 With thoſe that round the *Oazy Moor* are bred;
 And near the Golden Rocks refulgent Head,
 Out from her Gates her Youth fair *Iſca* pours;
 Crown'd with gilt Spires, rich Domes, and lofty Towers.

Where

Where Golden Roofs, and checker'd Floors abound,
 Deep Vaults, and ſpacious Chambers underground.
 A ſtately Theater the Town o'erlooks,
 And noble Works convey the neighb'ring Brooks,
 By Conquering *Romans* built, that far from home
 They might enjoy the Sports and Pomp of *Rome*.
 Such was the ample City's ancient Fame,
 Now worn by time it ſcarce preſerves its Name.
 Thoſe from *Gobanium* march, a Town which ſtood
 On *Iſca's* and *Gevini's* confluent Flood.
 In cheerful Troops the ſtout *Cornavians* came,
 From the rich Soil we now *Salopia* name:
 From either ſide of fair *Sabrina's* Tyde,
 Whoſe ſilver Streams the fruitful Land Divide.
 From *Uſocona*, and the Towns that lay
 On the ſam'd *Roman* Military way:
 From *Uriconium*, yet a noble Town,
 And old *Rutumium*, then of good Renown.
Galbut their Leader at their Head appears,
 A lovely Youth, and wiſe above his Years.
 Deſcended from a Noble, ancient Race
 Of Heroes, who the *British* Annals grace.
 He by Forefathers Beams Illuſtrious ſhone,
 Great by their Deeds, but greater by his own.
 Zeal for his Country, and the *British* Cauſe,
 The generous Youth to glorious Danger draws:
 For this he croſt the Ocean, to implore
 Prince *Arthur's* Arms, their Freedom to reſtore.
 The Prince embrac'd him, as his Fav'rite Friend,
 And did his Zeal and Vigilance commend.
 He ſtaid the dear Companion of his Toil,
 Both on the Seas, and on th' *Armorick* Soil:
 And when the *Saxon*, and the *British* Fleet;
 (A dreadful day) did on the Ocean meet,

Y 2

By

By *Arthur's* side upon the Deck, he stood
 Distain'd with scatter'd Brains, and reeking Blood.
 The Youth at danger unconcern'd appear'd,
 And nothing but his Country's Sufferings fear'd.
 He leap'd out first on the *Dimetian* Strand,
 And welcom'd *Arthur* to his native Land;
 Where taking leave, he to his Country came,
 To Head his Men, and win yet greater Fame.

Devana sends brave Troops, a noble Town,
 For lofty Works, and splendid Structures known:
 Where once the *Roman* Conquerours did reside,
 And envy'd not *Italia's* Wealth and Pride.
 The bold Inhabitants on *Dev's* Bank,
 And they who *Danur*, and *Merseia* drank;
 With those that had their Seats, along the Soil
 Which Briny Riches gives with easie Toil,
 Draw out and Muster on the Neighb'ring Plain,
 Resolv'd the *British* Honour to regain.
Bothan their Captain was a Warlike Knight,
 A brave Asserter of his Country's Right.
 A noble, but ungovernable Fire,
 (Such is the Heroes) did his Breast inspire.
 His honest Rage, his friends could scarcely Rule,
 Hot for the Camp, but not for Council Cool:
 Fit to assist to pull a Tyrant down,
 But not to please the Prince that mounts the Throne.
 Impatient of Oppression, still he stood
 His Country's Mounds, against th' invading Flood:
 Impetuous, as a Tempest in its Course,
 He not to Conduct trusted, but to Force.
 Unskill'd in Court Intreagues, on which the wise
 And crafty Statesmen, as his strength, relies;

He

He still expected that a loud Applause,
 Should follow Brav'ry, and a Righteous Cause.
 His Country prais'd him; no *Britannick* Lord,
 Was as his People's Patron more ador'd.
 And now in Arms they throng about their Head,
 None to the Prince such numerous Forces led.

The *Coritians*, that the Soil possess,
 By fair *Darventio's* fruitful Waters blest,
 And *Repandunum*, where clear *Trenta's* Tide
 Do's into *Dovo's* silver Bosome glide.
 Those near high *Peak*, in heavenly Waters drown'd,
 And in the Dale, which craggy Rocks surround;
 Their Zeal and Courage rais'd by loud Alarms,
 Forsook their Seats, and Fields, and flew to Arms.
 These valiant Men that Fame and Freedom sought,
 To join the Prince's Arms *Canvally* brought.
 Noble *Canvally*, who did with him bring
 The Majesty, and Presence of a King.
 Of lofty Stature, and a graceful Air,
 By's own Sex fear'd, and favour'd by the Fair.
 Th' Inglorious Pleasures of the wanton Court,
 Which drain'd his Wealth, did not the Patriot hurt:
 Fit for the Camp, or Business of the State,
 But soft Enjoyments Love to both abate.
 Alarm'd with Publick Danger, he arose
 Like a rous'd Lion, from his long Repose.
 Arm'd, and equip'd with great Magnificence,
 He mounts his fiery Steed, bought at a vast Expence:
 His princely Train, and splendid Equipage,
 Where'er he goes the Eyes of all engage.

The *Atrebatians* from the happy Land,
 Which then sublime *Gallena* did command:

Where

Where winding *Thamisis* does bless the Soil,
 The Wealth and Glory of the *British* Isle :
 In War-like Bands advance to *Arthur's* Aid,
 And rich *Bertudor*, as their Head obey'd.
 Who still against the Pagan Interest strove,
 Rich in Possessions, and his People's Love.
 His happy Tenants, and the Farmers round,
 His Hospitable House still open found.
 Each Week ten Oxen from the Stall he drew,
 A hundred Sheep, and forty Swine he slew;
 Fat Venison, Fowl, and Fish, an endless Store,
 To feed his Guests, his Servants, and the Poor.
 He to the Woods, and Forests was inclin'd,
 To hunt the Fox, and chase the flying Hind.
 Pleas'd with his Friends, and with his rural Sport,
 He wisely shun'd, the Dangers of the Court.
 But for the Christian Cause, and publick Peace,
 He quits the Forests, and his Wealth and Ease :
 His Helmet brac'd, and on his Arm his Shield,
 He march'd before his Troops into the Field.
 And that my Verse may to his Name be just,
 Of all the Lords *Bertudor* was the first,
 That to the Camp his valiant Forces brought,
 Tho' not inur'd to war, and tho' remote.

The *Durotriges* from the western Coast,
 Where the *Britannick* Ocean's Waves are tost:
 Their Troops assembled, for the Prince declare,
 And march from all the Towns, to meet the War.
 From *Dornavaria*, and the Seats that stand
 On *Forma's* Stream, and wealthy *Blackmore* Land :
 From *Vendogladia*, and the Tow'rs that rose
 On the fat Glebe, where pleasant *Stourus* flows.

Sakil

Sakil their Leader, an Illustrious Peer,
 Was to his Prince, and to his Country dear.
 He, their *Mæcenæ*, cheers the *British* Bards,
 Learns them to Sing, and then their Songs rewards.
 So Heav'n to make Men good, does Grace bestow,
 And then rewards them for their being so.
 Him, as their Head th' *Athenian* Sons adore,
 The Muses Fav'rite, but the Peoples more.
 To form great Men, his Palace was the School,
 His Life good Breeding, and good Nature's Rule.
 To him the needy Men of Wit resort,
 And find a Friend in an unletter'd Court :
 The Poets Nation, did Obsequious wait
 For the kind Dole, Divided at his Gate.
Laurus amidst the meagre Crowd appear'd,
 An old, revolted, unbelieving Bard,
 Who throng'd, and shov'd, and prest, and would be heard.
 Distinguish'd by his loud craving Tone,
 So well to all the Muses Patrons known,
 He did the Voice of modest Poets drown.
Sakil's high Roof, the Muses Palace rung
 With endless Cries, and endless Songs he sung.
 To bless good *Sakil*, *Laurus* would be first,
 But *Sakil's* Prince, and *Sakil's* God he curst.
Sakil without distinction threw his Bread,
 Despisd the Flatterer, but the Poet fed.
 His Sword the Muses great Defender draws,
 T' assert *Britannia's*, and Religion's Cause.

Osron their Head, the bold *Brigantes* brings,
 Subject of late, to the North-Saxon Kings :
 Now for their Liberty they boldly speak,
 And thro' the Foe, to joyn Prince *Arthur*, break.

Osron's

*O*fton's Example all the Region fir'd,
 With noble Hearts, and Martial thought inspir'd.
 None in the Field did greater Courage show,
 Whether he charg'd, or else sustain'd the Foe.
 Yet none more fit in Council to prefide,
 And in a Storm, the lab'ring State to guide:
 A mighty Genius of uncommon Mould,
 As *Cæſar* Eloquent, as *Cæſar* Bold.
 He could th' unſtable People's Tumult ſtop,
 And a declining Kingdom underprop.
 Matur'd by Age, and buſineſs of the State,
 The hoary Oracle in Council ſate,
 Where he the *Britiſh* Neſtor was eſteem'd,
 And all his Language, Inſpiration ſeem'd.
 This finiſh'd Statesman, did the Prince perſwade
 To paſs the Seas, the *Saxon* to invade.
 And at his Landing quick aſſiſtance brought,
 And for his Country none more bravely fought.

The fartheſt *Western* Soil, which with their Wave
 The *Britiſh* and *Hibernian* Oceans lave,
 From *Iſca's* Noble Stream, far as the Shore
 Where round *Bolerium's* Head the Billows roar,
 By the *Danmonian Britons* was poſſeſt,
 And with King *Cador's* temperate Empire bleſt,
 This warlike people, at their King's Command,
 Now take up Arms, and muſter thro' the Land.
 The good King *Cador* worn with War and Age,
 No longer does the Foe in Arms engage.
Macor his Son ſupply'd the Father's Place,
 Whoſe Virtues equal'd his Illuſtrious Race.
 To ſerve Prince *Arthur*, and his righteous Cauſe,
 His Sword the brave *Danmonian* Hero draws.

A beauteous Youth, whoſe Breſt a ſtrong deſire
 Of Fame, and Martial Glory did inſpire:
 Eager of War, he the *Danmonians* led,
 And ſhone in ſplendid Armour at their Head.
 His coming Joy to all the *Britons* gives,
 And in his Arms, the Prince his Friend receives:
 To whom to be endear'd, he always ſtrove,
 By all expreſſions of Reſpect and Love.
 The Valiant Youth he did with Honours grace,
 To his high Merit due, and noble Race.
Macor, mean time, Prince *Arthur* did adore,
 None ſerv'd his Cauſe, or fought his Favour more.

Tracar, and *Ormes* in the Camp arrive,
 Whoſe Preſence to the reſt, fresh Courage give.
 Their Wiſdom was by Fame aloud proclaim'd,
 The *Britons* none with greater Honour nam'd.
 Both fit about a Monarch to abide,
 To aid his Counſels, and the State to guide.
 None more admir'd for clear, unerring Senſe,
 For piercing Sight, and charming Eloquence.
 Great Spirits both, but of a different Mould,
Ormes impetuous, Turbulent, and Bold;
 But *Tracar* was compos'd, ſedate, and cool,
 His Paſſions ſubject to a ſtricter Rule.
Ormes was haughty, inaccessible,
 And knew his Riches, and his Senſe too well:
Tracar was courteous, eaſie of Access,
 Of great Humanity, and mild Addreſs.
Ormes was therefore honour'd not deſir'd,
Tracar belov'd, and equally admir'd.
Ormes would ſtill advance unbounded Power,
Tracar his Country's Liberty ſecure.

Tracar had Letters, *Ormes* Native Fire:
Both had by Birth, what Labour can't acquire.
Arthur to neither Rival Wit inclines,
But us'd them both, to serve his wife Designs.
Such Love the *Britons* to the Prince exprest,
Who when he found his Numbers thus encreast,
Advanc'd his Ensigns, and to *Isea* came,
Where the *Silures* dwelt, the chief for Fame:
Hither fresh Squadrons to the Prince resort,
Which from that time is call'd great *Arthur's* Court.
Five times the Sun had his Diurnal Race
Compleated, when from this delightful place
The pious Prince his Ensigns mov'd, and came
To *Glevum*, seated on *Sabrina's* Stream.
Decamping hence, his arm'd Battalions gain
Prince *Arthur* at their Head, the fertile Plain,
By easie Marches, where *Gallena* stood,
Which *Thamisis* laves with its noble Flood.

Thus stood the *Britons*, after his Defeat,
Oeta with Grief did to his Coasts retreat.
As when by chance a Royal Eagle spies,
From some high Mountain's Top, amidst the Skies;
A flight of Swans, obscuring all the Air,
Swift as the Lightning, which he's said to bear,
Upon the Prey his Airy Flight he takes,
And with sharp Pounces vast Destruction makes.
Some fall struck dead, some wounded slowly fly,
While Snowy Clouds of Feathers fill the Sky:
Those that the fierce Invader's Strokes survive,
With all the speed, Fear to their Wings can give;
To their belov'd *Cayster's* Banks return,
And in their reedy Seats, their Wounds and Losses mourn.

So

So far'd the *Saxon's*, and their shatter'd Fleet,
Oeta forthwith Commands his Lords to meet
In Council, where they in long order fate,
T' advise, what best might save their threaten'd State.

Cissa first spoke, an able Counsellour,
Let us assemble all our present power,
And straight advance the *Britons* to Attack;
Who to our Arms can small Resistance make.
Sore with their Wounds, and weary with their Toil,
They tempt the *Saxons* to an easie Spoil.
Boldly fall on, before their Troops are eas'd,
With Food and Rest, and with Recruits increas'd.
Your Wisdom thus, and Courage will appear,
Who tho' defeated, have not learn'd to fear.
The Foe surpriz'd must to your Mercy yield,
Or to their Ships Retreating, quit the Field.
He ceas'd, then *Ofred*, who had always won
By his wise Counsel great Applause, begun:
Our late Defeat has too much Terror struck,
Thro' all our Troops, too much our Empire shook
And too much flush'd the Foe, to let me joyn
In this Advice, my Counsels more incline
To draw into the Field our utmost Power;
From all the *Saxon* States, aid to secure
Our Empire, let us labour to perswade
The *Pict*, and *Scottish* King, to give us Aid.
The Cause and Interest is the same of all,
They and their Gods, if we are crush'd, must fall.
Our Arms united in a numerous Host,
We may before of certain Conquest boast.
The trembling Foe unable to withstand
Such mighty Armies, will forsake the Land.

Z 2

But

But if supported with vain hopes they stay,
They fall into our hands an easie Prey.

Pascenius next, a wise *Nestorian* head,
Whose Looks, and Words profound Attention bred:
Thus spoke, 'tis true our Troops while thus dismay'd,
And of Prince *Arthur's* Fame, and Arms afraid,
From present Action justly may dissuade.
Seeking the Foe we to great Danger run,
Embolden'd by his Victory lately won.
And thus far *Osfred's* Thoughts and mine you see
Conspire, as in the rest they disagree.
If with our utmost Force we meet our Foes,
To too much hazard we our State expose:
Th' uncertain Game of War they little know,
That Stake an Empire on a single Throw.
While we delay to gather all our Force,
And to the *Picts* and *Scots*, shall have recourse;
Prince *Arthur* will advance, and mightier grow,
Like rolling Balls, that gather up the Snow,
Or Rivers taking Streams in, as they flow.
The *Britons* led by ancient Prophecies,
Expect that near this time, a Prince shall rise,
Heroick, Wise, a mighty Conquerour,
That all their lost Dominions shall restore,
And o'er the World, extend their Naval Power.
Something like this, our Augurs seem to fear,
From Prodigies, and Signs that oft appear.
Those hopes they all of *Arthur* now express,
Drawn by his Fame abroad, and late Success.
While this Belief, tho' false, the *Briton* warms,
He grows less fearful of the *Saxon* Arms:
He'll be more bold in Fight; while thus inspir'd,
And with such Zeal, and Expectation fir'd.

In-

Intoxicated thus Men Wonders do,
And by bold Deeds, make their vain Fancies true.
He therefore serves King *Otha*, who creates,
An Understanding first, between the States.
An Embassy may to the Prince be sent,
To treat how Blood and ruin to prevent,
They may propose the Kingdom to divide,
And offer *Otha's* Daughter for his Bride,
Fair *Ethelina*, whose perverted Mind,
To *Christian* Worship is too much inclin'd.
He ceas'd, and his Advice did chiefly please,
And of the Council most declar'd for Peace.

The Lords dispers'd, King *Otha* unresolv'd,
Long in his Mind his troubled thoughts revolv'd:
With strong contending Tydes of Passion prest,
Now War he looks on, now on Peace, as best.
Long he appear'd on *Osfred's* Counsel bent,
And to the Neighb'ring *Saxon* Princes sent,
That all, the strong Necessity might know
Of joyning Arms, against the Common Foe.
At the same time an Embassy he sends,
To make the *Pict*, and *Scottish* King his Friends:
That of their Powerful Aid he might not fail,
If *Arthur*, and his *Britons* should prevail.
But when he heard, that *Arthur* had as far
As *Glevum's* Walls, advanc'd the threatening War,
Observing that the *Saxons* were dismay'd,
And not yet strengthen'd by his Neighbours Aid,
He now declar'd, it was his setled Sense,
A Treaty with the *Briton* to Commence.

Then Orators he sent without delay,
Who to the *Britons* Camp direct their way.

Titullan

Titullan, *Selred*, and wife *Theocles*
 For this Negotiation chiefly please:
Heldred of the Embassy was one,
Ofrick and *Thefred* noble *Ormar's* Son.
 Arrived at the Prince's Camp, they found
 The *British* Youth in Crowds dispers'd around:
 For then with various Sports, and manly Play,
 The *Britons* solemniz'd, th' auspicious Day
 Of *Arthur's* Birth, o'er all the Fields they spread,
 To different Games, by different Passions led:
 Here Chariots raising Clouds of Dust appear,
 And run with smoaking Wheels their swift Career.
 Here the robust *Danmontan* Nation swarms,
 Hurling their massy Balls with vigorous Arms.
 Here the *Dobunians* to advance their Fame,
 Toil at their Country's old laborious Game.
 Long Ashen Staves across their Shoulders lie,
 Then sway'd with both their Hands, strike thro' the Sky,
 A mounting Orb of Thongs, or well sow'd Hide,
 While at due distance rang'd, on th' other Side
 The Foe inclining stands, to wait its Fall,
 And with like Force, strike back the bounding Ball.
 Incircled Wrestlers here their Manhood try,
 And with loud Shouts, that rend the lab'ring Sky,
 The standing Ring proclaims the Victory,
 Some to a Cudgel prize their Fellows dare,
 Who strait spring out to meet the wooden War.
 They brandish in the Air their threatening Staves,
 Their Hands, a woven Guard of Osier saves,
 In which they fix their Hazel Weapon's End,
 Thus arm'd, the nimble Combatants contend
 For Conquest, giving and receiving Blows,
 And down their Heads a crimson River flows.

Here

Here flowry Garlands their proud Temples crown,
 Whose airy Feet the Race had newly won.
 Such were the *Britons* Sports, as through the Throng
 The *Saxon* Orators pass'd slow along:
 Who strait were to th' August Pavillion led,
 Where *Arthur* sat, his Lords around him spread.

To whom *Titullan* thus,
 The *Saxon* King, whose ardent wishes are
 To save *Britannia*, from Destructive War.
 Who rather seeks to enjoy the Fruits of Peace,
 Then by his Arms his Empire to encrease:
 Makes such Advances for these glorious Ends,
 As may the *Britons* make his lasting Friends.
 The *Saxons*, and the *Britons* shall command
 Their equal Shares, of the divided Land:
 Such Barrier shall be fix'd, as shall secure
 The *Britons*, jealous of the *Saxon* Power.
 To give *Britannia* Peace, we condescend
 To yield up what our Arms can well defend.
 Such steps King *Offa* makes for Peace, beside
 That both may yet with closer Bonds be ty'd,
 Bright *Ethelina*, *Offa's* chief Delight,
 Shall be the Link, the Nations to unite.
 This so much envy'd Favorite of Fame,
 Whom all with Love, and Admiration name:
Offa consents shall be your beauteous Bride,
 To you already, in her Faith Ally'd.
 These Measures all Contentions may adjust,
 Friendship confirm, and fix a mutual Trust.
 But if rejected, *Offa* does declare
 He's guiltless of the dire effects of War:
 Upon the Christians Head, will rest the Guile
 Of all the Blood, that by the Sword is spilt.

The

The Prince reply'd,
Affairs of such Importance to the State,
Require our thoughtful Care and calm Debate.
The two Proposals by King *Ossa* made,
For lasting Friendship, shall be duly weigh'd.

Twice had the Sun broke from the Purple East,
Twice was he seen dilated in the West.
When *Arthur* seated on his Chair of State,
Thus spake, the *Saxons* with Attention wait
An honourable Peace my Thoughts prefer,
To all the Triumphs of a Bloody War.
I, and my *Britons*, those just Terms approve,
King *Ossa* makes to establish Peace and Love,
To spare each Nation's Blood, and save the Isle
From Desolation, and destructive Spoil:
Indulgent Heav'n is to both Nations kind,
Which has your King to peaceful Thoughts inclin'd.
Ten Lords of *Saxon*, ten of *British* Blood,
May meet at *Spina* near *Cunetio's* Flood,
To adjust the Limits of each Nation's Power,
And Barriers fix, that may their Peace secure.
You for an Interview, the place will name,
Where I may see the beauteous *Saxon* Dame.
He ceas'd, and all the Audience pour'd around,
To this assented with a murmuring Sound:
A sudden Joy did in their Eyes appear,
While smiling Peace triumph'd o'er vanquish'd War.

Mean time th' Infernal Monarch wings his Flight,
To the *White Hills*, whence his Angelick Sight
Might all the Fields, and subject plains survey,
Where in their Camp, the hateful *Britons* lay.

VWhile

While with malicious Eyes around he view'd,
The *Christian* Army fill'd with Joy, he stood
With Rage dilated, and with Envy blown,
Like glowing *Aetna*, on *Plinlimon* thrown.
Flashes of Fire from his red Eye-balls flow'd,
Like Lightning breaking from a lowering Cloud.
So when a Toad, squat on a Border spies,
The Gardner passing by, his blood-shot Eyes
With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around
The verdant Walks, and on the flowry Ground,
The bloated *Vermis* loathsome Poison spits,
And swollen and bursting with his Malice sits.
So the faln Angel late, and thus begun,
Am I, and all th' infernal Powers out-done?
And must this *Briton* still pursue his Course,
And thus elude my Arts, and all my Force?
What *Christian* Towns, and States have I destroy'd,
Forc'd by my Power, or by my Arts decoy'd?
How few remaining *Christian* Regions are,
Where no deep Marks of my Revenge appear?
What glorious Ruin did my *Romans* spread,
O'er *Asia's* Christians; I the *Lombards* led,
And furious *Huns*, to rich *Ausonia's* Soil,
And fill'd the Land with Blood, and *Christian* Spoil;
My *Maximins*, and *Neros*, mighty Names,
What Desolation, by devouring Flames,
What Slaughter by the Sword, these Heroes made,
With what Success did they the Saints invade?
And if the Fame be true that spreads in Hell,
In *Gaul* a Prince shall rise, who shall excel
All these, and more in Blood and Spoil delight,
And all Hell's Furies to his Aid invite.
Let that great Prince arise, and may his Birth,
Be honour'd with Convulsions of the Earth,

A a

Eclipses,

Eclipses, Comets, Meteors, Lightnings, Storms,
 Murders and Monsters of tremendous Forms.
 Nor are there Triumphs of my Power alone,
 Much weaker Spirits, have great Conquests won.
 Spirits of lower Order, small renown,
 In Hell of little Figure, scarcely known:
 Inferiour, subaltern Divinities,
 Could often their just Fury to appease,
 To wreck their Rage, and honest Malice cloy,
 Whole Armies of this hateful Sect destroy:
 First tempt th' ungrateful Murmurers to Rebel,
 And then with Plagues and Darts invisible,
 With Fire and Earthquakes lay all wast, disseize
 Their God, and ruin all his Votaries.
 And shall this *Briton* all my Force defy,
 And introduce his banish'd Deity?
 High States of Hell, ye mighty Gods below,
 In your August Assemblies who will Bow,
 Who Acclamations make when I appear,
 Who dread my Power, my Greatness who revere?
 If still this *Briton* shall resist my Power,
 And all my Arts eluded, rest secure?
 But if by irresistible Decree
 Pronounc'd by Fate; and unchang'd Destiny;
Arthur at last must mount the *British* Throne,
 Beat down our Altars, and erect his own:
 At least new hardships shall obstruct his Way,
 And my Revenge his Triumph shall delay.
 That said he Flew, his Snake Wings display'd,
 Down to his Palace midst th' Infernal Shade.

From all their gloomy Regions to his Court,
 At his Command, th' Infernal Lords resort.

To

To whom their Monarch from his glowing Throne,
 Thus with a haughty, troubled Look begun:
 Thus far in vain all our Attempts are made,
 To crush the *Britons* that our State invade.
 At Sea, they Triumph o'er King *Oba's* Fleet,
 At Land, Success above their Hopes, they meet.
Oba defeated, dreads Prince *Arthur's* Arms,
 And sues for Peace, by *Ethelina's* Charms.
 If this should once prevail, *Britannia's* lost,
 We, and our Priests, must fly this impious Coast.
 Help'd by th' Almighty Enemy of Hell,
 They yet our Arms escape, our Power repel:
 Then Monarch's War with vast advantage wage,
 When Heav'n its Power does on their part Engage.
 This sure Expedient's left us to annoy
 The *Britons*, and their towering Hopes destroy:
 Let us provoke them to some dire Offence,
 Which may against their Armies, Heav'n incense,
 Then the Seraphick Guards, that round them lie,
 Or else patrolling thro' the Region fly,
 Scowring the Hills and Vales, with flaming Arms,
 The Christians to protect from our Alarms;
 These will displeas'd, withdraw their powerful Aid,
 And we with Safety may their Camp invade.
 What subtle Spirit of seducing Art,
 And skill in tempting, will perform this part?

Then filthy *Asmodai*, who Men inspire,
 With wanton Passions, and unclean Desires,
 Whose leud Adorers stand before his Shrine,
 Transform'd to lustful Goats, and loathsome Swine,
 Thus spake: This grateful Province I embrace,
 I from their Minds will virtuous Passions chase.

A a 2

My

My stronger Force shall all chaste Thoughts expel,
 And Heav'n's weak Flames, shall yield to those of Hell.
 To solemn Groves, and lonesome Hermits Cells,
 Where boasted Chastity in Triumph dwells,
 To Cloyster'd Monks Admission I command;
 And can a Camp my powerful Charms withstand?
 On me such chosen Spirits shall attend,
 Whose Skill and Power will most promote my End.
 The Gods of *Riot, Luxury and Wine,*
 In this Attempt shall all their Forces joyn.
 Doubt not great Prince, when we their Camp Assail,
 Nature is on our side, we shall prevail.
 Th' Infernal Diet with his Language mov'd,
 With loud Applause the wise Design approv'd.

Straight *Asmodai*, attended with a Train
 Of soft Luxurious Spirits, to the Plain
 Directs his Flight, where the glad *Britons* lay;
 With lab'ring Wings he mounts the steepy Way,
 And quickly reach'd the tender Verge of Day.
 In Companies distinct the *Britons* fate,
 Pleas'd with their wish'd Success, and prosperous Fate:
 When to the Camp the Crew Infernal came,
 Grasping in either hand *Tartarean* Flame.
 About from Tent to Tent the *Demons* flew,
 And midst the Troops their flaming Torches threw.
 The wanton Fires about their Bosoms play,
 And to their Hearts lascivious warmth convey:
 The soft Contagion glides along their Veins,
 And in their Breasts the pleasing Poison reigns.
 Straight all in Riot and Debauches join,
 Dissolve in Mirth, and sit inflam'd with Wine.
 The Captains Snore on Scarlet spread beneath,
 And with their lab'ring Breasts content for Breath.

Tables

Tables o'erturn'd and broken Swords betwixt,
 And Dishes faln, with Armour intermixt,
 Helmets and Harness, and bruis'd Goblets by,
 A mad Confusion make of War, and Luxury.
 Acted with lustful Fires, from Town to Town
 Commanders, and their Men, promiscuous run;
 With Outrages and ravish'd Virgins Spoils,
 The vicious Army all the Land defiles.
 Whoredoms in *Pagan* Cities they commit,
 And at their Sacrifices feasting sit:
 Heated with leud Religion, Lust, and Wine,
 They in the Worship of their Idols joyn.
 Then to the Camp the hot Adulterers lead
 Their *Pagan* Women, and avow the Deed.
 Th' Angelick Guards th' enormous Vices saw,
 And in Displeasure from their Camp withdraw:
 All Hell with Shouts of Triumph did resound,
 That such Success had all their Wishes crown'd.

The Prince of Hell strait summons from beneath,
 The chief supporter of the Throne of Death,
 Vengeful *Megara*, she without Delay,
 From Hell's Abyss ascends, and in her Way
 Gathers raw Damps and Steams from noisome Graves,
 And putrid Reeks, from Subterranean Caves;
 Where spotted Plagues first draw their poisonous Breath:
 The Nurseries of Pain, and Magazines of Death.
 These Seeds of Torment, and devouring Heats
 From whose Contagion vanquish'd Life retreats,
Megara in compacted Hides dark Wombs,
 For this infernal Purpose made, entombs,
 In their distinct Repositories laid,
 Sad choice of Death, the various Plagues convey'd.

Arm'd

Arm'd for Destruction thus the Fury Came,
 And brought from *Asmodus*, a different Flame.
 Then Wolves were heard in neighb'ring Hills to howl,
 Th' ill-boding Raven, and the screeching Owl
 Sung o'er the Camp by Night, the Sun by Day,
 Distain'd with Blood, shone with a dismal Ray.
 The cruel Fury strait her Flight did take
 To find her Prince, to whom th' Apostate spake:
 Go, glut thy Rage, and let the *Britons* know,
 Hell's Monarch is not yet a vanquish'd Foe!
 Pass thro' their Camp with thy accusom'd Harp,
 And on them all thy deadly Treasures wast.

Straight did the vengeful Minister prepare,
 T' infect the Camp, and poison all the Air.
 Her Bottles turgid with imprison'd Death
 She open'd, and releas'd the fatal Breath:
 In livid Wheels the dire Contagion flies,
 And putrid Exhalations taint the Skies.
 The Region's choak'd with Pestilential Steams,
 Malignant Reeks, raw Damps, and foultry Gleams.
 Now with their Breath the hot Infection slides
 Into their Breasts, and thro' their Vitals glides:
 Their Lab'ring Hearts spout out the flowing Blood,
 And fry the Limbs with an *Ætnean Flood*.
 The raging Pestilence, chafes thro' the Veins
 Retreating Life, and drest in purple Reins.
 While other Plagues run colder to the Heart,
 And thro' their Breast strike like a poison'd Dart:
 Rack'd with tormenting Pain some gasping lie,
 Some only breath th' envenom'd Air, and die.
 Their Hearts with chill, congealing Blood, oppress,
 Throb a few moments in their panting Breast,
 Then yield, and from their Vital Labour rest.

In vain for Help, in vain for Drugs they cry,
 Friends and Physicians come, but with them dy.
 Thro' all the Camp the fierce Destruction's spread,
 Deforming every Tent with Heaps of Dead.

Mean time the pious *Arthur* prostrate laid,
 Thus in a Flood of Tears dissolving pray'd:
 Great King of Heav'n, thy Arm thou makest bare,
 T' invade the *Britons* with resistless War.
 Thy glitt'ring Sword brandish'd with dreadful Sway,
 Does thro' our Camp with wide Destruction Slay.
 Why did thy Aids the Shipwreckt *Britons* save,
 From Rocks and Tempests, and th' insulting Wave,
 If we must only see our Native Soil,
 And with our Dead th' encumber'd Land defile?
 Th' insulting Heathen will Blaspheme thy Name,
 And in their Songs advance their Idols Fame.
 To their vain Gods loud Praises they'll return,
 And Hecatombs upon their Altars burn.
 Spare yet thy *Britons*, let some Reliques live,
 That may due Honours to thy Temples give.
 Let the Destroyer cease at thy Command,
 And Death at thy Rebuke arrested, stand.
 And may the Crimes which Heav'n provoke, be known;
 That our deep Sorrows may its Wrath atone.

The pious Prince's humble Cries succeed,
 And glorious *Raphael*, with Angelick speed
 Descends, his Sword of Flame drawn in his Hand,
 To chase the fierce Destroyer from the Land.
 A Crystal Vial full of Od'rous Fumes,
 Ambrosial Balm, and rich Etherial Gums;
 His other hand pour'd out upon the Air,
 To cure the Damps, and noxious Vapours there.

Megara flies the bright Archangel's Sword;
The Plague was staid, and Health and Life restor'd;
Then to the room swift *Raphael* Wings his way,
Where *Arthur* still devoutly prostrate lay.

To whom the Seraph thus:
Heav'n by the Britons daring Crimes incens'd,
Almighty Wrath severely has dispens'd,
Your unprotected Camp it did expose,
To the dire Rage of your Infernal Foes.
Who by Divine Permission soon o'erspread
Your guilty Camp, with putrid Heaps of Dead.
Th' Angelick Guards return'd to Heaven, complain'd
That your flagitious Troops you ne'er restrain'd.
Your Captains boldly Whoredoms, Riots, Rapes
Commit, and yet each Criminal escapes:
Thus you avow the Ills, by others done,
And their unpunish'd Guilt, becomes your own.
Had your Vindictive Arm been first employ'd,
Heav'n's had not thus your guilty Troops destroy'd.
But now th' Eternal yielding to your Prayer,
Has sent me from his Throne, with speedy Care
To stay the Plague, and make the Fiend retreat,
That spreads the Poison, to her *Stygian* Seat.
Heav'n's now appeas'd, may ne'er the Britons dare
By their Revolting, to renew the War.
The Seraph disappear'd, and *Arthur* rais'd
Upon his Feet, th' Eternal Goodness prais'd.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK VII.

THE Prince of Hell that on the Mountain staid,
And with Infernal Joy, around survey'd
The Camp, where Death did in sad Triumph reign,
With wide Destruction, covering all the Plain;
Thus to himself: At last I have prevail'd
Against this Sect, tho other Arts have fail'd.
Their Troops half ruin'd with the Plague, afford
An easie Conquest, for King *Ossa*'s Sword:
I'll break the Peace, although advanc'd so far,
And finish their Destruction by new War.
Arthur, prepare against the Saxon Arms,
'Tis time enough for *Ethelina*'s Charms.
Heroes delay'd, and disappointed, prize
The Crown, which got too cheaply, they despise:
Pleasures the farther off, the greater seem,
And Toil and Danger, best preserve Esteem;
That Service I will do, by taking care
To give fresh Fuel to th' expiring War.
That said, he leaves the Crystal Plains of Light,
And to th' Infernal Regions takes his Flight.

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave
Of troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave
Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells,
And bound with Adamantine Fetters, Yells.

B b

Around

Around stand Heaps of mossy Skulls, and Bones,
 Whence issue loud Laments, and dreadful Groans ;
 Torn Limbs, and mangled Bodies are her Food,
 Her Drink whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood,
 Long curling Snakes her Head with Horrour crown,
 And on her squallid Back hang lolling down.
 This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand
 Grasps of Infernal Fire, a flaming Brand.
 Treason, and Usurpation near ally'd,
 Haughty Ambition, and elated Pride
 And Cruelty, with bloody Garlands crown'd,
 Rapine, and Desolation stand around:
 With these Injustice, Violence, Rage remain,
 And ghastly Famine, with her meagre Train.
 This Savage Rout to *Gallia* now resort,
 Drawn by the Fame of proud *Versalia's* Court :
 There these Attendants on their Master wait,
 And with their odious Forms compose his horrid State.
 To this wild Den now did th' Apostate fly,
 Resolving all *Bellona's* Aid to try :
 At his Approach the Monsters cease their Din,
 And bow at distance with a dreadful Grin.
 The *Stygian* Prince, the Fury soon unchains,
 Strait double Rage boils in her swelling Veins.

Then thus he spoke, to *Otha's* Palace fly,
 Attended with perfidious Treachery,
 And various Discord, let thy Arts persuade
 That Prince, the ruin'd *Britons* to invade.
 Go raise new Tumults, and dissolve the Peace,
 For this high Task *Bellona* I release.

Charg'd with these dire Commands, she flies away,
 To the Superiour Regions, blest with Day.

Near

Near *Peak's* aspiring Mount, and spacious Wood,
 And the green Banks of *Dovus* Crystal Flood :
 A wide-mouth'd Den, th' admiring Traveller sees
 With thorny Shrubs o'er-spread, and shady Trees ;
 Which downward goes unfathomably deep,
 Beneath the subterranean Vaults, which keep
 Imprison'd Damps, and Winds tumultuous Store,
 And the low Caves, where falling Waters roar.
 It passes thro' the Bowels of the Earth,
 And the rich Beds, where Metals have their Birth,
 Till it reveals the gloomy Mouth of Hell,
Bellona freed from her infernal Cell,
 Thro' this dire Gulph ascends with hasty Flight,
 And soon emerges in the Fields of Light.
 The Air grew dark, the Rocks, and Mountains struck
 With Horrour, at the *Fury's* Presence shook.
 The Spears disorder'd roll, the Starting Sun
 Springs from the Heav'nly Course he us'd to run.
 The Moon all drown'd in Blood, and blazing Stars,
 Portended Tumults, and destructive Wars.

Straight to King *Otha's* Court the Fury comes,
 And *Acha Otha's* Mother's Shape assumes.
 Then thus she spoke :
 From blest *Elysian* Gardens I descend,
 To teach thee how to gain a glorious End
 Of all thy Labours, and thy warlike Toil,
 And fix thy Empire o'er the *British* Isle.
 Heav'n has decreed that here thy Race shall reign,
 And therefore has the hateful *Britons* slain,
 With a destructive Plague, and poison'd Darts
 Shot from above, into their impious Hearts :
 Not half their Troops survive, make hast my Son
 Their Ruine to compleat, by Heav'n begun.

B b 2

Run

Run then to Triumph, hapt to certain Spoil,
 And chase the curst Nation from the Isle.
 You see how much your League the Gods offend,
 Let not their Enemy, be *Ossa's* Friend.
 They must not be to us by Blood ally'd,
 Nor *Ethelina* be a *Briton's* Bride.
 That said, a spotted Viper from her Head,
 She to his Bosom secretly convey'd.
 The poisonous Vermin, with infernal Art
 Glides thro' his Breast, and twines about his Heart :
 The secret Poison wanders thro' his Veins,
 And warlike Fury o'er his Spirits reigns.
 Hence straight-way to the *Picts* and *Scottish* Court,
 The Fury, and her hellish Train resort :
 Where they to bloody Wars sound loud Alarms,
 And make the barb'rous Nations fly to Arms.

Mean time, the *Saxon* Monarch raving flew
 About the Court,* and soon together drew
 The chiefest Lords, and thus himself exprest,
 It was resolv'd to give the *Britons* Rest ;
 The Land between the Nations to divide,
 And that the Princess should be *Arthur's* Bride :
 But Heav'n against this Treaty does declare,
 And singly with the *Britons* wages War.
 In vain we offer what they can't enjoy,
 We spare the Men, Heav'n labours to destroy.
 Avenging Gods from their high Regions came,
 Arm'd with bright Swords of keen, *Ethereal* Flame,
 And fatal Darts of pointed *Lightnings* made,
 And with sure Death the *British* Camp invade.
 Their trembling Reliques fall our certain Prey,
 Heav'n sounds th' Alarm, and we must Heav'n obey.

Tho

Tho we by Sea their Power could not withstand,
 Our Gods more potent are, than theirs by Land.
 Th' unfinish'd Conquest we may soon compleat,
 Or from this Isle oblige them to retreat.
 This fair occasion let our Arms improve
 To fix our Power, and all our Fears remove.
 He ceas'd, and all his Captains War desir'd,
 And sprang into the Field with Martial Heat inspir'd.

Straight Orders are dispatcht for all to Arm,
 And thro' the Cities sounds the loud Alarm.
 The trembling Husbandman his Toil forbears,
 Fells his tall Ash, and shapes long Staves for Spears.
 Some sighing o'er their Anvils, forge the Blades
 Of Swords, instead of Hooks, and rural Spades.
 Huge Gauntlets some, some hollow Helmets bear,
 And some o'er brazen Backs, and Breastplates sweat.
 Some shape their Darts, and some their Javelins Points,
 Or fit their polish'd Armour's Manly Joints. ***
 Sharp'ning their Arrows Heads, some stand inclin'd,
 Some on revolving Stones their Axes grind.
 Some serve on foot, some take the Horseman's Launce,
 And to the Field their foaming Coursers prounce.
 In hast, some from their high roof'd Halls, hung round
 With all the horrid Pride of War, and crown'd
 With dusty Trophies, take their massy Shield,
 And flaming Sword, and fly into the Field.
 Some clasp their Helmets on, some snatch their Spear,
 And polish'd Buckler, and in Arms appear.
 Ensigns display'd, and Trumpets voice delight
 The *Saxon* Youth, and martial Minds excite.
 The lighted Beacons from the Hills declare,
 As blazing Comets do, approaching War.

The

The flaming Signal's giv'n, the Regions round
 With Horfmen, Arms, and warlike noife refound.
 As when ;
 In fome great Town a Fire breaks out by Night,
 And fills with crackling Flames, and difmal Light,
 With Sparks, and Pitchy Smoak th' astonish'd Sky,
 Th' affrighted Guards, that firft the Flame efpy,
 Straight give th' Alarm, and fpread the dreadful Cry.
 Th' amaz'd Inhabitants the Signal take ;
 And run in Crowds half cloath'd, and half awake,
 To ftop the fpredding Ruin, and to tame
 With fpouting Engines the deftructive Flame :
 So when the frightful Cry of War begun,
 Into the Fields in Troops the Saxons run.

Now *Mufe* relate, and in their Order name
 The People, which from different Regions came.
 What fam'd Commanders did their Squadrons head,
 And what great Lords their Valiant Subjects led.
 Firft the ftout *Canitian* Saxon, from the Land
 Which bravely once did *Cæfar's* Arms withftand,
 Where Joyful Nature, fits in Plenty crown'd,
Hesperian Woods, and Sylvan Scenes furround
 Her shady Throne, that with rich Fruit abound.
 Of thefe fome on the flowry Banks refide,
 Of fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride,
 Forms filver Mazes with her crooked Tide.
 The *Durobrovian* Youth of war-like Fame,
 And bold *Vagniacans*, together came.
 With thofe about the fruitful Region bred,
 Where *Durovernum* rears her ftately Head.
 They march from *Thanatos*, and from her Towers
 Her Valiant Youth, fublime *Rutupia* pours.

Rutupia

Rutupia, whose rich Gems, and Pearly Store
 Inticed Victorious *Cæsar*, to her Shore.
 Their chief Commanders were great *Amades*,
 Valiant *Theodorick*, *Ofred*, and with thefe
Hengift, a fplendid Youth, the Blood, and Name
 Of the firft *Saxon*, of Illuftrious Fame,
 That from the *Belgick* Shore, to *Albion* came.
 From the fat Glebe they come, and flowry Land
 Which the ftout *Trinobantes*, did Command.
Augufta fends her warlike Youth, a Town
 Of ancient Fame, to Foreign Merchants known,
 Ev'n then for Naval Power of great Renown.
 But fince her ftately Head is rais'd fo high,
 Her glorious Towers furmount the wondring Sky.
 Her Royal Fleets the watty World controll,
 Where the vaft Ocean can his Billows roll,
 Far as the *Indies*, and from Pole to Pole.
 Her Power by trembling, Neighbour States is fear'd,
 By diftant Empires, and new Worlds rever'd.
 Her bellowing Oaks, with louder Thunder roar,
 Then what annoy'd them, on their Hills before,
 Shaking the *Gallicks*, and the *Belgian* Shore.
Britannia's Head ſhe reigns in Wealth and Eafe,
 Mart of the World, and Emp'refs of the Seas.
Edgar and *Ciffa*, both Illuftrious Names,
 From the delightful Banks of famous *Thames*,
 Into the Field, *Augufta's* Squadrons bring,
 None fought more bravely for the *Saxon* King.

They from the Forests come, whose Sports invite
Augufta's Youth, that in the Woods delight.
 From the ſweet Gardens of the fruitful Eaſt,
 With ſmiling Flowers, and od'rous Saffron bleſt

From

From *Camelodunum* populous once, and proud
 Of its fam'd Colony of *Roman* Blood.
 From round *Canonium*, arm'd with Swords and Shields
 The warlike People March, and from the Fields
 Where *Idumanum* verdant Wealth bestows,
 Whose wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
 Still forming Reedy Islands, as it goes.
 Brave *Sebert* led them, Valiant *Oga's* Son,
 Whose Arms had great Renown in Battel won.
 The chearful Youth from *Verolanium* came,
 A Town of ancient, and illustrious Fame:
 Where fortify'd with Trenches, Lakes and Wood,
 The Valiant *Casibellan*, once withstood
 The *Roman* Arms, oblig'd at last to yield,
 Where *Cesar* fights, who can maintain the Field?
 Since cherish'd by th' indulgent Conquerour,
 The City was advanc'd in Wealth and Power:
 Its Towers, gilt Fanes, and Palaces did rise,
 Darting Terrestrial Glories thro' the Skies.
 Now where the City stood, the Ploughman toils,
 And as he works, turns up old *Roman* Spoils:
 Medals and Coins, enrich th' admiring Clown,
 Pavements and Urns, by ancient Figures known.

From the rich Seats they came, from whence their Sword
 The *Corintian* chas'd, the rightful Lord.
 From all the Towns, around the spacious Wood
 Near which sublime *Tripontium's* Castles stood.
 From *Bannavema* well-arm'd Squadrons came,
 And *Durobrevis*, on *Aufon's* Stream.
 Their chief Commanders were brave *Alopa*,
 And Valiant *Egbert*, both of *Horfa's* Race.

They

They came, who dwelt along the Southern Coast,
 On which the *German* Ocean's Waves are tost:
 The Soil the brave *Icenian Britons*, blest
 With Peace and envy'd Plenty, once possess'd
Venta they left, where *Gariena's* Tide,
 Does to the Bosom of *Bardunus* glide,
 An ancient, wealthy Town that did abound,
 With warlike Youth, and rul'd the Soil around.
 High *Branodunum* does her Squadrons send,
 Where *Roman* Arms, did once the Coast defend.

They leave the Towns along fair *Theta's* Flood,
 And happy Soil, where *Gariononum* stood.
 Those from the Banks of winding *Stourus* came,
 And the rich Town, which bore *Faustinus* name.
 They come from *Oza's* Banks, and from the Land
 Which lofty *Combritonium* did Command.
 This numerous *Saxon* Youth, that then obey'd
 King *Ella's* Laws, advance to *Otha's* Aid:
Ella their Valiant Prince, was at their Head,
 And to the Field, his warlike People led.

From *Camboritum*, and the Neighb'ring Hills,
 The chearful Youth drawn out, the Region fills:
 From *Camboritum*, then a warlike Town,
 Since for the Muses Seat, much better known;
 Her learned Sons have gain'd Immortal Fame,
 And high as Heav'n, have rais'd *Britannia's* Name.
Redwal, whose Lands a vast Revenue yield,
 Led them, completely arm'd into the Field.

They leave the reedy Lakes, and marshy Soil,
 Once happy by the *British* Farmer's Toil:

C c

Now

Now the next Land a Foreign Master knows,
Which o'er the Country, like a Deluge flows,
That from the Sea, the Banks born down, is roll'd,
And o'er their Fields advances uncontroll'd.
The Valiant Youth from all the Region goes,
Which *Trent* and *Lindis*, confluent Streams, enclose.
High *Margadunum*, all her Squadrons lends,
And stately *Lindum*, which her Power extends
O'er the wide Province, her Battalions sends.
Mighty *Ebissa*, from the Fenny Land
Into the Field, did lead this warlike Band.
Orla, and *Imerick*, a Valiant Lord,
Fam'd for his Strength, and vast unweildy Sword,
Drew all their Squadrons, and Battalions forth,
From all their Tows, that lay the farthest North.

King *Cerdic* from the *West* his Army brought,
Who for the *Saxon* Empire bravely fought.
He all the *Saxon* Heroes far excell'd,
Whose conquering Arms, were never yet repell'd.
A great Commander, Brave and Fortunate,
That founded first the *Western Saxon* State.
Those seated on *Halenus* verdant Banks,
Draw out, and Muster their Victorious Ranks.
They March from *Trisanton*'s Crystal Flood,
From *Venta*'s Downs, and *Regnum*'s spacious Wood.
From rich *Clusentum*, and fair *Vesta*'s Isle,
From *Briga* and *Segontium*'s fertile Soil.
On *Sorbiodunum*'s Plains arm'd Youth appears,
With nodding Plumes, and moving Groves of Spears.
The famous Captain, who had chief Command,
That with his Prince came to invade the Land.
Was *Lothar*, born on *Belgick Mosa*'s Flood,
Whose noble Veins were fill'd with Royal Blood.

Him

Him did fair *Emme*, *Cerdic*'s Sister bear,
And dying, left him to her Brother's Care.
With all this Strength King *Oska* takes the Field,
Nor doubts, but *Arthur* to his Arms must yield.

The *Britons* now a solemn Fast proclaim
To mourn their Guilt, and take the attendant Shame;
To own the dreadful Plague, their Crimes desert,
And by their Grief, like Judgments to avert.
That Heav'n appeas'd, from its relenting Hand
May drop its Bolt, and spare the threaten'd Land.
Sorrow untaught on every Face appear'd,
And only Sighs and sad Laments were heard.
They weep aloud, and mourn their impious Fall,
And with united Prayers for Mercy call.
The prostrate Penitents for Pardon Cry,
And from Heav'n's Justice, to its Pity fly.
To Grief, and flowing Tears, no Bounds are giv'n,
Th' Artillery alone, which Conquers Heav'n.
Righteous Resolves fill every humble Mind,
And all in Vows of blest Obedience join'd.
The mournful Camp's a Scene of pious Woe,
Where thro' their Eyes, their Hearts dissolving flow.
Their loud and fervent Supplications, rise
Above the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies.
Contending thus with Heav'n they weep, and pray,
And strive to turn the impending Storm away,
Which charg'd with Vengeance o'er their Camp appear'd,
More Plagues they had deserv'd, and therefore fear'd.

Prince *Arthur*, who in Pity was chief,
And now chief Mourner, thus express his Grief,
Th' attentive *Britons* hear, and hope Relief.

Of Wrath Divine, what Vials have been pour'd,
 And empy'd on our Heads, that have devour'd
 The guilty Britons, and our Camp consum'd;
 Where pil'd in Heaps, the Dead, the Dead entomb'd!
 Th' Eternal's Sword around did widely waft,
 And carried Death, and Ruin where it past.
 It reek'd in Blood, and shone with Slaughter dy'd
 Red as the Crimson Sins, which for its Vengeance cry'd.
 This day we deprecate the Curse, and all
 With wounded Souls, for Heav'n's Compassion call.
 To still the Storms of Wrath which on us beat,
 And cause the fiery Torrent to retreat.
 The God we Worship Jealous is, and Pure,
 His Wrath advances slow, but reaches sure:
 His threat'ning Arm does long extended stay,
 But then descends with the more fearful Sway.
 Who then can his consuming Fire withstand,
 Who bear the strokes of his Revenging Hand?
 There's hope your Prayers have found Success above,
 And Heav'n aton'd, will this fierce Plague remove.
 May ne'er our impious Crimes, his Arm provoke
 To end our Ruin by a second stroke.

He ceas'd. His Men their sacred Vows renew,
 And for Devotion to their Tents withdrew:
 Where while Celestial Warmth their Breasts extend,
 The Day in Prayers, and Hymns of Praise they end.
 Heav'n the Returning Penitents embrac'd,
 And far away th' Infernal Legions chas'd.
 Their Guardian Angels once more take their Post,
 Drawn out in bright Array, around their Host.

Twice had the Sun, with dawning Glories blest
 The World, and call'd the Lab'rer from his rest,

As

As oft the Night her Sable Vesture, set
 With pearly Dew, ascends her Throne of Jet:
 When certain Tydings Arthur's Camp alarm'd,
 That Olla's Men against the Britons arm'd,
 Believing that the Britons thus distress'd,
 By Saxon Arms, might be with Ease oppress'd.
 With Olla Leagues, and Overtures of Peace,
 When War shall offer more advantage, cease.
 The Tydings soon thro' all the Army ran,
 Whence in their Minds tormenting Fears began,
 They thought their weaken'd Troops, could not oppose
 The fierce Attack, of their insulting Foes.
 The trouble spreads, all, their sad State bewail,
 That those the Plague had spar'd, the Sword should now assail.

The pious Prince with heavy Grief oppress'd,
 To Heav'n thus vents the trouble of his Breast:
 Thou that from dark Egyptian Prisons freed,
 As Shepherds do their Flocks, didst Israel lead,
 Who from between the Cherubs, didst display
 Thy Heav'nly Glories, to direct their Way.
 Whose mighty Arm extended, did secure
 Their trembling Host, pursu'd by Pharaoh's Power:
 Shine forth, and with thy Beams dispel this Night,
 Whose horrid Shades, my lab'ring Soul affright.
 Stir up thy Strength, thy Foes, and ours invade,
 And bring thy shining Myriads to our Aid.
 Thou God of Light, reveal thy glorious Face,
 Thy Rays will from the Sky, this Tempest chase.
 Thee, all the unnumber'd Hosts of Heav'n obey,
 Drawn in embattl'd Lines, and bright Array
 Along th' Etherial Plains, and here below
 Monarchs to thee, precarious Empires owe.

Prest

Press'd by our Enemies, no cheer we find,
 How long wilt thou neglect thy People's Cry?
 Bath'd in our Tears, and pleas'd with Grief, we mean
 Our solitary State, for God is gone
 Our Foes around, despise our Mournful State,
 And on those Loads that press us, heap more Weight.
 Our Enemies enrag'd, no Mounds between,
 On us, like rising Waves, come foaming in,
 Against the Reliques thy fierce Winds hasten'd,
 The Foe's Inexorable Swords prepar'd.
 On me with Scorn thy insulting Scoffers look
 As one, whom Heav'n's Displeas'd has now forlook:
 The Pagans make my Woes their sportful Theam,
 Reproach thy Vertues, and thy Name blaspheme.
 Sair up thy Power, thy glittering Arms assume,
 Bowing the Heav'ns, to our Deliverance come.
 As from th' aspiring Mountains rais'd around
 Jerusalem, while it stood, Protection found:
 So let a Guard, from thy bright Host detach'd,
 T' encamp about our Army be dispatch'd.
 Thou God of Truth arise, let th' Heathen see,
 Thy Wrath pursues perfidious Treachery.

While thus Prince Arthur Pleas'd his Protection sought,
 The God-like *Raphael*, this kind Message brought:
 Thy Prayer prevails, O Prince, be not dismay'd,
 Th' Almighty's Arm is stretch'd out for your Aid.
 Highly your Crimes Heav'n's Majesty displeas'd,
 But your Repentance hath his VVrath appeas'd.
 His People's Faults do but his Rod employ,
 But his fierce Vengeance shall his Foes destroy.
 Let not the Saxon's Numbers be their Pride,
 You're stronger far, for God is on your Side,
 Abundantly your Loss is thus Supply'd.

Arise,

Arise, and let the Britons Courage take,
 Their Arms shall drive th' advancing Saxon back.

The Prince with *Raphel's* heav'nly Message cheer'd,
Otha's unequal Force, no longer fear'd.
 His chearful Looks the drooping Britons saw,
 And thence reviving Warmth, and Courage draw.
 His God-like Language calmstheir troubled Minds,
 And with its Charms reluctant Passions binds.
 He to their frozen Veins new Life procures,
 Disperses their Doubts, and fainting Hopes assures.
 The Britons, that before did scarcely dare
 T' expect it, now resolve to meet the War.
 They now no more the Fears of Danger own,
 While Heav'n affixt, and *Arthur* leads them on.

Mean time ill-boding Prodigies, affright
 King *Otha*, and dissuade the Men from Fight:
 The Birds of Heav'n the gazing *Augurs* scare,
 Crossing with inauspicious Flights the Air!
 The Fowl as sacred kept, projected Meat
 Coldly regard, and sullenly retreat.
 From hollow Oaks, obscene Night Ravens fung,
 And clustering Bees upon their Ensigns hung.
 Bullocks with Garlands crown'd reluctant come,
 Break from the Altar, and run lowing home.
 Near silver *Thamisis* sweet Banks, there stood,
 Awful for solemn Shade, a lofty Wood:
 Where they ador'd their God *Irmanful* nam'd.
 A war-like Idol, thro' *Germania* fam'd.
 His Right Hand did a Flowry Garland bear,
 His Left held up a Balance in the Air:
 His Breast a grizzly Bear's fierce Figure bore,
 And in his Shield a Lyon seem'd to roar.

Fresh

Fresh gather'd Flowers dispers'd in Heaps around,
 Gay Superstition, paint their sacred Ground.
 Hither the Saxons, and their Priests repair,
 T' atone their God, with *Victims*, and with Prayer.
 His Aid against the Britons to invoke,
 While the tall Oaks with Clouds of Incense smoak,
 The Priests the Wood to burn the Victim lay,
 And a crown'd Bullock at the Altar slay,
 Their reeking Hands, ransack in vain the Breast,
 To find the Heart of the prodigious Beast:
 The Priests grow pale, and from their Altar start,
 Finding a Victim slain without a Heart.

But that which most the gazing Saxons scare,
 Are Armies seen engaging in the Air.
 The highest ground of all the heavenly Way,
 The Sun had gain'd, darting a down-right Ray;
 When two black Clouds appear'd, one from the East
 Threat'ning arose, the other from the West:
 They stretcht their lowering Fronts across the Sky,
 And frowning, seem'd each other to defy.
 Between, a Glade of free and open Air,
 Did, as betwixt two spacious Woods, appear:
 Then issuing from the Womb of either Cloud
 Two Armies met, and drawn in Battel stood.
 The sick'ning Sun shone with a gloomy Ray,
 Scar'd with the bloody Business of the Day.
 Between them straight began a furious Fight,
 And glittering Arms supply'd the want of Light.
 Eager of Glory from Heroick Deeds,
 The Airy Knights spur on their foaming Steeds:
 They rush to Battel with a full Career,
 And tilting break their Lances in the Air.

Swords

Swords clashing Swords, and Shields rencounting Shields,
 Fill with the Din of War th' Etherial Fields.
 Vaulting the Air, thick Showers of Arrows fly,
 And warlike Labour troubles all the Sky.
 A bloody Field was fought, and Heaps of Slain
 Seem'd to o'erspread the wide Etherial Plain.
 Chariots o'erturn'd, and scatter'd Harness by,
 Steeds, and dismounted Riders, mingled ly.
 From gaping Wounds, a Crimson Sea of Blood,
 Along the Heav'nly Pavement reeking flow'd.
 At last the Squadrons, in the Eastern Sky
 Fell in Disorder, and began to fly.
 The Conquerors hung upon their Backs, and chas'd
 Their Troops, with mighty Rout thro' all the Wast:
 Into the Clouds and Heav'nly Wilds they fled,
 And left upon the Bloody Field their Dead.
 Next off the Theatre the Victors go,
 And into shapeless Air dissolving flow.
 The lab'ring Scene, and Actors disappear'd,
 And of the War the Airy Stage was clear'd.

Ossa that view'd the important Prodigy,
 Trembled to see the Eastern Army fly.
 He wisely hid his Fears within his Breast,
 And to his Captains thus himself express'd.
 Let not vain *Prodigies* the Saxons scare,
 Form'd by the wanton Demons of the Air:
 Wrapt in dark Clouds, the Will of Heav'n's conceal'd,
 To Mortals only by th' Event reveal'd.
 Think not fantastick *Portents*, can declare
 The Fate of Kingdoms, and Results of War.
 These only weak, and vulgar Minds affright,
 Like Phantoms, borrowing Horror from the Night.

D d

Which

Which, as capricious Nature's Bly, the wise,
 From timorous Superstition free, despise.
 The valiant on their Arms make Fortune wait,
 And carve out to themselves propitious Fate.
 Neglect these Dreams, the Gods are ever kind
 To the best Troops, and to th' undaunted Mind.
 Great *Cæsar* thus condemn'd his Augurs Tales,
 Fights, and o'er Foes, and Portents too, prevails.
 Thus *Otha* strove their Passion to appease,
 And give them what himself enjoy'd not, Ease.

At a small Village, now unknown by Name;
 There dwelt a Sorcerer of wondrous Fame.
 The Pagan Briton *Merlin*, that of late
 For his dire Art, driv'n from the British State;
 Did with the Pagan Saxons safely dwell,
 And kept his Correspondence up with Hell.
 With potent Juices, and Infernal Charms,
 The black Magician, Plagues, and Mortal Harms,
 And various Kinds of Mischiefs, did inflict
 On those, whom Heav'n was pleas'd he should afflict.
 He in the silent Night while Mortals sleep,
 By Hedg-rows, Lakes, or o'er the Hills would creep.
 To gather baleful Herbs, with which he drew
 Familiar Fiends, which round, like Ravens, flew.
 Mounting his Magick Wand, he thro' the Air
 To rich Nocturnal Feasts would oft repair,
 Spread on green Hills, or near some shady Wood,
 Or Grassy Banks of some sweet River's Flood:
 Where when th' infernal Company are met,
 Rich Meats, and Wines, on stately Tables set,
 They seem to taste, and by the Moon's pale Light,
 Spend in Fantastick Luxury, the Night.

But

But from th' imaginary Banquet come,
 At the grey Dawning, lank and meagre, home.

King *Otha*'s Servants at their Lord's Command,
 With their unrighteous Wages in their Hand,
 To *Merlin* come, and soon prevail'd to bring
 The fam'd Magician to their anxious King.
 Whom *Otha* thus bespoke,
 The Miracles, your sacred Art has shown,
 Make you thro' all the wondring Island known,
 Let your prodigious Power my Army guard,
 Honour and Riches shall be your Reward.
 The Foe we'll now engage, but let him first
 Be here by you, and your Enchantments curst:
 Curse then this impious Enemy; your Breath
 Will blast their Strength, and fatal prove as Death.
 Your Curse and that of Fate, is deem'd the same,
 And whom you blest the World does blest proclaim.
 Assault their Camp with all your Magick Powers,
 You'll curse your Mortal Foes, as well as ours.
 Revenge your Wrongs, and by your potent Charms,
 Draw off the Guardian Gods, that help their Arms.
 Come with me then, I will a Mountain shew,
 From whose high Top you may their Army view:
 There we'll atone the Gods with Prayer, and thence
 You shall your Curses on the Foe dispense.

Then *Otha* to a Mount the Sorcerer led,
 Whence thro' the Vale he saw the Britons spread.
 Seven Altars they erect, and in the Flames,
 Seven Bulls sacrifice, and seven Rams.
 Here *Otha* and his Lords their Gods ador'd,
 And kneeling round the Flames, their Aid implor'd.

D d 2

At

At last, the Night advancing to her Noon,
Merlin conducted by the silver Moon,
 From *Ossa*, to a neighb'ring Hill withdraws,
 T'observe infernal Rites, and magick Laws.
 He seeks out noxious Plants, whose powerful Juice
 Magicians for their strong Enchantments use;
 Green Henbane, Wormwood, Hemlock, Savine Tops,
 In whose preft Juice he dipt his magick Sops;
 With Plants that to the Moon their Vertue owe,
 And Toadstools, which from Storms of Thunder grow,
 Which mixt with humane Fat, red Hair, and Blood,
 He offers up cast on the Burning Wood.
 Then with his potent Wand, he walks around,
 And with dire Circles marks th' enchanted ground.
 Then did he with a mutt'ring Voice rehearse
 Wondrous, mysterious Words, and potent Verse.
 Th' infernal Charms all Nature did affright,
 The waning Moon straight sickned at the Sight:
 The Hill with Horror trembled, and around
 With howling Wolves the neighb'ring Woods resound.
 Then Storms of Rain ensue, swift Lightnings fly,
 And dreadful Thunderclaps torment the Sky.
 Spectres, and Ghosts break from their hollow Tomb,
 And glaring round the Necromancer come.
 All Hell was mov'd, the Powers drawn from their Seats
 Arise, while *Merlin* his dire words repeats:
 Whom with his Charms he labours to engage
 Against the *Britons*, and excites their Rage.
 His powerful Arts incline them to employ
 United force, their Army to destroy.
 But Hell and all its Friends vain Rage express,
 And Curse in vain, when Heav'n designs to Bless.

Merlin

Merlin, his impious Ceremonies done,
 Returns to *Ossa* with the rising Sun.
 Before the *Saxon* Lords he stood, prepar'd
 To Curse their Foes, and merit his Reward.
 When the Magician's Breast an unknown Fire
 Laps'd from above did suddenly inspire:
 A Warmth Divine his Spirits did invade,
 And once a Sorcerer a Prophet made.
 The Heav'nly Fury *Merlin* did constrain
 To Bless, whom he to Curse design'd in vain:

How beautiful the *Britons* Tents appear!
 What goodly Heads his Tabernacles rear!
 As the rich Vales they spread their verdant Pride,
 Or flowry Gardens by the River's side.
 As shady Aloes in th' *Arabian* Woods,
 Or lofty Cedars planted by the Floods.
 Indulgent Heav'n upon the *Briton*, pours
 Prolifick Dews, and sweet refreshing Showers.
 His Seed shall flourish midst surrounding Streams,
 Blest with mild Air, and pure reviving Beams.
 His Prince's Glory, shall his People's Love,
 And Neighbour Monarchs Fear, and Envy, move.
 He, like a fearless Unicorn shall stand,
 Sure of his Strength, and all the Fields command.
 Those hostile Nations who oppose his Power,
 He with resistless Fury shall devour!
 He'll break their crashing Bones, his Bow he'll bend,
 And thro' their Flesh his piercing Arrows send.
 He couches like a Lyon on the Sand,
 Like a vast Lyon in a Desert Land:
 Stretching his fearful Limbs at Ease he lies,
 What Creature dares provoke him to arise?

Bless

Bless him, and be of happy Men the first,
Curse him, and thou thy self shalt be accurst.

He ceas'd. King *Otha*, tho incens'd, suppress,
His Trouble and Displeasure in his Breast,
And to the Sorcerer, thus himself addrest:
By solemn Execrations, to devote
The *Britons* to Destruction, you were fought;
But, you this impious Nation chuse to Bless,
And all your Words preface their Arms Success.
Withdraw a second time, perhaps you'll find
The Gods, by your Enchantments, more inclin'd:
Perhaps some Errour might at first displease;
A second Essay will the Powers appease.

The Sorcerer a second time retreats,
And all his potent Charms with Care repeats:
He added ev'ry poisonous Juice, and Spell,
He knew had force to shake the Realms of Hell.
Merlin, his impious Rites perform'd, returns,
And acted by Satanick Fury, burns,
All Hell within shook the Magician's Breast,
But by a Power Divine straight dispossess,
Th' affrighted Demons fled, and in their stead
A pure Celestial Spirit did succeed.
Transports Divine his lab'ring Soul engage,
And thus he spake, mov'd with Prophetick Rage:
In vain with Divination, we assaid
The *Christian* Arms, where all Enchantments fail.
Our Curses by the powerful Breath of Heav'n,
Back on our Heads, with fatal Force are driv'n.
Those God has blest, no Guards nor Bulwarks need,
Nor can their Arms, whom he has curst, succeed.

Un-

Unchangeably he's on his Purpose bent,
Nor does he, like unstable Man, repent.
The Christian Army will prevail; that said,
Observing *Otha's* Fury rise, he fled.

The King incens'd cry'd, curst Magician, fly,
Spite of thy Charms, and thee, shall Victory
And Triumph, on the *Saxon* Arms attend,
Against such Troops what Signs can ill portend?
Thy impious Tongue Propitious Heav'n belies;
And for the *Britons* forges Prophecies.
Thy self of *British* Blood, the *British* Cause
Stronger than Wrongs, or ev'n Religion, draws.
So oft poor Slaves who to a neighb'ring State
Fly for Protection from a Tyrant's Hate,
If he does War against those Neighbours wage,
And with his Arms, upon their Frontiers rage:
Joy at th' Oppressors Conquests and Success,
Against their own Protectors they express.

Otha at this Defeat with Fury burn'd,
And to his Army with his Lords return'd.
Amidst his Troops he rode; and thus he spoke;
His Voice high rais'd, their Courage to provoke:
Saxons, you now to certain Conquest go,
To glean the Reliques of a ruin'd Foe.
The Gods do loudly for your Cause declare,
And call you, but to finish their own War.
Think on the Deeds by your great Nation done,
The Towns they took, their glorious Battles won,
And the rich Countries by their Arms o'er-run.
From this fair *Island* shall the *Britons* chafe,
From these sweet Fields, great *Odin's* war-like Race?

From

From these sweet Fields for which our Leaders fought,
Which with the noblest *Saxon* Blood were bought.
Shall we with ignominious Flight retreat,
O'er the rough Main, to seek some milder Seat?
Or shall we back to our cold Region go,
To hide in Caves, and dwell in Hills of Snow?
Can my victorious Friends the *Britons* dread,
Who from your conqu'ring Arms so oft have fled,
A vanquish'd Nation by an Exile led?
Appear like *Saxons*, add this Conquest more,
To all th' immortal Lawrels won before.
Thus you'll the Grounds of lasting Empire lay,
And still the *Briton* shall your Laws obey.
Vain with Success at Sea, they draw their Swords,
And for Dominion strive with us, their Lords:
Let now your Arms chastise their wanton Pride,
And then in unmolested Peace abide.
He said, and brandishing his threatening Launce,
And springing forward, bids his Men advance.

Now from the Hills th' embattel'd *Saxon* swarms,
And covers all the Plain with hostile Arms.
As when the great Commanders, Orders give
To quit the straight Dominions of their Hive;
The *Bees* pour out a numerous Colony
From their sweet Cells, the buxie Youth on high
Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky.
While brazen Pans Charm and compose their Heat;
In some tall neighb'ring Tree they fix their Seat:
Thither th' unnumber'd Vulgar streight resort,
And clustering Crowds surround their Monarch's Court.
So thick the *Saxons* on the Field appear,
Following their Leader with an endless Rear.

The

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
Disclosing slow, the horrid Face of War.
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
As lowring Clouds advance before a Storm.
So when the Sea grown black, the hazy Sky,
And rising Winds, foretell a Tempest nigh:
Th' experienc'd Mariners, with hasty care
Furl their spread Sails, and for a Storm prepare.
Straight in the black *Horizon*, to the Skies
The dusky Billows threatening Heads arise:
Th' unnumber'd Troops upon each others throng,
And with a gloomy Aspect march along.
Advancing, they their boundless Front extend
O'er all the Main, and fearful Wreck portend.
The *Saxon* Host thus in its March appears,
And where it came, thick Groves of bristling Spears,
Broad Iron Backs, and Breast-plates, Brazen Shields,
Mail-Coats, and burnish'd Helm's o'erspread the Fields.
Chariots of War in Clouds of Dust advance,
And tossing up their Foam, the thundering Couriers Prance,
Their Army's Wings stretch out, they to the Foes
A long extended Ridge of War oppose.
The *British* Squadrons too outnumber'd far,
Run boldly on the horrid Edge of War,
To make their Front, the thin Battalions ran,
But stretcht not equal to the *Saxon* Van.
Both Armies thus, rang'd in Battallions,
And Death prepar'd her thirsty Jaws for Blood.

From the Celestial Host, a glorious Band
Of Seraphs was detach'd by high Command:
Hither the shining Warriors did repair,
And drawn in long Array, stood in the Air.

E

Their

Their Blades divinely temper'd flam'd on high,
 And blazing Shields inlighten all the Sky;
 Impenetrable Shields, drawn from the Towers
 Of Heav'n's high Arsenal, fill'd with warlike Stores.
 Th' Angelick Cuirassiers, in Armour shone
 Of Adamant, from Rocks Empyrean hewn.
 High milk-white Plumes, like Snowy Clouds arise,
 From their bright Crests, and nod against the Skies.
 Rich Helmets, of Immortal beaten Gold
 Adorn their Heads, Brags of Ethernal mould
 Refin'd above, their jointed Gauntlets made;
 Brags, that the Teeth of Time can ne'er invade.
 Broad silver Belts richly embroider'd o'er,
 Rare Seraph's work, their shining Shoulders bore,
 And round them Sky-dy'd Purple Scarfs they wore.
 Michael a Prince in Heav'n of first renown,
 Who, like a Sun, high in his Chariot shone;
 This bright Detachment did in Chief Command,
 Charg'd to maintain strict Guard, and to withstand
 Th' Attempts, that might by Hellish Fiends be made,
 Sent by their Prince the Christian to invade.

While Lucifer on the white Mountain's Head,
 His black, Infernal Crew about him spread;
 With Malice, Rage, and Pride extended late
 High on his dusk Throne, resolv'd to wait,
 And see, if this important Day's Event,
 Would answer with success, his curst intent.

In glitt'ring Arms the dazzling Prince, appears
 Before his Troops, the Saxon sees, and fears.
 His Helm of polish'd Steel brac'd round his Head,
 Did o'er the Field, a glorious Terror spread.

Bright

Bright Stones, and high rais'd Needle Work adorn
 The shining Belt, across his Shoulders worn.
 His fatal Sword, the Bane of Gothick Pride,
 With fearful Grace hung by his war-like Side.
 Odar the Neustrian of this famous Blade
 Inur'd to Victory, a Present made
 To Arthur, when from Albion first ye came,
 To Odar's Camp, to win Heroick Fame:
 Lodar did with this Gift King Odar grace,
 A valiant Hero of the Neustrian Race.
 His radiant Shield, of Brags its outmost Fold,
 Th' inmost temper'd Steel, the midst of Gold,
 Was the rare Work of Lycon's skilful Toil,
 From which unpierc'd, the sharpest Darts recoil.
 Bright, like a Sun, it did fierce Glory part,
 Where might be seen pourtray'd with wondrous Art,
 Strong Towns besieg'd, and famous Battels won,
 And great Exploits by ancient Heroes done;
 Who to defend their Country, bravely fought,
 By Men inspir'd, in sacred Volumes wrote.

— Here th' Israelites, kind Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Their famous Gen'ral Joshua leads to War.
 The Rocky Desert past with wondrous Toil,
 With Marches worn, and heavy with the Spoil
 From vanquish'd Bashan, and King Sibon won,
 Where their illustrious Triumphs first begun,
 Advance their Ensigns, Canaan to invade,
 Ripe by their full grown Sins for Conquest made.
 To Jordan's Streams they come, straight to his Head
 His Waves roll'd back, obsequious Jordan fled.
 The naked Channel shows his sandy Face,
 And gives the Favorite Nation leave to pass.

Ec 2

Th

Th' astonish'd *Canaanites*, like *Jordan*, fly,
And weep to see their Guardian River dry.

Here valiant *Gideon*, with his Troop by Night,
March'd out t' attack the haughty *Midianite*,
The *Foe*, like Locusts, numberless was pour'd
Around the Vale, and all its Fruits devour'd
But dreading *Gideon's Arms*, the Spoilers fly,
And by his Sword, and by their own, they die.
King Zeba, and *Zalmunna*, with a throng
Of Captive Princes, draw their Chains along.

Here in the plain, stretcht like some spacious Wood,
In long Array, the throng'd *Philistines* stood.
Goliath issuing from their opening Files,
Of Bulk stupendous, hideous with the Spoils
Of yellow Lyons slain, and shaggy Bears,
Towering before their shouting Host, appears.
With haughty Air, the wondrous Figure strode,
His Sword his Trust, and his right Hand his God.
Beneath his Weight the Vally seem'd to shake,
But his pale Foes did more than seem to quake.
Gnashing his Teeth the grinning Monster stood,
Himself an Army, and his Spear a Wood.
Sufficient Stores whole Mites could scarcely yield,
For his wide Cuirass, and prodigious Shield:
Where Figures pour'd of fierce Monsters shone,
But none so fierce, and monstrous as his own.
High in the Clouds, his brazen Helm did show
Like some vast Temple's gilded Cupola.
His mighty Legs, that brazen Boops embrac'd,
Tall Pillars seem'd, with *Corinthian Metal* cas'd.
Thus arm'd he stood, and by his Mein did seem
To curse aloud, to threaten and blaspheme.

His

His beck'ning Hand held proudly up, invites
To combat, all the trembling *Hebrew Knights*.
Tho' vast of Bulk he bigger swells with Pride,
He curst their Army, and their Gods defy'd.
Here, Godlike *David*, in the flowry Bloom
Of Youth, and Beauty, brings the Monster's Doom:
To kindle Love, or Pity fitter far,
Then the rough Passions, which attend on War:
And likelier by his Youth's engaging Charms,
To wound the *Anakite*, then with his Arms.
Yet bravely he embrac'd th' unequal War,
And scorn'd his Rage that curst him from afar.
The fatal Stone by the young Hero slung,
Cut thro' the Air, and sure of Triumph sung:
It pierc'd the *Cyclops Head*, his Carcass fell
Swift to the Ground, his Soul, as swift to Hell.
Faln on his Face, he bites the trembling Ground;
And Brains, and Gore brake thro' the gaping Wound:
Wallowing he lay a vast extended Load,
Like a great Island, in a Sea of Blood.
His ghastly Eye-balls strive with parting Light,
And swim, and roll into eternal Night.
Here *Saul* receiv'd the charming conquering Boy,
The Captains blush'd for Shame, and wept for Joy.
His Brothers griev'd to see the glorious Day,
Prompted with Pride, and Envy shrunk away.
Here *Judah's Daughters* flowry Garlands bring,
They crown young *David*, and preface him King.
In Songs and Dances they his Deeds proclaim,
And *Saul's* is lessen'd, to advance his Fame.

Here mighty *Samson*, hot with Martial Rage,
A numerous Army does alone engage.

His

His Sword high wav'd, reeking in Sweat and Blood,
 O'er slaughter'd Heaps, th' invading Conqueror strode.
 His fatal Arms, his Foes no longer bear,
 But their whole Host flies from his single Spear.
 Confus'dly o'er the Field lay spread about,
 Wide Ruin, Spoils, and ignominious Rout.

Here valiant *David's* Troops victorious come,
 From their *Assyrian* Expedition home.
 Vast were the Spoils, which from the glorious Day
 Won on *Damascus's* Plains, they bore away:
 King *Hadadazer's* Arms in Triumph born,
 And Purple Robes by their soft Princes worn,
 And sparkling Gems, which did their Ears adorn.
 Rich Collars, Chains, and blazing Shields of Gold,
 Vast Silver Bowls, that richer Metal hold.
 High gilded Dishes, graven or emboss'd,
 Treasure immense, that *Syria* had engross'd.
 Purple Pavilions once in lofty Rows,
 And Crimson Beds, where Monarchs did repose.
 Unnumber'd Camels, laden and oppress'd,
 With all th' Luxury of the warren East,
 Beneath the Boory groan'd along the Road,
 Themselves a Prey, as was their precious Load.
 Here ran gilt Chariots, drawn by generous Steeds,
 Such as the noble Soil of *Asia* breeds.
 Here Royal Captives, and chain'd Lords appear,
 And vulgar Slaves, press'd with an endless Reer.

Here the great *Constantine* of British Race,
 O'er *Tyber's* Bridge, does fierce *Maxentius* chase.
 With *Roman* Blood the swelling Rivers dy'd,
 And Helms, and Shields swim down the Crimson Tyde.
 Spears, broken Armour, Men, and Coursers slain,
 The Streams encumber, and the Flood detain.

Great

Great *Constantine* in glitt'ring Armour shines,
 And pressing on, breaks thro' the *Roman* Lines:
Maxentius Hopes are blasted in the Bloom,
 He flies, and opens wide the Gates of *Rome*
 To the Victorious Christian, and his God,
 Where for a while, he made his blest abode.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK VIII.

THus in resplendant Arms Prince *Arthur* shines,
 Darting bright Terror thro' the *Saxon* Lines.
 All at his fearful Presence were amaz'd,
 And on the glorious Foe with Wonder gaz'd.
 Confusion seiz'd them, and a chilling Damp,
 Went to their Hearts, thro' all the trembling Camp.
 And now the vaulted Sky, rings with the Noise,
 Of *Souldiers* shoutings, and shrill *Trumpets* Voice.
 The *British* Prince waving his flaming Blade,
 The *Saxons* strong Battalions did invade.

First *Baldred* fell a bold and daring Knight;
 That rushing forward did his Fate invite.
 The Javelin thro' his Shield of treble Hlde,
 And Coat of Mail, pierc'd deep into his Side.
Eska the second Triumph did afford,
 His Head struck off by *Arthur's* conquering Sword.
 Next groveling on the Ground great *Ina* lies,
 And the brave *Orla* of stupendous Size :
 Whose Clubs like that *Alcides* us'd to wield,
 Laid whole Brigades on Heaps upon the Field.
 Neither their Arms, nor Statute, nor Descent;
 From mighty *Osea* could their Fate prevent.
 As *Pharo* boasted loud, and threatned Death,
 The Javelin pierc'd his Throat, and stop'd his Breath,

F f

Kinullar

Kinullar next the conquering Prince withstood,
 A valiant Captain, and of Noble Blood.
 Resisted by his Shield, the *Saxon's* Spear
 Flew off, and pass'd obliquely thro' the Air.
 Here on the Prince *Cissa* exclaiming loud,
 Rush'd in, and prest him with a numerous Crowd.
 Thick showers of Javelins with a mighty Sound,
 Like Storms of Hail, from his bright Shield rebound-
 The Prince enrag'd caught up his Spear in haste,
 Which he at *Cissa* with such Fury cast,
 It pierc'd his famous Buckler's seventh Fold;
 And his rich Coat daub'd thick with pond'rous Gold;
 Then deep between the Paps the Weapon went,
 And its last Force in his warm Bosom spent:
 Flat on his Face the Bleeding *Saxon* lies,
 And rattling in his Throat stretcht out, and dies.
Mollo rush'd in, and with his hand did wrest,
 The bloody Weapon from his Brother's Breast,
 And boldly to attack the Prince advanc'd,
 But from his Shield th' unprosperous Weapon glanc'd.
 The Prince's Spear thro' *Mollo's* Shield of Brass,
 Thro' his Habergion, and his Breast did pass:
Mollo of Sence bereav'd fell to the Ground,
 And spew'd black Blood, both from his Mouth and Wound.
 Striving th' invading Hero to repel,
Alcinor, *Peda*, and *Darontes* fell,
 Three Men of wondrous Strength and war-like Fame,
 Who from the farthest Snows of *Scythia* came;
 Descended all from *Otha's* noble Line,
 Whose glorious Deeds in *Saxon* Records shine.
 He was victorious *Odin's* constant Friend,
 And all his Toils, and Conquests did attend.

Then

Then *Cerdic* with his Troops the Prince withstands,
 Sustain'd by *Sebert*, and th' *East Saxon* Bands.
 Now these, now those, the *British* Prince attack,
 And press on every side, to force him back.
 As when two adverse Hurricanes arise,
 Must'ring their stormy Forces in the Skies
 Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,
 Against each other bend their rapid Course.
 The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,
 And Front to Front a fearful War display.
 Exploded Flames against each other fly,
 And fiery Arches Vault th' enlighten'd Sky.
 Conflicting Billows, against Billows dash, (flash)
 Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings
 Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
 But equal strength maintains a doubtful Field.
Britons and *Saxons* thus in Battel strove,
 And neither from their Ground the Foe remove.

Then Valiant *Cadwal* threatening from afar
 High in his Chariot, plung'd into the War.
 His strong, extended Arm his Javelin slung;
 Cutting the Air, the hissing Weapon sung.
 Falling on *Kingill's* Shield it pierc'd the Hide
 Of treble Fold, and enter'd deep his Side;
 Fainting and staggring *Kingill* backwards reel'd,
 Then fell with founding Arms upon the Field:
 Gasping he lay, and from his ghastly Wound,
 His Crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground.
 And next, his fatal Shaft at *Bertac* flew
 With mighty Force, and pierc'd his Breastplate thro'.
 The secret Springs of Life, the pointed Dart
 Broke open, and transfixt his generous Heart.

F f 2

His

His Wound from gaping Channels inward bled,
 And on his Shoulder hung his lolling Head :
 He fell, and shivering gasp'd his latest Breath,
 And fainting, sunk into the Arms of Death.
 A noble Youth worthy of milder Fate,
 But Death's blind Stroaks distinguish not the great.
 At last the *Saxon* Troops in Throngs surround,
 The Valiant King, thus far with Conquest crown'd.
 Thick Showers of Darts from every side invade,
 And in his Shield a bristling Harvest staid.
 Th' undaunted Hero long their Force sustain'd,
 And held at Bay ; th' unequal War maintain'd.
 Like a chaf'd Boar that in a sheltering Wood,
 The clam'rous Dogs surround King *Cadwall* stood :
 A noble Rage did in his Breast arise,
 And Streaks of Fire break from his burning Eyes.
 So when by Night th' Islandian Ocean roars,
 And rolls its angry Waters on the Shores.
 Flashes of Light, and fiery Lustre glance
 From raging Waves, which in bright Troops advance.
 With this refulgent Sword the Warriour flew,
 Vpon the Crowd, and cut his passage thro'.
Soga and *Kenrick*, from the Hilly Land,
 Where *Sorbiodunum's* lofty Castles stand ;
 Two constant Friends, whom Fate could not divide,
 Together by the *Briton's* Weapon dy'd.
 Then *Redburg*, *Alfrey*, and *Theodrick* tell,
 Striving in vain the Victor to repel.
 Great Numbers more he slew, whose vulgar Name
 To those, in after Ages never came.
 As a high Rock, which the vast Ocean laves,
 Expos'd to stormy Winds, and raging Waves,
 On its fixt Base, unshaken does defy
 Th' united Fury of the Seas, and Sky :

So

So midst surrounding Foes, brave *Cadwall* stood,
 About him flow'd a Sea of Hostile Blood.
 He slew *Rovennar* with his mighty Sword,
 And *Saradan*, a great *West Saxon* Lord :
 Valiant *Elmunor*, to his Country dear,
 And *Osh* dy'd, by his projected Spear.

Osha, engag'd to see the numerous Spoils
 Round *Cadwall* spread, sprung thro' the thronging Files :
 Rushing with Fury on, and threatening high,
 He thus aloud did to the *Briton* cry :
Cadwall, on me let all your Force be spent ;
 Hither be all your pointed Javelins sent.
 Here see a Foe that will your Pride abate,
 Or in the glorious Combate meet his Fate.
 At this his massy Spear with Vigour sent,
 Thro' Valiant *Cadwall's* shining Buckler went.
 Thro' all the Plates of Brass, and all the Plies
 Of thick Bull's Hyde, th' impetuous Weapon flies ;
 Which bruise'd his Thigh, and springing from his Veins,
 A Crimson Streak his polish'd Armour stains.
Cadwall intent'd, his Spear at *Osha* flung,
 Which in his temper'd Shield arrested hung.
 A second hissing Weapon *Osha* cast,
 Which th' interposing Buckler never past.
 But glancing on the Steel, away it flew,
 And with an oblique Stroke, *Idwallo* slew.
 Then *Cadwall* chaf'd, exerting all his Force,
 His second sends, with unresisted Course :
 Thro' *Osha's* brazen Shield it Passage found,
 Inflicting on his Side, a painful Wound.
 Their missive Weapons spent with equal Chance,
 To closer Fight the Combatants advance.

Equal

Equal in Strength, alike in Combate brave,
 Their Swords on high, like circling Flames they wave.
 Both traversing the Ground for Fight prepare,
 And with Heroic Ardor meet the War.

And *Olla* first discharg'd a noble Stroke :

On *Cadwall*'s Crest, which thro' his Helmet broke :

Cadwall amaz'd, recoy'd, and backwards reel'd,

And scarce his Spear his tottering Limbs upheld.

A loud Applause rang thro' the shouting Host ;

The Britons rag'd, and thought their Hero lost :

But he recov'ring from th' amazing Blow,

Collects his Strength to meet the insulting Foe.

His brandish'd Blade fell with prodigious Sway,

And thro' the yielding Guiraffe, forc'd its Way.

The gaping Wound pour'd out a Vital Tyde,

And Crimson Streams his burnish'd Armour dy'd.

Olla his wounded Body wreaths in Pain,

And viewing on his Limbs the Bloody Stain,

With angry Eyes calls back his Life again.

And then assaults the Foe with doubled Rage,

Who meets his Arms, as eager to engage.

Fresh Strokes, fresh Wounds, they give on either side,

While Victory does for neither Sword decide.

Weak with their Wounds, and with bruise'd Armour pain'd,

An equal, noble Combat they maintain'd.

Feeble and Breathless still they kept the Field,

Unable more their blunted Arms to wield.

And now the Throng rush'd in, the Combat done,

By neither Hero lost, by neither won.

And rending with their Shouts the tortur'd Air,

Back to their Files, the Combatants they bear.

So when two Valiant Cocks in *Albion* bred,

That from th' insulting Conquerour never fled :

A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,

And with keen Weapons arm'd alike Engage;

Each other they assault with furious Beaks,

And their trim'd Plumes distain with bloody Streaks.

Each nimble Warriour from the Pavement bounds,

And wing'd with Death, their Heels deal ghastly Wounds:

By turns they take, by turns fierce Strokes they give,

And with like Hopes and Fears, for Conquest strive.

Both obstinate maintain the Bloody Field,

Both can in Combat dye, but neither yield.

Till with their bleeding Wounds grown weak and faint,

And choak'd with flowing Gore they gasp, and pant :

Disabled on the Crimson Floor they ly,

Both Honour win, but neither Victory.

Then *Morogan*, his Javelin in his Hand,
 Charg'd the fierce Troops where *Ella* did command.

Wigmunda, first his deadly Weapon felt,

Who on the flowry Banks of *Oza* dwelt,

Faln on the ground, the *Saxon* groan'd aloud,

And dying, lay deform'd with Dust and Blood.

Next *Ethelbright* he slew, the Javelin past,

Thro' the brave Leader's Hand, where sticking fast,

He from the Battel fled, and thro' the throng,

Complaining loud, trail'd the huge Spear along.

To fight the Briton, *Thefred* did advance,

And in his Buckler broke his pondrous Lance :

High in the Air the scatter'd pieces flew,

When *Morogan*, his ample Fauchion drew ;

He mist the mighty stroke aim'd at his Crest,

But Cleft his Shoulder down into his Chest,

Thro' the prodigious Wound, a Sea of Blood

Spouts from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd,

Weltring in Gore, upon the Ground he stretch,
 And his last Breath in thick Convulsions fetcht.
 Next he his Spear at great *Marthellan* throws,
 Thro' Breast, and Back the deadly Weapon goes.
 Then war-like *Ella*, with excessive Rage
 All fir'd, advanc'd the *Briton* to engage.
 As two chaf'd Lyons on a *Lybian* Plain,
 Contending which shall o'er the Desert reign;
 With raging Eyes, and fierce erected Hair,
 Scowr o'er the Sands, to meet the horrid War;
 So furious *Ella*, and great *Morogan*,
 Eager of Conquest, to the Combat ran.
 The *Saxon* first his maffy Javelin flung,
 With the vast Stroke, the *Briton's* Target rung;
 The temper'd Steel the Weapon did repel,
 Which flew aside, and at a Distance fell.
 The *Briton* next, did his bright Javelin throw,
Ella his Head inclin'd, eludes the Blow.
Ella with all his Might his second cast,
 Which mist, but stroke the Plume off, as it past.
 The *Briton* stoop'd, and lifted from the Field
 A pond'rous Stone, which both his Hands did weild;
 So vast, that two in our degenerate Days,
 Tho Men of Strength, the like can scarcely raise;
 With all his Strength he throws the craggy Stone,
 Which thro' King *Ella's* Leg-piece, crush'd the Bone.
 The wounded Warriour fell upon the Plain;
Adda advanc'd the Conqueror to sustain;
 While *Gomel* with his Men did *Ella* bear
 From the hot Place of Action, to the Rear,
 Where Charioteer, and Steeds, and Chariot stay,
 Waiting his coming from the Bloody Day.
 Mean Time great *Morogan*, had *Adda* slain,
 The Spear had thro' his Forehead pierc'd his Brain.

Biting

Biting the Ground, th' expiring *Saxon* lies,
 And Death's unwelcome shade o'erspreads his Eyes.
 And with like Courage, and with like Success,
 The brave Prince *Conan*, did the *Saxons* press,
 Which *Osfred* led; great Numbers he destroy'd,
 Whose putrid Blood, the slippery Field annoy'd.
Sefred, *Carantes*, *Molinoc* he slew,
 And *Ethelfrid*, in Arms surpass'd by few.
Oswy, and *Bassay*, all of warlike Fame,
 And many more, of unrecorded Name.
 Thus Valiant *Conan*, triumph'd in the Field,
 And all he met, did to his Courage yield;
 Until a sculking, unknown hand, at last
 Did unperceiv'd, a pointed Javelin cast:
 Deep in his Arm, th' inglorious Weapon goes,
 His Wound the Blood upon his Armour shows,
 He drew the Steel out from his bleeding Veins,
 And from the Field retir'd in tort'ring Pains.

Mean time, out-number'd in another part,
Macor's *Danmonian* Troops began to start.
Macor to stop their ignominious Flight,
 And give them Spirit to renew the Fight;
 Now sharp Reproaches us'd, and bitter Threats,
 And now with Prayers he earnestly intreats.
 Enrag'd, ashamed, and fearing open Rout,
 Exclaiming loud, he wildly flew about.
 He slays them with his Hands, and Voice, and Eyes,
 And to confirm their sinking Courage, cries,
 Whither will my *Danmonians* madly run,
 And leave behind a Victory almost won?
 What pannick Fear does my brave Friends invade?
 Till now, you never knew to be afraid.

G g

Think

Think on the Brav'ry you have always shown,
 And Laurels you and your great Fathers won.
 By their great Deeds, and yours, by *Cador's* Name,
 By all my Hopes and yours which are the same:
 By the *Danmonian* Fame, I all conjure
 Trust not to Flight, your Arms must you secure.
 Who will maintain their Ground, if you recoil?
 Thus do you mean to guard your Native Soil?
 To what new Seats will you from *Albion* fly?
 Or will you in the Rocks and Mountains lie?
Britons return from your inglorious Flight,
 Rally your Forces, and renew the Fight.
 To Safety, and to Fame the way I'll show,
 See, here it lies, across the thickest Foe.

He said, and straight amidst the Troops he flew,
Osher the first he met, the first he flew.
 He pierc'd his Belly thro' the yielding Shield,
 And out his Bowels gush'd upon the Field.
 To aid his Friend, constant *Eballan* flies,
 But wounded by the *Briton*, with him dies.
 Then while *Adulphas*, *Bertram's* Offspring stands,
 Poising a pondrous Stone in both his Hands,
 The mighty Fragment of a craggy Rock,
 And aim'd at *Macor's* Head, a deadly Stroke,
 Thro' his pierc'd Side the Javelin made its way,
 And buried, in his bleeding Liver lay.
 Then you brave Youths, *Egbert*, and *Alopar*,
 Both noble Branches of great *Horja's* Race,
 Their Age the same, the same their youthful Charms,
 Fell in the *British* Fields by *Macor's* Arms.
 This 'twixt the Ribs receiv'd the fatal Dart,
 Where transverse Bounds the Breast and Belly part;

Lopt from the Shoulder with a fearful Wound,
 T' other's Right Arm lay quivering on the Ground.

Now the *Danmonians* who began to run,
 Seeing the Wonders by their *Troops* done,
 With Shame and generous Indignation burn,
 And to the War with doubled Rage return.
 Then *Macor* let his Spear at *Redwall* fly,
 In his bright Chariot, passing swiftly by.
 It pass'd his Shield, and went into his Reins,
 A Purple Flood, springs from his wounded Veins,
 And mixt with Dust, the fervid Wheels detains.
 Projected head-long on the Ground he lay,
 Fetch'd a deep Groan, and gasp'd his Life away.
 With like Success, his Men no more afraid
 Of *Saxon* Arms, their thickest Files invade.
 So when dissolv'd by Summer Rays, the Snow
 Do's down the Sides of *Alpine* Mountains flow,
 Below the several Rills, and Currents join,
 And different Streams in one great Flood combine:
 Then do's the Deluge rear its foaming Head,
 O'erflows the Banks, and o'er the Meadows spread;
 No lofty Mounds arrest th' insulting Tide,
 But o'er the flowry Vale, the Waves triumphant ride.
 So the *Danmonian* scatter'd Troops unite,
 And with associate Arms, revive the Fight.

Here to restrain *Macor's* Victorious Course,
Bartha, oppos'd a fresh collected Force.
 From his strong Arm this singing Javelin flew,
 And passing thro' his Neck *Guiradan* flew.
 He hurl'd his Ball of Iron at the Head
 Of stout *Gomallador*, and struck him dead.

His Helm in Pieces flew, his Bones were crash'd,
 And from his Skull his Blood and Brains were dash'd.
Macor incens'd, advances to the Fight,
 And pray'd to Heav'n, to guide his Weapon right;
 Nor did he pray in vain, th' unerring Dart
 Transfixt his Breast, and sunk into his Heart.
 Strong *Bartha* fell, the Blood his Armour stains,
 And shivering Death crept cold along his Veins.

But to revenge so great a Captain's Fall,
Lothar aloud does on his *Saxons* call.
 First *Lodoic* he slew, who stood the Shock
 Of War, before unshaken as a Rock.
 Strong *Mandubrace*, of whom the *Britons* tell
 Such mighty Deeds, by the brave *Saxon* fell.
 Beauteous *Codunan* the *Silurian's* Pride,
 And war-like *Hanomer* together dy'd.
 Their Leaders brave alike, alike engag'd;
 The *Britons*, and the *Saxons* close engag'd,
 An obstinate, and bloody Fight maintain,
 And Heaps of Dead, ly thick upon the Plain.
 Dark Clouds of Dust thro' th' airy Region fly,
 And war-like Noise bounds from the vaulted Sky.
 Helms mix with Helms, and Arms with Arms unite
 Their bright Reflexion, to oppress the Sight.
 Now Man at Man, Squadrons at Squadrons rush,
 And Files at Files with Spears protended push.
 Swords clash with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray;
 And thro' the Field a horrid Din
 Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,
 And Brains and Gore, the slippery Field besmear.
 So when two adverse Tides their Waves advance,
 With equal Fury, and with equal Chance;
 The foaming Forces, doubtful Fight maintain,
 Where both by Turns lose, what by Turns they gain.

On

On this Side now retreats the vanquish'd Tide,
 And on its Back th' insulting Billows ride.
 Rallying its roaring Troops with swift Career,
 It soon returns, and reassumes the War.
 The Conquerour before is forc'd to yield,
 And rolling back its Waves deserts the Field.
 Alternate Conquest, and alternate Flight,
 Between the Foes prolong a doubtful Fight.
 So thick the Troops, so fast and close were prest,
 The wedg'd Battalions standing Breast to Breast,
 They scarce have space their Hands or Arms to move,
 But like contending Waves each other shove.
 Here *Macor* urges, presses, and invades,
 Here *Lothar* stops him with his strong Brigades;
 Equal in Arms, in Beauty, and in Age,
 But not allow'd each other to engage.
 On both the valiant Youths a different Fate,
 From a far greater Foe does shortly wait.

King *Cerdick* then advanc'd, exclaiming loud,
 And with his rapid Chariot cuts the Crowd:
 And to the Troops that stopp'd his way, he cry'd
 Open to right and let, your Ranks divide,
Macor and I, this Contest will decide.
 Nor did the *Saxon* Troops his Will oppose,
 But open, and an ample Space disclose.
 Then leaping to the Ground, his pondrous Oak
 Pointed with polish'd Steel, he threatening shook.
 At such a Sight th' amaz'd *Danmonians* start,
 And their chill Blood congel'd about their Heart.
Macor undaunted, traverses the Ground,
 And at the *Saxon* aims a fatal Wound.
 Then thro' the Air his Spear projected flew,
 And from its Sheath his flaming Sword he drew.

The

The Bucklers Brims the glancing Weapons raz'd
 And flying off, on the right Shoulder graz'd.
 Then *Cerdick's* Javelin pois'd, and aim'd with Care,
 Flew from his Arm, and hissing cut the Air;
 Who cry'd out as it went, go swiftly fly,
 And the hard Metal of his Armourry.
 While *Cerdick* thus insults th' impetuous Oak,
 Thro' Buckler, Coat of Mail and Cuirass broke,
 And pierc'd his Breast where the deep Springs abide,
 Whence Life leaps out upon its circling Tide.
 The Vital Streams thro' his bruised Armour spout,
 While he in vain wrests the warm Weapon out.
 After the parting Dart, together crowd
 From the wide Wound, his Soul, and Life, and Blood.
 He fell, his Arms upon his Armour rung,
 And Death in cold Embraces round him clung.
 Thus fell the brave *Danmonian*, who had slain
 Such Numbers, pil'd on Heaps upon the Plain.
 His Friends with Sighs, and Tears upon a Shield,
 Bear his Pale Corps off from the bloody Field.

Cerdic his Weapon warm with *Macor's* Blood,
 Advanc'd with Fury not to be withstood,
 With his drawn Sword he does the Foe invade,
 And midst their Ranks prodigious Haycock made.
 The *Britons* all enrag'd at *Macor's* Fall,
 With Showers of Darts the raging *Saxon* gaul;
 On every Side the Monarch they assail,
 With thick Brigades, but cannot yet prevail.
 As when a mighty Stag, that long had stood,
 The unmolested Monarch of the Wood,
 Safe in its Coverts, and protecting Shade,
 Against the Foe, that would his Peace invade;

If

If at an ancient Oak, he stands at last
 At Bay, by furious Dogs too closely chas'd;
 Fearless he looks, and to his clam'rous Foes,
 Does his thick Grove of Native Arms oppose.
 The Dogs with distant Cries, infest his Ears,
 And from afar the Huntsmen cast their Spears.
 None daring to approach the generous Beast,
 Project aloof their Darts against his Breast;
 Thus *Cerdick* stood, nor dar'd the boldest Knight,
 Advance to undertake a closer Fight.
 They cast their Darts at distance, and from far,
 Shower on his brazen Shield a ratling War.
 With their loud Cries the ambient Air they rend,
 And raging, all their missive Weapons spend.

Mean time around, King *Cerdick's* Jav'lins flew,
 And *Arthur's* Men, with vast Destruction flew.
Cadwan he kill'd, whose Arms great Fame had won,
 And *Vortiger* great *Ganumara's* Son.

Then *Vogan* fell, and *Ottocar*, who trace
 Their high Descent from *Hoel's* ancient Race.
 Great Numbers dy'd where the chaf'd *Saxon* flew,
 And with his Sword cut his wide Passage thro'.
 So when a generous Bull for Clowns Delight,
 Stands with his Line restrain'd, prepar'd for Fight.
 Hearing the Youth's loud Clamours, and the Rage
 Of barking Mastives eager to engage;
 He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
 Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round.
 Defiance lowring on his brindled Brows,
 A round disdainful Looks the grizzly Warriour throws.
 His haughty Head inclin'd with easie Scorn,
 Th' invading Foe high in the Air is born,
 Toft from the Combatant's Victorious Horn.

Rais'd

Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastives fly,
 And add new Monsters to th' affrighted Sky.
 The clam'rous Youth, to aid each other call,
 On their broad Backs to break their Fav'rites Fall.
 Some stretcht out in the Field lie dead, and some
 Dragging their Entrails on, run howling Home.
 But if at last on all Sides he's engag'd,
 By fresh and fiercer Foes, strait all enrag'd
 He flies about, some with his Horns he gores,
 Some strikes, and mov'd with Indignation roars.
 With disproportion'd Numbers prest at length,
 He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength.
 Then Dogs and Masters fear'd promiscuous fly,
 And fall'n in Heaps, the pale Spectators ly.
 He walks in Triumph, nods his conquering Head,
 And proudly views the Spoils about him spread.

Hyalca fell, a Lord of *Neustrian* Birth,
 Struggling with Death he bites the hostile Earth.
Rivollan dies, the brave *Armorican*,
 Who swifter than a driving Tempest ran.
Mador, not daring *Cerdick* to engage
 Fled from his Post to scape the Conquerors Rage.
Cerdick pursu'd him close, exclaiming loud,
 And to o'ertake him, breaks th' opposing Crowd.
 As when a *Lion* on the Mountains spies,
 A well grown *Stag*, his furious Bristles rise,
 And yawning horribly, with Hunger prest,
 Away he flies to tear the trembling Beast:
 He leaps upon him with his dreadful Paws,
 And buries in his Sides his fearful Jaws.
 So raging *Cerdick* flew, faln *Mador* dies,
 And everlasting Night shuts up his Eyes.

Ludvalla

Ludvalla, from the high *Silurian* Hills,
Eldubert flew, *Edelbach* kills.
Chelrick *Adarc*, *Tudg* pierces *Admy* thro',
Oswoll *Pricarden*, *Oven* *Kensley* flew.
Bladoc kills *Athelmab* in single Fight,
 Of goodly *Stat* was a *Malign* Knight.
Edwin gave *Vortimer* his fatal Wound,
 Who from his Steed, fell headlong to the Ground.
Lovellines Blood the great *Barnulf* spills,
Kentwin *Rodollan*, *Prigel* *Uff* kills.
 Now equal Ruin rag'd on either Side,
 And Victory mutual Favours did divide,
 Flowing, and Ebbing with an equal Tide.
 With like Success, by turns the doubtful Field,
 The Victors, and the vanquish'd, win and yield.
 Such was the bloody Labour of the Day,
 And in such even Scales their Fortune lay.

Now certain Fame had reach'd Prince *Arthur's* Ear,
 That his lov'd *Mador* dy'd by *Cerdick's* Spear.
 No Tydings more his Fury could provoke,
 Or strike into his Breast a deeper Stroke.
 His Looks reveal'd his Wound, and Grief, and Rage,
 His conquering Arms in deep Revenge engage.
 With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way,
 Like Grass mown down the slaughter'd *Saxons* lay.
 His Stroaks are all as sure, as those of Fate,
 And Death and Victory on his Progress wait.
 His Arms the Field with vast Destruction clear,
 Wide Lanes made by his Sword and spacious Voids appear.
 Thro' their thick Ranks the raging Tempest flies,
 And fearful Ruin all around him lies.

H h

111

In vain his fatal Javelin never flew,
Biffa, *Edgar*, *Eibellur* he flew;
 And *Eibellwoll*, who fled the Conqueror's Sight,
 But the swift Dart o'ertook him in his Flight.

His deadly Spear at *Kenfred* was design'd,
 Who stooping down the hissing Death declin'd:
 Then at the Conqueror's Feet he prostrate falls,
 And in sad Accents for Compassion calls:
 Spare, God-like *Brion*, and let *Kenfred* live,
 Me to my Father and my Children give:
 Treasures immense of Silver and of Gold,
 My Iron Chests, and buried Coffers hold;
 These Riches from the Soil so long conceal'd,
 Shall to discharge my Ransom be reveal'd.
 Mine's but a single Life, if what he spair'd,
 It can't the Progress of your Arms retard;
 On this does not depend your Empire's Fate,
 Nor can my Life or Death affect your State,

He said, to whom the British Prince reply'd,
 The Silver and the Gold your Cellars hide,
 You to your Sons and Daughters must bequeath,
 Expect your self, the present Stroke of Death:
 That said, he took his Helmet by the Crest,
 And drawing back his Head into his Breast
 Up to the Hilt, he plung'd his fatal Sword,
 And from the Wound a Grimon River pour'd
Colmar hard by, *Odin's* and *Fred's* Priest,
 Distinguish'd by his Dress, from all the rest,
 And by the Garland round his Temples known,
 In glittering Arms, and splendid Garments shone:
 Up flew his Heels while from the Field he fled,
Nazaleod set his Foot upon his Head;

And

And struck into the Ground, quite thro' his Breast
 His pointed Spear, and his rich Spoils possess'd.
 Then *Arthur* with his Spear, piec'd, *Rufa* thro';
 Theu *Osmar*, *Seward*, *Eibellar* he flew,
Osa, *Beorno*, *Kendred*, *Ediswall*,
Penda, *Kenelmar*, *Osbert*, *Eibelbal*:
 Pale *Oswald* fled, the Conquerour to prevent,
 But thro' his Back the swifter Javelin went.
 His flaming Sword did ne'er in vain descend,
 But sure Destruction did its Sway attend.
 The reeking Conquerour in Triumph reign'd,
 Glutted with Slaughter, and with Blood distain'd.
 Th' unnumber'd Dead, that round the *Brison* lay,
 More than their living Troops, obstruct his way.
 To reach their Men, that from his Fury fled,
 He climbs their slaughter'd Piles, and scales the Dead.
 Sometimes the Saxons with new Fury burn,
 And rallying Squadrons to the War return:
 They pour around the Prince their numerous Swarms,
 And strive to crush him with unequal Arms.
 As when Tempestuous Storms o'erspread the Skies,
 In whose dark Bowels inborn Thunder lies;
 The watry Vapours numberless, conspire
 To smother, and oppress th' imprison'd Fire:
 Which thus collected, gathers greater Force,
 Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Course,
 From the Cloud's gaping Womb, in Lightning flies,
 Flashing in ruddy Streaks, along the Skies.
 So *Arthur's* flaming Sword, cuts thro' the Cloud
 Around him spread, and rends th' opposing Crowd.
 With daz'ling Arms, he flies upon the Foe,
 Flashes amidst the throngs, and terribly Thunders thro'.

H h 2

Arthur

Aubum and *Alfrid*, with fresh Troops sustain,
 Their stag'ring Squadrons; and the War maintain:
 To these Prince *Arthur* wing'd with Fury flew,
 And first stout *Alfrid* with his Spear he flew;
 Thro' the left Groin, the Weapon made its Way;
 And stretch'd along the Ground, the bleeding *Saxon* lay.
 At *Aubum's* Crest, he dealt a furious Stroke,
 The *Saxon* totter'd at th' amazing Shock,
 And fell upon his Knee, and while he pray'd,
 And for his Life, would many Things have said;
 His sever'd Head off, from his Shoulders flies,
 And bounded on the Field, his Body lies
 At a great Distance, quivering on the Ground,
 And Streams of Blood spring from his ghastly Wound.
 As when the Summer's sultry Heats, draw forth
 Th' exhaling Moisture, from the thirsty Earth;
 When scorching Rays the gaping Plains have fry'd,
 And from their Banks contracted Streams subside:
 If then then a Fire invades a spacious Wood,
 Where ancient Oaks have long securely stood;
 The conquering Flames advance with lawless Power,
 And with contagious Heat the Trees devour.
 The spreading Burning lays the Forrest wast,
 And sooty Spoils lie smoaking where it past.
 So *Arthur* with resistless Rage, around
 Destroys, and loads with slaughter'd Heaps the Ground.
 Next did the Prince at bold *Edburga* aim,
 Who from the fertile Banks of *Abum* came,
 Prince *Uma's* Son to vast Possessions born,
 Broad Flowers of Gold his shining Coat adorn;
 The piercing Steel deep in his Bosom sunk,
 And Life's pure Stream at the warm Fountain drunk.

His

His Arms did next valiant *Titullan* meet,
 Who fell and quiver'd at the Conquerour's Feet.
Ofrick, and beauteous *Hengist* next appear,
 The first his Fauchion flew, the last his Spear.
 Next stout *Eldanor* did his Fate provoke,
 And off his Head flew, at a single Stroke.
 And next he threw at *Labert* as he fled,
 The Weapon struck him, as he turn'd his Head;
 In Gore and Brains the glitt'ring Javelin reeks,
 And from his Veins a Purple Torrent breaks.

Mean time King *Cerdic* did around destroy,
 And with thick Deaths his massy Fauchion cloy.
 Him from afar the *British* Hero spies,
 And wing'd with Fury to assault him flies:
Cerdic mean time undaunted did appear,
 And forward stept, shaking his dreadful Spear.
 Like one of *Anak's* mighty Sons he stalk'd,
 Or some tall Oak, that after *Orpheus* walk'd.
 Fixt like a vast *Colossus* by his Weight,
 He stood, expecting his approaching Fate.
 Lowring, like rising Tempests from afar,
 He rages, and invites th' advancing War.
 Now the *Britannic* Hero did appear,
 Within the Reach of his prodigious Spear:
 King *Cerdic* curst, and by his Gods defy'd
 The *Britons*, and aloud to *Odin* cry'd;
 The glitt'ring Arms by this gay Robber worn,
 Great *Odin* soon thy Temple shall adorn:
 Assist great Founder of our State the Dart
 I cast, and guide it to his impious Heart.
 Then from his vigorous Arm his massy Spear
 Projected fung, and his'd along the Air:

Off

Off from the temper'd Shield the Weapon flew,
 Wounded *Glendoran*, and *Atanor* flew.
 Then his long Spear the pious *Briton* cast,
 Th' impetuous Steel, thro' all the Thickness past
 Of Brazen Plates, rowl'd Linnen, tough Bulls Hide,
 And entering deep, did in his Groin abide.
 The fainting *Saxon* fell upon his Knees,
 Pain'd with his ghastly Wound, and trembling sees
 The Conquering Prince advancing to assuage,
 By striking off his Head, his veng'ful Rage.
 Here the brave *Lothar*, that had Wonders done,
 And by his Arms immortal Praises won,
 For thro' the Host, the loud Applauses rung
 Of mighty Deeds, achiev'd by one so young;
 Transported with his pious Care, to bring
 Assistance to his Uncle, and his King;
 Spur'd his hot Courser on, and forwards preft
 Offring to *Arthur's* Arms, his Valiant Breast.
 He bravely undertook th' unequal Foe,
 To Ward from *Cerdic's* Head the fatal Blow.
 Then his long Spear he threw, with Manly Force,
 But *Arthur's* Buckler stop'd th' impetuous Course:
 Th' applauding *Saxons* gave a Shout to see
 The Noble Youth's excessive Bravery.
 But to his Prince's Aid in vain he flies,
 Who by his former Wound expiring lies,
 And everlasting Sleep shuts up his Eye.

But then the *British* Hero's Javelin fled
 At *Lothar*, but it pierc'd his Courser's Head:
 Rais'd in the Air upright, the gen'rous Beast,
 Gather'd his shiv'ring Feet up to his Breast,
 Then springing strook them out, and staggering round
 Fell head-long with his Rider to the Ground.

A mighty Groan the dying Courser fetcht,
 And on the Ground a Breathless Carcass stretcht.
 And here Immortal *Elda*, shall my Vesse,
 Thy unexampled Deed of Love reherse:
 Love which will universal Wonder raise,
 And scarcely find Belief in future Days.
 For whilst the *British* Hero step'd with Speed,
 To take off, with his Fauchion, *Lothar's* Head,
 Who with his Steed oppress'd, and wounded lies,
 Fair *Elda* rush'd between, and thus she cries:
 Before your fatal Sword takes *Lothar's* Life,
 Victorious Prince, hear his unhappy Wife.
 Faln on her Knees, she did her Helm unlace,
 And shew'd the charming Beauties of her Face:
 The blooming Looks of Spring, and lovely Red
 Of opening Roses on her Cheeks were spread:
 Her Eyes that sparkled like the Stars above,
 Appear'd both th' Armory, and Throne of Love,
 Where thousands of alluring Graces wait,
 And mingling Charms form Love's triumphal State.
 Bright *Ethelina* her, and all excell'd,
 She the next Place in Beauty's Empire held,
 Nor did her Looks, less Admiration move,
 While wild Confusion, Sorrow, Fear and Love,
 With beauteous Conflict, for the Victory strove.
 A Shower of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
 Which from her Grief, receiv'd yet sweeter Grace.

At the great Conq'rour's Feet she threw her Charms,
 And lifting up to Heav'n, her sorrowful Arms,
 Aloud she spoke, a wretched Woman's Prayer,
 Great *Briton* hear, and my dear *Lothar* spare.

Since first his Bride, within his Arms I lay,
 Scarce two full Golden Months are roll'd away,
 Which in Love's Calendar scarce make a Day;
 With Prayers, and Tears, and tender Words I strove,
 And all th' engaging Arts of mournful Love;
 To keep him from the Dangers of the Field;
 And when th' obdurate Man refus'd to yield,
 About him my despairing Arms I flung;
 And on his Neck, overwhelm'd with Grief I hung.
 I then conjur'd him, to avoid with Care,
 Your fatal Arms, so much renown'd in War.
 Away he goes, and as he said, adieu;
 He touch'd my Life, and my stretch'd Heart-strings drew:
 For still I fear'd that the Heroick Fire,
 And thirst of Fame, that did his Soul inspire,
 Would make him think no Dangers were too great;
 Till rushing on your Arms, he urg'd his Fate.
 My conscious Fears, this sad Event presag'd,
 If e'er with you, in Combat he engag'd,
 Therefore in Arms I did my Limbs disguise,
 And undertook this dangerous Enterprize,
 That if he rashly fought so great a Foe,
 I might between him, and your fatal Blow,
 My Bosom interpose, and in my Heart.
 To save his dearer Life, receive the Dart:
 Or if Occasion were, to intercede,
 As now I do, and for his Safety plead.

I pray by all that is to Mortals dear,
 By all the Gods that you, and we revere;
 Let this sad Object your Compassion move,
 Regard his Valour, and regard my Love.
 Oh! Let his hapless Fate your Soul incline,
 Pity his blooming Youth, or pity mine.

Oh,

Oh, melt beneath divine Compassion's Charms,
 Let not your Breast be harder than your Arms.
 Save his dear Life, he of his Noble Line
 The only Branch remains, as I, of mine.
 Christians profess Compassion, Mercy, Love,
 Sure such Distress should those kind Passions move.
 Sheath in my Breast the Sword, and take my Breath;
 But oh, preserve this wondrous Youth from Death.
 My self will to my Veins the Sword apply,
 And to prolong his Life will gladly dy.
 Hear pious Prince, his aged Father hear,
 Who thus entreats, or would if he were here:
 Oh, spare the spring of all my Hopes and Fears,
 The only Prop of my declining Years:
 Your fatal Sword deep in my Bowels sheath,
 And for the Son's, accept the Father's Death.
 If great Possessions, or if Gold would buy,
 His far more precious Life, he shall not dy,
 His Father will a mighty Ransome give,
 And mine as much, say but the Youth shall live.
 Let us your Prisoners be in Chains confin'd,
 The Chains of Love will make those softer bind:
 There his dear Presence I may still enjoy;
 And for his Ease my thoughtful Cares employ.
 Free from the Noise of War, and anxious Fears,
 I'll kiss his Wounds, and wash them with my Tears;
 I'll wash his midnight Slumbers, and by Day,
 My Love shall Solace to his Grief convey.
 Let him be banish'd from the British Isle,
 I'll go, and share the lovely Wand'rer's Toil.
 I'll follow thro' the swarthy, burning Zone,
 No Flames can scorch me, fiercer than my own.
 Our tender Words the savage Kind will move,
 They'll stand, and gaze, and wonder at our Love.

I i

Th

Th' inhospitable Desert will appear
 A flowry Paradise, when he is there:
 O'er Snows with him and Hills of Ice I'll stray,
 I know not how, but Love will find the way.
 If his sharp Keel shall cut the foaming Tide,
 In the same Bark I'll on the Billows ride:
 No stormy Winds my stable Soul shall move,
 Or shake the strong Foundation of my Love.
 But hurried with distracting Fears away,
 And wild with Grief, I know not where to stay,
 And in a Maze of Thought I lose my Way.
 Oh! let your generous Pity calm the strife
 In my tost Soul, and save his precious Life:
 Thus you'll not only Triumph over your Foe,
 But o'er your self, and your own Victory too.

Thus *Elda* pray'd, nor did she pray in vain,
 Her tender Accents did Admission gain,
 To the relenting Prince's generous Breast,
 Who thus the beauteous Suppliant address'd.

This unexampled Effort of your Love,
 Does equal Wonder and Compassion move.
 True Christian Captains are both brave and good,
 Victory pursue, but not with Thirst of Blood.
 Revenge and Cruelty we disavow,
 And only just and generous Arms allow.
 Go, to your Tears your *Lothar's* Life I give,
 Pleas'd with each others Love together live.

Then *Cerdick* slain on whom they trusted most,
 A shivering Fear ran thro' the *Saxon* Host.
 The *Britons* now believ'd the Battle won,
 And sure of Conquest on their Squadrons run.

Prince *Arthur* at their Head breaks thro' their Files,
 And covers all the Plain with Hostile Spoils.
 The *Saxon* Troops dismay'd, began to yield,
 And to the raging Conquerour leave the Field.

Mean time the Prince of Hell, who anxious stood,
 And from his Hill the bloody Labour view'd:
 Seeing the *Saxon* Troops at last give way,
 Resolves the *Britons* Progress to delay.
 That thro' the *Angelick* Guards he might escape,
 His Form he chang'd to a fair *Seraph's* Shape.
 A mild *Celestial* Youth he did appear,
 Drest in pure Robes of white Empyrean Air.
 What once he was, the Fiend seem'd charming bright,
 Conceal'd in Beauty, and disguis'd in Light.
 Assuming meek and Heav'nly Looks he strove,
 To imitate the loveliest Face above.
 Then taking from the Mountains Top his Flight,
 Did straightway at th' *Angelick* Camp alight:
 And thus transform'd thro' the bright Camp he went,
 As an Express from Heav'n to *Michael* sent.
 Along he march'd, and stily looking round,
 While unobserv'd, a fair Occasion found
 Of passing thro' their Lines, without Delay,
 Swift as a Ray of Light, he shot away:
 He mingles with the fighting Armies, where
 He moulds to various Shapes, the thicken'd Air.
 In *Seber's* war-like Form he did appear,
 With *Arthur's* gasping Head upon his Spear;
 Which newly sever'd from his Body seems,
 So fresh the Wound, so red the bloody Streams.
Britons he cry'd, learn hence your wretched State,
 See your Destruction in your Leader's Fate.

The towering Hopes you vainly once conceiv'd,
 Are sunk, nor can your Ruin be retriev'd.
 Whose Arms can guard your State now *Arthur's* dead?
 His Life, and with it, all your Strength is fled.
 Fly *Britons* hence, and to your Hills repair,
 Fly to your Woods, and in your Caves despair:
 Protected in your Fastnesses remain,
 Stay not t' encrease the Number of the Slain.
 Cold to their Hearts this Sight and Language went,
 And thro' their Veins a shivering Horror sent.
 Confusion and Despair their Souls oppress,
 And their sad Looks their inward Wounds confess:
 Urg'd with their Fear, their Troops began to fly,
 And leave behind th' unfinish'd Victory.

Prince *Arthur's* Breast with Indignation burn'd,
 Who from the fierce Pursuit, reluctant turn'd
 To stop his Army's Flight, stay, *Britons*, stay,
 He cry'd, and blemish not this glorious Day.
 Whence this Distraction, whence th' ungrounded Fear,
 And wild Despair, that in your Looks appear.
 The Battel's won, the *Saxons* quit the Field,
 And to your Arms a perfect Conquest yield.
 Let not the vanquish'd Foe escape Pursuit,
 The Vict'ry's yours, stay but to reap the Fruit.

While thus he spoke, the *Britons* stood amaz'd,
 And on their Prince with Joy and Wonder gaz'd.
 Their Grief dispell'd, their dying Hopes revive,
 And joyful Shouts proclaim the Prince alive.
 Mean time the Sun declines, and dusky Night
 Covers the *Saxons*, and protects their Flight.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK IX.

NOW did the beauteous *Morn* begin to rise,
 Streaking with Rofy Light the smiling Skies.
 Prince *Arthur* rose, and solemn Thanks address'd
 To Heav'n that had his Arms with Conquest blest.
 Then rode amidst his Troops, and one by one,
 Their Bravery prais'd, and Conduct lately shown:
 Dispensing great Rewards thro' all the Host,
 To those whose Courage was distinguish'd most.
 The *Britons* in their turn express their Zeal,
 And to the Prince the highest Love reveal.
 The Heav'n's around with Acclamations rung,
 And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng.
 Then to the sacred Temples they repair,
 In joyful Crowds to offer Praise and Prayer:
 In low protestation, they the Sovereign Lord
 Of Hosts Exalt, and future Aid implor'd.
 Soon as their Hymns of Heav'nly Praise were sung,
 High in the Temples they their Trophies hung;
 Bruis'd Armour, broken Shields, and Standards torn
 From the fierce Foe, the gilded Roofs adorn:
 This Honour to th' Almighty Saviour done,
 Prince *Arthur* to the *Britons* thus begun,

Thus far *Success* and *Triumph* on us wait,
 And to our Arms, preface a prosperous Fate.

Pro-

Propitious Heav'n is to your Part inclin'd,
 And still more glor'ous Vict'ries crowd behind;
 The vanquish'd Foe can't long maintain the Field,
 But must your ravish'd Lands and Cities yield.
 Chase anxious Thoughts far from your valiant Breast;
 And on your Cause, and Heav'n's Protection rest:
 A perfect Conquest shall your Labours Crown,
 And your Victorious Arms, regain your own.
 Fear not the Relicks of a conquer'd Foe,
 Their tott'ring State, falls with another Blow.
 Now let no Funeral Honours be deny'd,
 To these brave Men, who for their Country dy'd.
 Let us with Sighs and Tears lament their Fate,
 Who fell, while striving to support our State.
 Ages to come shall their great Virtue praise,
 Viewing the Tombs that on their Graves you raise.

And first the Prince to the Pavilion went,
 Whither brave *Macor's* breathless Corps was sent.
 He lay extended on a Purple Bed,
 With high rais'd Pillows, plac'd beneath his Head.
 His Servants standing round their Grief express,
 With old *Pendarvan* laid above the Rest.
Cador to him as to his faithful Friend,
 For wise Instructions, did his Son commend;
 His Counsels form'd his Youth, and did prepare
 His Mind for all concerns of Peace, and War.
 Now in his Face the deepest Grief appears,
 He bears his Breast, and bathes it with his Tears:
 He wrings his Hands, and in his mournful Rage,
 Tears off the hoary Hopours of his Age.
 Immoderate Grief in lamentable Sounds,
 As *Arthur* enter'd, thro' the Room rebounds.

The

The pious Prince with heavy Sorrow prest,
 Burst out in Tears, and thus his Grief express:
 Inexorable Death at every Heave
 Without distinction, shoots her fatal Dart:
 Could Beauty, Courage, Virtue, Youthful Age
 Move her Compassion, or divert her Rage;
 Brave Youth thou had'st escap'd, and liv'd to see
 Our Triumphs, for a Victory due to thee:
 But all thy Charms by stronger Fate overcome,
 Could not reverse th' irreversible Doom.
 Oh! thy sad Sire, what swelling Grief will roll
 Its stormy Tide o'er his afflicted Soul!
 Can he the News of *Macor's* Death survive,
 Or me, with whom he trusted him, forgive?
 T' allay the smart may the *Dæmonians* tell,
 How bravely *Macor* fought, how Great he fell:
 And how my own with *Cador's* Grief contends,
 He mourns the best of Sons, and I the best of Friends.
 Our Hopes are gone, may the *Dæmonians* Cry,
 And what *Britannia* can thy Loss supply?

Then to embalm the Prince he gave Command,
 That he might send him to his Native Land.
 Straight with hot Steams, they wash his Body o'er,
 And purge his Skin from Dust and putrid Gore.
 Then in Arabian Spices, fragrant Gums,
 Rare Aromatick Oyls and Rich Perfumes,
 They lay his Snowy Body, which they fold
 In Bands of Linpen, round him often roll'd.
 Then from his Troops a Thousand Youth he chose,
 Which might a solemn Equipage compose:
 Which might accompany the Funeral State,
 To the unhappy Father's Palace Gate.

Small

Small Comfort for so great a loss, yet due
To the sad Sire, and all the Prince could shew.
Forthwith the Britons, weave with bending Sprigs
Of Willow Trees, and tender Oaken Twigs,
An easie Bier, and with soft Rialles spread,
Sweet Flowers, and fragrant Herbs, the lofty Bed.
The Roof on high fresh spreading Branches shade,
And here sublime the hapless Youth was laid.
Such on the Ground the fading Roses we see,
By some rude Blast, torn from the Parent Tree.
The Daffodil so leans his languid Head,
Newly mown down, upon his grassy Bed.
Tho from the Earth no more supplies they gain,
Their splendid Form in part, and lovely Hue remain.
Then a rich Garment, glorious to behold,
Pond'rous with Orient Pearl, and stiff with Gold.
A noble Present from King Odo's Hand,
Receiv'd when Arthur left the Neustrian Land.
Upon the Bier his Royal Bounty shews,
The last Respect, which a sad Friend could shew.
A noble Portion of the wealthy Prey,
And Spoils gain'd from the Foe, on Cars they lay;
With Arms, and Standards, which himself had won,
The Trophies of the Wonders he had done.

Now the magnificent, and pompous Woe,
Does from the Camp, in sad Procession go.
The lab'ring Axle mourns along the Road,
And groans beneath th' uncomfortable Load.
The Horses slowly March, and mournful look,
As they their share of Publick Sorrow took.
Pendarvin follows stooping with his years,
But more with Grief, and delug'd in his Tears.

Then

Then Macor's Chariot rolls, distain'd with Blood,
On which sublime amidst the War he rode.
His War-horse Rapa, with black Trappings spread,
And he too seem'd to weep, is after led.
His Arms and polish'd Armour others bear,
His Golden Spurs, his Helmet, Shield, and Spear.
Then in long Order the Danmonians mourn'd,
Their Spears trail'd backward, and their Bucklers turn'd.

Then Arthur stood, and with sad Accent spoke,
Thus far I mourn the Fate I can't revoke.
Back I am call'd where Arms and bloody Strife,
With more sad Objects, must renew my Grief.
Farewel brave Youth, farewel, till we above,
Meet in the peaceful Realms, of Light, and Love.
He said no more, but turn'd, and took his way
Back to the Camp, which lofty Works survey.

Mean time ten Orators from Osha sent,
Arriv'd, and waited at the Prince's Tent:
Their Embassy a Truce was to obtain,
To clear the Field, and to inter the slain.
They urg'd that all Hostilities should cease,
Against the Dead, who ought to rest in Peace:
That all Heroick Conquerors ever gave,
To those, from whom they took their Lives, a Grave:
The Saxons Prayer seem'd just, and ten days Truce,
Prince Arthur granted for this pious Use.

To Cador's Court the heavy Tydings came,
Born swiftly thither on the Wings of Fame.
Loud Lamentation thro' the Palace went,
And bitter Cries, gave their strong Passion vent.

K k

Officious

Official Fame the dismal News relates,
 And universal Sorrow propagates.
 Pale Faces, crossing Arms, dejected Eyes,
 O'erflowing Tears, and deep, despairing Sighs,
 Compose a finish'd Scene of Blackest Woe,
 The Tragick place does all sad Figures show:
 The *Men* like pallid Ghosts pass silent by,
Women outrageous in their Sorrow cry
Macor is dead, our Hopes too with him dy.
 Thro' all the Streets prodigious Numbers flow,
 And pour'd out from the Gates, promiscuous go
 To meet their Hero's *Herse*, with flaming Brands,
 And Pitchy Torches lighted in their Hands:
 Which in long Order shone along the way,
 Disclos'd the Fields, and call back banish'd Day.
 Soon as they spied the lofty *Herse* from far,
 Attended with the Pomp of mournful War;
 A lamentable Cry the Valley fills,
 Eccho repeats it louder in the Hills.
 Wild with their Grief, distracted with Despair,
 They strike their throbbing Breasts, tear off their Hair,
 And with their piercing Screams disturb the Air.
 Both Troops unite, Rivals in Love and Grief,
 And the sad Conquest seek with equal Strife.

As *Cador's* Love, no Bounds his Sorrow knew,
 Who from their Arms and Prayers distracted flew.
 Close in his Arms he did the *Corps* embrace,
 Kiss'd his cold Lips, and bath'd with Tears his Face.
 A Scene so tender, such a moving Sight,
 Melts all their Hearts, and does fresh Grief invite;
 Touch'd with Compassion to th' afflicted King,
 From their exhausted Eyes fresh Torrents spring:

When

When the fierce Tempest had its Fury broke,
 With a deep Sigh th' unhappy *Monarch* spoke.
 Oh, my dear Son! how mild had been my Doom,
 Hadst thou escap'd, I suffer'd in thy Room.
 This Sight kills worse than *Death*, Oh that the Dart
 Had mis'd thy Breast, and pierc'd thy *Father's* Heart!
 Oh, that to see this fatal Hour I live!
 And thee, and all that's dear in Life survive!
 How much I wish Life's tedious Journey done,
 The empty Name remains, the thing is gone!
 But sure I shall not long thy Absence mourn,
 I'll hast to thee, thou'lt not to me return.
 My hoary Head with Sorrow to the Grave,
 Makes hast, the best Repose my Troubles crave.
 Thrice happy *Wife* remov'd from us below,
 You have no share in this sad Scene of Woe.
 My ill presaging Fears are now fulfill'd,
 I started in my Sleep, and cry'd, my *Son* is kill'd.
 I knew too well warm Blood and youthful Age,
 Eager of Fame, and fir'd with Martial Rage,
 His Arms in greatest Danger would engage.
 I pray'd, and oft conjur'd him to beware,
 Not rashly to provoke unequal War.
 He promis'd me while on his Neck I wept,
 But oh, how ill has he his Promise kept!
 I can't reproach the pious *Arthur's* Name,
 Nor on his Friendship sworn reflect the Blame.
 If by divine, unchangeable Decree,
 Untimely Fate, *Macor*, attended thee;
 'Tis best that thou art fal'n with such Applause,
 Asserting *Albion's* and the Christian Cause.
 But why do my Complaints thus endless grow,
 And why thus tedious, my loquacious Woe?

K k 2

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K k z

Why

Why from new *Laurels*, should I thus detain
 These valiant Troops, to hear my Sighs in vain ?
 Go, *Britons*, to your Prince, at your Return,
 Tell him I live, but only live to mourn.
 I groan beneath the heaviest Load of Grief,
 And spend in Tears my sad Remains of Life.
 May Heav'n his Arms with greater Triumph bless,
 Great as his *Virtues*, let him meet Success.
 Mean time must we this last kind Office pay,
 And *Macor's* Body to the *Dome* convey;
 Where his illustrious *Fathers* lie interr'd,
 Who reign'd by Subjects lov'd, by Neighbours fear'd.

Soon as the *Sun* had with his early Ray
 Depos'd the Shades, and re-enthron'd the Day ;
 The pious *Britons* their slain Friends inter,
 And on their Graves due Honours they confer.
 Some with their Spades, and with sharp Axes wound
 The groaning Earth, and casting up the Ground
 They form deep Vaults, and subterranean Caves,
 Then fill up with their Dead, the gaping Graves.
 Some cast up hilly Heaps, and Mounts of Sand,
 Which for their Tombs, and Monuments might stand:
 And to th' admiring *Britons* might declare,
 In future Ages what their Fathers were.
 Some Stones erect of a prodigious Size,
 That bear the Hero's Glory to the Skies.

Mean time the *Saxons* bear away their Dead,
 Whose putrid Heaps, the bloody Field o'er spread.
 Innumerable Piles they raise on high,
 Which kindled, fill with Smoak and Flames the Sky.
 With uncouth Cries, around the Fires they mourn,
 Where vulgar *Dead*, in Heaps promiscuous Burn.

The

The Lords, and Officers of high Command,
 They send attended with a war-like Band,
 Each to his City, there to be interr'd,
 Where greater Funeral Pomp might be conferr'd.
 But fair *Augusta* chiefly flow'd with Tears,
 Where Grief in all her mournful Looks appears.
 Distracted with ungovernable Woe,
 Into the Streets in Crowds the *Matrons* flow.
 Confusion in their Looks, and wild Despair,
 They wring their Hands, and tear their flowing Hair.
Parents on *Children*, *Wives* on *Husbands* call,
 Sons mourn their Fathers, Maids their Lovers fall.
 For their dear Brothers, Sisters, Tears are spent,
 Servants their Masters, Friends their Friends lament.
 All mingle Tears, their Cries together flow,
 And form a hideous Harmony of Woe.
 Pale *Consternation* sate on every Face,
 They fear'd the Prince would soon invest the Place.
 They oft reproach'd their Monarchs Breach of word;
 That had expos'd them to the Conquerour's Sword.
 They wish'd that this Destructive War might cease,
 And *Ethelina* be the Bond of Peace.
Osba's Affairs in this ill State appear,
 Such was their publick Grief, and such their Fear.

Mean Time the *Briton* joyful Sports ordain'd,
 For the great Victory by their Arms obtain'd.
 For Horsemanship the *Britons* always fam'd,
 To run a Course his generous Gifts inflam'd.
 Desire both of the Prize, and loud Applause,
 The *British* Youth to mount their Courfers draws.
 A neighbouring Hill ascending high, but slow,
 Survey'd the Valleys, with his lofty Brow.

Upon

Upon the flowry Top a spacious Down;
 Extended lay, which shady Woods did crown.
 The grassy Plains, and rising Groves appear,
 Like a rich furnish'd, native Theater:
 Where *Sylvan* Scenes, their verdant Pomp display,
 And charming Prospects to the Eye convey.
 Soon as the Sun, had with his Rosie Light,
 From the cold Air, dispell'd the dewy Night;
 The *British* Hero with a numerous Train,
 Directs his Steps, to this delightful Plain:
 Where high amidst his Friends he takes his Place,
 Who swarm'd around to view the noble Race.

Britons, Armoricans, and Neustrians stood
 Mingled below, the foremost of the Crowd,
 Stood *Eddelin*, in all his Youthful Pride,
 His purple Boots were of *Iberian* Hide,
 Which fast with Golden Buttons held, and grac'd
 With Silver Spurs, his comely Legs embrac'd.
 A flaming Ruban of *Sydonian* Dy,
 In a Close Knot, his curling Locks did ty,
 Which playing on his Shoulders flew behind,
 Danc'd in the Air, and sported with the Wind.
 Close to his well shap'd Waist, he wore his Coat,
 Of Silk and Silver, by his Mother wrought.
 A Cap of Crimson did his Head equip,
 And as he walk'd he flash'd his breaded Whip.
 His swarthy Groom his generous Courser leads,
 That scarcely marks the Ground, so light he treads:
 Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,
 His nimbler Feet could overtake the Wind,
 Leave flying Darts, and Swifter storms behind.
 Illustrious Blood, he boasts with equal Pride,
 Transmitted to his Veins on either side.

The

The Mother Mare was of *Eborac* Race,
 The Sire *Augusta's* Merchants, brought from *Thrace*.
 His inward Fire thro' his wide Nostrils flies,
 And noble Ardor sparkles in his Eyes.
 His well turn'd Limbs did Admiration move,
 Where Strength, and Beauty for the Conquest strove.
 His Matchless Speed the Prize did ever gain,
 From all the Rival Coursers of the Plain.

Next *Blanadoc* upon the Plain advanc'd;
 And led behind, his fiery Courser pranc'd.
 Lightly equip'd, and ready for the Race,
 He marches to the *Base* with Manly Grace.
 The gazing Crowd admire his comely Steed,
 Nobly descended from the famous Breed,
 That on the *Mauritanian* Mountains feed.
 Fam'd for his Swiftnefs in the dusty Course,
 Of wondrous Beauty, and of wondrous Force.
 And next to him the gay *Lanvallo* came,
 Eager to win the Prize, and raise his Name:
 His dappled Courser to the *Base* advanc'd,
 And neighing wantonly along the Champain danc'd,
 His high Descent he did from *Draco* trace;
 The swiftest Courser of th' *Iberian* Race.
 A Race so famous for their speedy Feet,
Burus himself, was not esteem'd more fleet:
 So swift they run, that vulgar Fame declares;
 The Western Winds, impregnated the Mares.

Next the fierce *Tudor* comes into the Field,
 Who did to none for Art or Courage yield.
 A Velvet Bonnet on his Head, and drest,
 For Lightnefs, in a thin embroider'd Vest.

Thirsty

Thirsty of Honour to the *Base* he flies,
 And with his greedy Wishers grasps the Prize.
 His well train'd Courser was admit'd for Speed,
 Sprung from *Calabrian*, mixt with *British* Breed.
 Lightning flew from his Eyes; and Clouds of Smoak;
 Darkning the Air, from his large Nostrils broke.
 None of the Rival Steeds arriv'd before,
 More Wonder rais'd, or promis'd Conquest more.

Next *Trebor* came, upon a noble Horse,
 And oft victorious in the rapid Course.
 He gently stroak'd his Mane, and bid him shew
 On this great Day, the Feet he us'd to do.
 With many more, whose long forgotten Name,
 Was ne'er inroll'd in the Records of Fame.
 While round the *Base* the wanton Coursers play,
 Th' ambitious Riders in just Scales they weigh:
 And those that by their Rules were found too light,
 Quilt Lead into their Belts, to give them weight.
 All things adjusted, and the Laws agree'd,
 Each eager Rival mounts his generous Steed.

To whom th' indulgent Prince himself address'd,
 And to inflame their Zeal these Words express:
 Let no brave Youth despair of his Reward,
 Due Gifts, and Honours are for all prepar'd.
 Whoe'er are Rivals of the rapid Race,
 Two costly Spears shall win, their plated *Base*
 Glitters in Silver Sockets, finely wrought
 By rare Engravers, from *Germania* brought:
 Their Points are gilt, illustrious to behold,
 Whence a deep Fring depends of Silk and Gold.
 Besides a Back-sword whose well temper'd Blade,
 Is of the fam'd *Iberian* Metal made.

The

The happy Youth that smear'd with Sweat, and Dust,
 Shall reach the Goal, midst loud Applauses first,
 This Golden Goblet, his Reward shall boast,
 By *Damon* wrought, with Figures high embost.
 The second Conqueror shall in Triumph wear,
 In a rich Belt, this *Persian* Scimiter.
 The Haft's a costly Stone, that Nature stains
 With various Figures, and with bloody Veins:
 The chieftest Workmen of the curious East,
 Have in the inlaid Blade, their Art express.
 The third shall win a noble polish'd Shield,
 Three Coursers rarely portray'd on the Field.

The Signal given by the shrill Trumpet's Sound,
 The Coursers start, and scow along the Ground.
 So Boreas starting from his Northern Goal,
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole:
 His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove,
 From the Blue Plains, and spacious Wilds above.
 Insulting o'er the *Sea* he loudly roars,
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.
 While for the Palm the straining Steeds contend,
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend.
 So long and smooth their Strokes, so swift they pass,
 That the Spectators of the noble Race,
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play:
 In Sports each other they so swiftly chase,
 Sweeping with easie Wings, the Meadow's Face,
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.
 O'er Hills and Dales, the speedy Coursers fly,
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.

L I

With

With clashing Whips, the furious Riders tear
 Their Coursers Sides, and wound th' afflicted Air.
 Never *Epirean* or *Arabian* Steed;
 Flew o'er the *Olympic* Plains with greater Speed:
 On their thick Manes the stooping Riders ly,
 Press forwards, and would fain their Steeds outfly.
 By Turns they are behind, by Turns before,
 Their Flanks and Sides, all bath'd in Sweat, and Gore:
 Such Speed the Steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,
 To reach bright Fame, that swift before them flew.
 Upon the last with spurning Heels, the first
 Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust:
 The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snore, and blow,
 And their white Foam upon the foremost throw.
 Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,
 The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.
 Now Hopes dilate, now Fears contract their Breast,
 Alternately with Joy, and Grief possess'd.
 Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,
 Uncertain, who should Conquer in the Race.
 But now the Goal appearing, does excite
 New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might:
 They lash their Courser's Flanks with Crimson dy'd,
 And stick their goading Spurs into their Side.
 Their Native Courage, and the Riders stroke,
 T' exert their Force, the generous Kind provoke:
 Each springs out to the Goal with loosen'd Reins,
 Works all his Nerves, and staring Eye-balls strains.
 In this fierce Strife, *Tudor's* the best for Wind
 Shot forth, and left the panting Steeds behind.
Eddelin the other Rivals overpast,
Trebor came next, *Lanvallo* was the last:
Draco, his Steed, had once unrival'd Fame,
 When in the Pride, and Pomp of Youth he came;

Cur

Curvetting o'er the Plain, to win the Course,
 All yielded to his Swiftness, and his Force;
 Stiff Limbs now shew his Age, with drudging Pace
 He sweats behind, and labours thro' the Race.
 Now *Tudor* whips, and spurs his Courser on,
 And near the Goal believ'd the Goblet won:
 When running o'er a naked, chauky Place,
 Slipp'ry with nightly Dew, and bare of Grass,
 Up flew the Courser's Heels, and to the Ground
 He, and the Rider, fell with mighty Sound.
 The sudden Danger could not be declin'd,
 By *Eddelin*, that follow'd close behind;
 For stumbling on young *Tudor's* hapless Horse,
 His Floundring fell, and lost the hopeful Courser.

The mean time *Trebor* spur'd, and forwards sprung
 While all the Field with Acclamations rung:
 First to the Goal his reeking Courser came,
 Next *Blanadoc*, *Lanvallo* third in Fame.
 The Victors by the Goal triumphant stood,
 Surrounded by the thick applauding Crowd.
 When *Tudor* rushing in, cries out of wrong,
 And challenging the Prize, broke thro' the Throng.
 The Judges over-ruled the Youth's Demand,
 Urging the first establish'd Rules should stand.
 The Prince confirm'd their Sentence, and declar'd
 Who first arriv'd, should have the first Reward.
 But on the two, that by ill Fortune crost,
 The Victory almost in Possession, lost,
 Rich Marks of Royal Bounty he conferr'd,
 And with his Smiles, their drooping Spirits cheer'd.
 A famous Quiver wrought by *Didon's* Hand,
 With *Thracian* Arrows stor'd, at his Command

L 1 2

Was

Was first on *Tudor*, as a Gift conferr'd ;
 And cross his Shoulders hung the bright Reward.
Eddelin that never hop'd so mild a Doom,
 Receives a silver Helm, and milk white Plume.
 This Kindness to th' unfortunate exprest,
 He gives the promis'd Prizes to the rest.

Arthur rose up, and all their Footsteps bend
 Back to their Camp, which lofty Works defend.
 And now the *Britons* all their Hands employ,
 To fetch Materials in, for Fires of Joy.
 All to the Mountains, and the Woods repair,
 And with their Labour fill th' echoing Air :
 They raise their Axes, and with toilsome Strokes,
 Fell the tall Elms, and lop the spreading Oaks.
 They bear the nodding Trees to every Town,
 And from the Mountains draw the Forrests down :
 In every City with the shady Spoils,
 The joyful Youth erected lofty Piles :
 Nearer the Skies they raise th' aspiring Wood,
 Than when before, upon the Hills it stood.
 Soon as the Sun his Beamy Light withdrew,
 And the brown Air grew moist with Evening Dew ;
 The shouting *Britons*, set the Piles on Fire,
 The tow'ring Flames to Heav'n's high Roof aspire :
 Up the steep Air the ruddy Columns play,
 And to the Stars their Rival Light convey.
 Around the burning Piles the Crowds rejoice,
 And mingle Shouts, with the shrill Trumpets Voice.
 Heav'n's starry Arch with Acclamations ring,
 While the glad Throng, *Arthur's* loud Praises sing :
 Let *Arthur* live, the Towns and Fields rebound,
 Let *Arthur* live, the echoing Hills rebound.

The Evening thus in Mirth and Triumph past,
 The *Britons* to their Rest retir'd at last.

Mean time four Lords arriv'd from *Tollo*, crave
 Audience of *Otha*, which the *Saxon* gave.
 To hear their Embassy, in regal State
 High on his Throne, the *Saxon* Monarch sat.
Duncan the chief broke Silence thus, we bring
 This Message from the great *Albanian* King ;
 He is advanc'd, to give that powerful Aid,
 Which by his Orator's King *Otha* pray'd.
 A valiant Host obeying his Command,
 Whose conquering Swords, no force could yet withstand,
 Who laid the *Caledonian* Forrest wast,
 And from their Forts the fierce *Meatian* chas'd ;
 Halts on a Plain, three Leagues remov'd from hence,
 Ready t' engage their Arms in your Defence.
 But our great Leader prays, that when you come,
 The *Britons* all subdu'd, in Triumph home,
 Fair *Ethelina* may be then his own,
 The bright Reward that shall his Labours crown.
 If to these happy Nuptials you incline,
 He'll straight with yours, his vallant Forces joyn.
 Let not the *Saxons* doubt, great *Tollo's* Arms,
 Will free your Kingdom from the Foes Alarms,

He said, forthwith *Otha* in counsel sat ;
 A Matter so important to debate.
 When *Ofred* thus began :
 Great Exigencies of our State perswade,
 That we comply with this Proposal made :
 We are compell'd by hard Affairs to court
 Th' *Albanian* Arms, our Kingdom to support.

You know too well, how much the *Saxons* Host,
Is weaken'd by the Numbers we have lost;
When Valiant *Arthur* did our Troops invade,
What Havock his victorious Progress made.
What wide Destruction in one Army rag'd,
Where'er his fatal Weapons were engag'd:
Our frighted Troops, when he advances, fly
Swift as the Clouds, the Winds chase thro' the Sky.
But warlike *Tollo*, rivals *Arthur's* Fame,
Equal their Courage, and their Strength the same:
Against the *Briton* he'll the Field maintain,
And on his Buckler his vast Strokes sustain.
No stronger Champion travers'd yet the Field,
To him, or none the *British* Prince must yield.
Kind Heav'n has sent a Man, so great, and brave,
From *Arthur's* Arms, our threat'n'd State to save.
I would not then his just Desire withstand,
But let him know, you grant him his Demand.
This Grant to such a Prince we must allow,
Was always fit, but necessary now.

He ceas'd, and next *Pascentius* Silence broke,
And wisely thus th' attentive Peers bespoke:
I once advis'd that to preserve the State,
We should strict Friendship with Prince *Arthur* make,
That we *Britannia* should between us share,
And with the Prince, Nuptials end the War.
The Terms propos'd the *British* Hero pleas'd,
And all things seem'd to promise lasting Peace.
But when we were inform'd the *British* Host,
Had half their Force, by raging Sickness lost,
Thinking we might with Ease, the Foe defeat,
We from the Terms our selves propos'd, retreat.

I wish that Rupture may not Heav'n provoke,
To bring our Necks beneath the *British* Yoke.
With all our Force the *Britons* we assail,
But *Arthur's* unresisted Arms prevail:
How great a Loss the *Saxons* undergo,
Our bleeding Wounds and endless Funerals show.
What Hero can be found to guard our State,
Against Prince *Arthur's* Arms, and prosperous Fate.
True, *Tollo's* Deeds give him a war-like Name,
But much inferior to the *Briton's* Fame;
If we confiding in th' *Albani's* Sword,
Fresh Triumphs to the *Briton* should afford:
Who after, shall controuling Bounds oppose,
To the victorious Progress of our Foes?
Who then against the Torrent can contend,
And from th' overflowing Flood, our Towns defend?
We shall in vain our former Conquest boast,
The *Saxon* sinks and all *Britannia's* lost.
All things well weigh'd, Prince *Arthur* looks to me,
As one supported by divine Decree,
To Empire rais'd by unchang'd Destiny:
If so in vain all our Attempts are made,
In vain we build our Hopes on *Tollo's* Aid:
We shall oppose inevitable Fate,
And in our Ruin learn our Fault, too late.
I would Prince *Arthur's* Temper sound, and strive
Once more the former Treaty to revive:
This way we may controul the Conqueror's Army,
And *Arthur* bind by *Ethelina's* Charms:
This way perhaps you'll stem the rapid Tyde,
And gain a Conquest to your Arms deny'd.

Pascentius ceas'd, *Crida* with Choler burn'd,
And with an Air disturb'd these Words return'd;

We all well know *Pascentur Tongue*, was made
 Smooth, soft, and fluent to perswade,
 For courtly Arts, and fine Intrigues of State;
 No *Saxon* Genius can *Pascentur* mate;
 All to his Eloquence at home must yield;
 As he to all, for Courage in the Field.
 Men of the Cabinet take no Delight;
 In bloody War, they are too wise to fight.
 The *Briton's* Strength, and *Arthur's* Arms I find,
 Strike fiercely on a prudent timorous Mind:
 A brave Heroick Spirit can't despair,
 Who minds the Turns and doubtful chance of War:
 Join'd by the *Pitti* and *Albanian* Horse,
 We're much superior to the *British* Force:
Tollo and *Mordred*, both for Arms are fam'd,
 Whose Deeds with greater wonder are proclaim'd?
 We too have Heroes left, that dare engage
 The *Briton's* Arms, and can sustain his Rage:
 My self will meet him in the Field, and stand
 Unmov'd against the Fury of his Hand.
 Shall we at last a Conquer'd Nation fear,
 And long inur'd to Victory despair.
 Let not our vile Submission stain our Name,
 And lessen thro' the World the *Saxon* Fame:
 No, let the King, with *Tollo's* Prayers comply,
 Our Forces join'd must make the *Britons* fly.
 He ceas'd, the Council murmur'd their Applause,
 And pleas'd with this Advice King *Offa* rose.

He straight dispatch'd th' *Albanian* Orators,
 By whom the Valiant *Tollo* he assures,
 That he the *Britons* by his Aid subdu'd,
 Shall *Ethelina* wed, for whom he su'd.

We

Wichall he added, that Affairs requir'd
 Their Troops should join, before the Truce expir'd.

His Oratours return'd to *Tollo* bring,
 The pleasing Answer of the *Saxon* King:
Tollo transported with excessive Joy,
 Believes no Rival could his Hopes destroy.
 As if the Battel were already won,
 He thinks the beauteous Princess is his own.
 Glitt'ring in Arms like a refulgent Star,
 He leads his *Scotish* Nation to the War:
 A Nation fierce and haughty by Success,
 Which *Albions* Northern Soil did then possess.
 For a rude cruel People, bred to Spoil,
 To Blood and Rapine, from th' *Hibernian* Isle,
 Did in this Age, infect th' *Albanian* Coast,
 And landed there at last their bar'rous Host:
Scots they were call'd, from their wild Islands Name,
 For *Scotia*, and *Hibernia* were the same;
 Here their new Seats the prosp'rous Pyrates, fix,
 And their course Blood, with the old *Britons* mix.
 These their *Albanian* Seats, new *Scotia* stile,
 Leaving *Hibernia*, to their Native Isle:
 The *Calidonian* *Britons* dispossess,
 And by a hard Tyrannick Yoke oppress;
 Did these *Hibernian*, *Scotish* Lords Obey,
 And felt the Curses of a foreign Sway.
 This Nation then obey'd King *Tollo's* Laws,
 And now in Arms asserts the *Saxon* Cause.

The mighty *Donald*, of the Northern Isles;
 Of Visage fierce, and dreadful with the Spoils
 of grisly Bears, and of the foaming Boar,
 Which hideous Pride he o'er his Shoulders wore;

M m

Marches

Marches his vigorous Troops into the Field,
 Whose thundering Swords, themselves could only weild.
 By their rough Captains led, they left the Land
 Where once the old *Meatians* did Command ;
 And where the Walls from Sea to Sea extend,
 By *Romans* built their Province to defend ;
 Stupendous Bulwarks, whose unnumber'd Towers,
 Repel'd th' Incursions of the Northern Powers.
 But when proud *Rome* was weak and feeble grown,
 Th' insulting Foe broke the high Fences down ;
 Now Ruins show where the chief Fabrick stood,
 Between wide *Tinna's* and *Itunna's* Flood.
 The Youth from all the Towns that did obey,
 In ancient times, the mild *Novantian* Sway.
 Such as possess the *Blgerian* Seats, and those
 Who till'd the Land, where silver *Devia* flows ;
 Who on the wild and bleaky Shore reside,
 Insulted by the rough *Hibernian* Tide ;
 To aid the *Saxon* from their County came,
 By *Dongal* led, a Lord of Martial Fame.
 Those where *Kandunara* rears her lofty Towers,
 And *Glotta's* Tide into the Ocean pours :
 And where th' *Orestian* Princes heretofore,
 And *Attacottian* Lords the Scepter bore.
 Those where the *Otadenian* Cities stood,
 Between *Alanut*, and fair *Vedra's* Flood.
 They march from *Castralata* and the Shore,
 Where wide *Boderia's* noisy Billows roar.
 Then those from *Kindolana* and the Land
 Where *Ælian's* Bridge and high *Cilurnum* stand.

Mackbeth a great Commander of the North,
 And rocky Highlands, draws his Nation forth.

Loofe Mantles o'er their brawny Shoulders flung,
 With careless Pride beneath their midleg hung :
 Cerulean Bonnets on their Heads they wore,
 And for their Arms, broad Swords and Targets bore.
 The Youth pour'd out from fair *Victoria's* Gates,
 From *Orrea* and the old *Gadenian* Seats :
 And from the spacious *Caledonian* Wood ;
 And where fair *Celnuir* rolls his rapid Flood.
 These Troops were by the fierce *Congellar* led,
 Of *Malcol's* Royal Stock the famous Head :
 Who first from wild *Jerne* wafted o'er,
 His barb'rous Ensigns to th' *Albanian* Shore.
 Those from the *Vicomagians* Cities came,
 From high *Banatia*, and from ancient *Tame* :
 And they who dwelt on either verdant Bank
 Of *Longo's* Stream, and those that *Itys* drank.
 With those that stretch along the *Western* Coast,
 To whom the old *Creonian* Towns were lost,
 Where high *Epidium* midst th' *Hibernian* Waves,
 Protrudes his Head, and all their Monsters braves.
 Those from the Towns along the flowry Side,
 Of Northern *Tinna*, and fair *Tava's* Tide ;
 Where once the happy *Venicotes* dwelt,
 Before the foreign Conquerour's Yoke was felt.

There was a Northern Nation fierce and bold,
 On whose dy'd Bodies, fearful to behold,
 Wild Beasts inscrib'd, and ravenous Birds were born,
 Which their vast Limbs did dreadfully adorn :
 So fierce they seem'd, as ready to devour
 The naked Limbs, which the wild Monsters bore.
 Their Hieroglyphick Armies, stain'd and smear'd
 With various Colours, and strange Forms appear'd,

In Pageant Armour, and in painted State,
 Like Troops of Heralds, which on Triumphs wait.
 This Nation *Picts* were call'd, who wast'd o'er
 From *Scandinavia*, and the bleak Shore
 Of Southern *Scythia*, did these Seas infest,
 And with their Fleets, the *British* Coast molest.
 Their Pyracies by Sea, and Thefts by Land,
 Th' exhausted *Britons* did in vain withstand:
 No more of *Rome's* declining Power afraid,
 They did the weak, defenceless Isle invade.
 Th' affrighted *Briton* from the Shore retreats,
 And leaves the Conqueror his abandon'd Seats.
 Their King at Pleasure, this fierce Nation made,
 And *Mordred* now th' Imperial Scepter sway'd.
 He to King *Tollo* by his Queen Ally'd,
 And now by closer Bonds of Interest ty'd,
 Commands his Men, to take their Shield and Launce,
 And with the *Scotish* Army to advance.

They march'd, who then possess the Hilly Land,
 Which th' ancient *Carnonatan* did Command.
 From *Ricine*, and the frozen *Hebudes*,
 Lav'd by the loud *Deucalionian* Seas.
 From all the Towns whence their victorious Sword,
 Forc'd the *Carenian* Prince the rightful Lord,
 Where the wild *Hiperborean* Ocean raves,
 And on the Rocks breaks his Tempestuous Waves.
 They came who then the *Mertian* Cities fill'd,
 And held the Lands that once the *Logian* till'd.
 They left the Soil where swift *Tuesis* flows,
 Where *Grampius* stands in everlasting Snows,
 Which like the fam'd *Ripbean* Hills appears,
 And with his Head divides the neighb'ring Spheres.

From

From all the Land where *Loxa's* Current flows,
 Which *Uara's* and *Tuesis* Streams inclose:
 Where once the bold *Decantians* did reside,
 And from their Hills the Power of *Rome* defy'd.
 These with the *Saxon* Troops their Arms unite,
 Who so well reforc'd prepare for Fight;
 While wounded in his Tent King *Offa* staid,
 King *Tollo*, as their Leader, all obey'd.

Prince

Prince Arthur.

BOOK X.

A *Uroras* Beams now on the Mountains smil'd,
 And adverse Clouds with Purple Edgings gild.
 Boyling with Martial Rage King *Tollo* stands,
 And his high Chariot, and his Sreeds demands:
 Steeds, whiter than the purest *Alpine* Snows,
 And fleetier than the Gales that *Boreas* blows.
 He triumph'd when his noble Breed appear'd,
 Their Harness thick with Gold and Silver smear'd:
 When he their thundring Neighings heard, and saw
 Their wanton Hoofs the trembling Valley paw,
 The Grooms and Charioteers about him stand,
 Reining the snorting Coursers in their Hand:
 Stroking their Backs, they their hot Spirits sooth'd,
 And their high Manes with Combs, and Spunges smooth'd.

Tollo mean time, puts on his mighty Arms;
 And all the Field resounds with loud Alarms:
 Each Army does for bloody Toil prepare,
 And draw their Troops out, to renew the War.
 The thund'ring Coursers shake the trampled Ground,
 And war-like Clamours from the Hills rebound.
 Across the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,
 And with thick Clouds of Dust annoy the Sky.
 An Iron Harvest on the Field appears,
 Of Launces, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears.

Throng'd

Throng'd Heads in long embattl'd Ranks dispos'd,
 The lowring Front of Horrid War disclos'd.
 First furious *Tollo* springs out from the Lines,
 And on the Plain in radiant Armour shines:
 His polish'd Helm oppress the dazzled Sight,
 And shone on high, like a huge Globe of Light.
 The Golden *Shield* his mighty Arm did bear,
 Hung like a blazen Meteor, in the Air.
 His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,
 And Golden Pieces his vast Thighs encas'd:
 The Pieces round his Legs, Gold Buttons ty'd;
 And his broad *Sword* hung dreadful by his Side:
 Which when drawn out, like a destructive Flame
 Of Light'ning, from the ample Scabbard came:
 In such illustrious Arms King *Tollo* shone,
 And thought no Strength superior to his own:
 Then shaking in his Hand his massy *Spear*,
 He cry'd aloud, that all his Threats might hear,
 This *Spear* ne'er yet deceiv'd its Master's Hand,
 Nor could the bravest Knight its Force withstand:
 Witness *Albodian*, and great *Lochrine* slain
 In single Combates, on th' *Albanian* Plain.
 Witness ye *Caledonian* Princes, you,
 Whom with vast spoil on *Tava's* Banks I slew.
 Now, by this faithful *Spear* shall *Arthur* dy,
 If his just Fears perswade him not to fly:
 T' *Augusta's* Gates I'll bring his sever'd Head,
 And in his Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Thus *Tollo* boasts, thus did his Fury rise,
 And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes.
 So when a tawny Lyon, from the Side
 Of some high *Lybian* Mountain, has descry'd,

A spotted Leopard, or a foaming Boar,
 To rouse his Courage he begins to Roar;
 He shakes his Hideous Sides, his Bristles rise,
 And fiercely round he rowls his fiery Eyes.
 Again he Roars, his Paws the Mountains tear,
 A fearful Preface to th' ensuing War.
 High in his Chariot *Tollo* then advanc'd,
 And from his Arms amazing Lustre glanc'd:
 A Martial Ardour sparkled in his Eyes,
 And hot with Choler he the Foe defies.
 So when the Spring's warm Breath, and chearing Ray
 Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd *Snake*, that lay
 Folded to Rest, while Winter Snows conceal'd
 The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd:
 The sloughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,
 And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd;
 He views himself with Youthful Beauties crown'd,
 Elated casts his haughty Eyes around,
 And rolls his speckled Spires along the Ground.
 Fresh Colours dy his Sides, and thro' his Veins
 Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.
 The sprightly Beast, unfolds upon the Plain
 The glossy Honours of his Summer Train.
 His Crest erected high, and fork'd Tongue
 Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.
 Such Life and Vigour valiant *Tollo* shows,
 Marching with eager Haste to meet his Foes.

And now the *British* Host advanc'd in Sight,
 With chearful Looks, and eager of the Fight:
 Prince *Arthur* in refulgent Arms appear'd,
 High in the midst, the *Saxons* saw, and fear'd.
 So when a Merchant richly laden spies,
 A lowring Storm far in th' Horizon rise,

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
 And his chill Blood hangs curdled in his Veins :
 He furls his Sails, and fits his Ship to bear
 The dreadful Hurricane, ascending thro' the Air.
 Now both th' embattled Hosts advancing near,
 King *Tollo* shakes his long, outrageous Spear :
 And crying out, and threatening from afar,
 In his swift Chariot flew amidst the War.
 His rapid Wheels cut thro' the thickest Files,
 With fearful Ruine, and prodigious Spoils.
 Hapless *Vodinar*, first his Arm did feel,
 And in his Breast receiv'd the pointed Steel.
 Next *Byron* on the Sand expiring lies,
Orpes runs to his Aid, and with him dies.
Kentwin, *Morosten*, *Caradoc* he slew,
 And with his Javelin pierc'd stout *Mervin* thro'.
 Then you brave Youths, *Risan*, and *Tudor* fell,
 Who did in Strength, and Martial Skill excel.
 His fatal Spear transfixt bold *Arnon's* Sides,
 And from his Neck, his Sword the Head divides.
 As *Udas* fled, the hissing Dart he sent
 Enter'd his Back, and thro' his Navel went,
 He fell and on the Dust, sad to behold,
 His Bowels issuing from his Belly roll'd.
Runo's right Knee his Javelin did invade,
 And in the Bone the glitt'ring Weapon staid.
 Strong *Runo* fell, and as he wildly star'd,
 And many moving Words, in haste prepar'd
 To beg his Life, th' insulting Conquerour flew,
 And with his Spear pierc'd his pale Body thro' :
 Groaning he lay, and fetcht long double Sighs,
 While in thick Mists Death swims upon his Eyes.

Next

Next *Leoline*, King *Cadwall's* Son he kill'd,
 A beauteous Youth, and not in War unskill'd :
 His Head the Fauchion to the Shoulders cleft,
 And on the Dust his groveling Body left.
Ouenar felt within a sudden Dread,
 And turning round his Chariot, would have fled ;
 When his long Spear the fierce *Albanian* threw,
 Which crafht the Bones, and thro' the Temples flew :
 Headlong *Ouenar* fell, and on the Ground
 Lay weltring in his Blood, pour'd from his Wound.
 His fatal Weapons vast Destruction made,
 And where he pass'd, the slain in Heaps were laid.
 So when a Flood from th' *Hyperborean* Hills,
 Comes thund'ring down, and all the Valley fills,
 Where the high Snows dissolv'd by Summer Beams,
 In one vast Deluge join their various Streams :
 The roaring Tide with its impetuous Course,
 O'erflows the Banks, and with resistless Force
 Sweeps Houses, Harvest, Herds, and Flocks away,
 Nor can the loftiest Mounds its Progress stay.
 With equal Rage, with such impetuous Haste,
 Great *Tollo* thro' the thick Battalions pass :
 The rapid Wheels of his swift Chariot burn,
 And in their Course the throng'd Brigades o'erturn.
 O'erscatter'd Arms, bright Helms, broad Shields of Brass,
 And broken Spears, his raging Axles pass :
 O'er Heaps of Dead the furious Warrior flies,
 And fills with Dust and rattling Noise, the Skies.
 The squallid Field a Crimson Torrent choaks,
 And Dust and Blood oppress his Chariot's Spokes.
 The trembling Ground th' outrageous Couriers tear,
 And snoring, blow their Foam into the Air :

N n 2

Their

Their fervid Nostrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,
 And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke.
 With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,
 And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky :
 Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dust and Gore
 They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

Then Valiant *Malgo* with a fresh Brigade
 Advanc'd, the mighty Warrior to invade ;
 While from another Part his war-like Band,
Bothan led up, and made a noble Stand.
 Now Showers of Darts, and feather'd Arrows fly
 At *Tollo's* Breast, that darken all the Sky :
 When Valiant *Marodan* approaching near,
 With all his Strength, casts his impetuous Spear ;
 It pass'd the Buckler's Plates, and folded Hide,
 And thro' his Armour slightly raz'd his Side :
Tollo incens'd, collecting all his Might,
 Broke thro' their Ranks, and put the Foe to Flight.
 Now dire Destruction reigns amidst their Files,
 And all the Field was spread with war-like Spoils.
 So when *Battavian* Harpooniers assail,
 With their sharp Launces, some prodigious *Whale*,
 That like a floating Mountain, lies at Ease,
 Vastly extended on the Frozen Seas :
 When the *Leviathan* begins to feel,
 Within his wounded Side, the bearded Steel ;
 And looking round, sees all the ambient Flood,
 Deeply distain'd with its old Monarch's Blood ;
 Straight all enrag'd, he throws himself about,
 And thro' the Air does Crimson Rivers spout :
 Swift, as a Storm, he does the Foe assail,
 With his expanded Fins, and hideous Tail.

Some

Some Barks are crush'd, as with a falling Rock,
 And some o'erturn'd, sink with the dreadful Shock :
 The rest ply all their Oars, and frighted Row,
 Thro' Fields of Ice, to shun th' unequal Foe.

Canvallo then brought up a stronger Force,
 Whom *Galbut* joyn'd, to stop th' *Albanian's* Course :
 The fainting *Britons* these fresh Troops protect,
 And with their Arms great *Tollo's* Triumphs check.
 And now their thick Brigades were close engag'd,
 And thro' the bloody Field Destruction rag'd :
 Now Man to Man stood close, and Spear to Spear,
 Helms mixt with Helms, and Shields with Shields appear.
 Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempests fly,
 Darts hiss at Darts, encountering in the Sky.
 A dreadful Noise distracting all the Air,
 Came from the hoarse *Cerberian* Throat of War :
 While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring,
 Swords clash with Swords, and flying Javelins sing.
 Some threaten loud, while some for Quarter cry,
 And some insult, while some in Torment dy :
 As when a Torrent down some Mountain's Side,
 To the low Valleys rolls its rapid Tide,
 Where mighty Stones and rocky Fragments, high
 Within the rude, unfashion'd Channels ly :
 O'er abrupt Tracts its Course the Deluge bends,
 And roaring down with mighty Falls, descends.
 Prodigious Noise th' Aerial Region fills,
 The Shepherds hear, and tremble on their Hills.
 Or as ;
 When high *Vesuvius* stow'd with wealthy Stores,
 Preluding to some dire Irruption, roars ;
 While horrible Convulsions shake its Womb
 And lab'ring Sides, which hidden War entomb :

Th'

Th' imprison'd Thunder bellows under Ground,
 And the loud Noise fills all the Heav'ns around,
 August *Parthenope's* gilt Turrets shake,
 And fair *Campania's* wealthy Farmers quake:
 Such was the loud distracting Noise of War,
 Such horrid Clamours tore th' afflicted Air,
 While the fierce Foes against each other rag'd,
 And for *Britannia's* Empire were engag'd:
 The neighing Steeds, and wounded Warriors Cries
 And rising Clouds of Dust confound the Skies.

Mordred mean time the mighty *Piſſan* King,
 Does to the Charge, his threatening Squadrons bring:
 Sticking his Golden Rowels in the Sides
 Of his huge Steed, amidst the Ranks he Rides.
 The *British* Horse unhaken as a Rock,
 Bravely sustain'd th' Invader's thundring Shock:
 King *Meridoc*, who did the Horse Command,
 Confirm'd his Men, to make so brave a Stand,
 Yet many Valiant *Britons* *Mordred* slew,
 First with his Spear he pierc'd brave *Jasper* thro':
 The Valiant *Giffith* by unhappy Chance,
 Came in his Way, and felt his fatal Lance;
 Beneath his Ear, the Weapon pierc'd his Head,
 He fell, and in a Moment stretcht out Dead.
 His furious Arm stoble *Lodanor* felt,
 On whose high Crest so fierce a Stroke he dealt:
 The *Briton* stunn'd with the prodigious Blow,
 Drops the loos'd Reins, and lets his Weapons go:
 The frighted Courser thro' the Battel Flies,
Lodanor in the Dust dismounted lies;
 The Horses Hoofs in pieces crush his Head,
 And deep into the Mire his Bowels tread.

Then;

Then with great Fury he at *Adel* flew,
 And grip'd him with his furious Hand, and drew
 The *Briton* from his Seat, his fiery Steed
 Scours o'er the Field, from his lost Rider freed.
 Wrigling and spurning in his Arms, the Prey
 'Midst loud Applauses *Mordred* bears away:
 So when an Eagle from some Mountain's Top,
 To truss a timorous Leveret makes a Stoop,
 And in his crooked Pounces takes him up.
 Struggling he mounts, and squeaks amidst the Skies,
 And faster than he ran before, he flies.

To fight the *Piſſ* straight *Guinan* did advance,
 But in his Shield broke his projected Lance.
 Then at the *Briton* *Mordred's* Javelin flew,
 It mist the Rider, but the Courser flew,
 Extended on the Ground the groaning Beast,
 Th' unhappy Rider with his Weight oppress'd:
Mordred dismounts, and with his glitt'ring Dart
 Loudly insulting, stabs him to the Heart.
Guinan a Friend to *Meridoc* was dear;
 Who at his Death enrag'd, caught up his Spear,
 And shaking it from far with mighty Rage,
 Spurs thro' their Ranks King *Mordred* to engage.
 The *Piſſan* Monarch who elated stood,
 Like some tall Oak, that overlooks the Wood,
 Or some high Tower, which with its lofty Head
 Surveys the Towns beneath, around it spread;
 Lifts his Gigantick Spear, and cry'd aloud,
 To *Meridoc* advancing thro' the Crowd,
Briton come on, and but a Moment stand,
 A glorious Fate expect from *Mordred's* Hand:
 Let not thy Fears persuade thee hence to flee,
 Heav'ns give thee Courage to come up, and die.

King

King *Meridoc* his Spear in Answer sent,
 Which in the Shield's third Ply, its Fury spent.
 Then *Mordred* threw, aloft the Weapon hilt,
Ludar it slew, but *Meridoc* it mist.
 Brave *Ludar* was a Lord of *Neustrian* Blood,
 Who long in vain the fair *Marinda* woo'd;
 To bless him with her Smiles, and heal his Wound,
 But from the scornful Maid no Pity found.
 Lost in Despair, he left his Native Soil,
 His Torments to beguile with Martial Toil:
 Now wounded by an erring Spear, he lies,
 Cry'd out *Marinda*, cruel Fate! and dies.

Then did the *Briton's* second Weapon fly,
 Which thro' his Armour, pierc'd King *Mordred's* Thigh;
 Which from the Flesh he strove to draw in vain,
 Then flew about wreckt with tormenting Pain:
 Wildly he star'd, and turn'd his Courser's Head,
 Aloud he roar'd, and from the Combat fled.
 So when a Sword-Fish, urg'd with generous Rage,
 Does a vast Whale, in Northern Seas engage;
 The Finny Warriors, with a furious Course
 To Battel rush, and meet with wondrous Force:
 A Noble Fight ensues, and dreadful Strokes
 Afflict the Main, and shake the Neighb'ring Rocks:
 As they advance they drive high Seas before,
 The Monsters bellow, and the Billows roar.
 The boiling Sea with greater Fury raves,
 Then when incumbent Storms press on its Waves.
 The Surges raging with intestine War,
 With high curl'd Heads, look terrible from far:
 The Foam of breaking Waves, in pointed Sleet
 Like driven Snow, does on the Ocean beat.

At every Shock the dashing VVaters fly,
 And Clouds of Liquid Dust obscure the Sky.
 At last the VVhale his shining Belly goar'd,
 By his fierce Enemy's invading Sword;
 VVild with his Rage and Pain, whole Seas does spout,
 And like a floating Island, rolls about.
 The wounded Monster does the Seas out-roar,
 And tumbles thro' the Billows to the Shore,
 Leaving behind broad Tracks of Purple Gore.

Thus strove the *Pictan* and the *British* Horse,
 While pious *Arthur* with resistless Force,
 In radiant Arms bright as th' Autumnal Star,
 Flies thro' the Foe, himself a fearful War:
 With his victorious Sword, which wav'd on high,
 Made flaming Bows, and Arches in the Sky.
 The Body of their Battel he invades,
 And thro' a Sea of Blood victorious wades.
 Where'er the Conqueror did his progress bend,
 Ruin and wide Destruction did attend.
 Prodigious Numbers by his Weapons fall,
 And on their Gods in vain the *Saxons* call.
 He made his way, like an impetuous Flood,
 Or furious Burning, raging thro' the Wood.
 Where'er he pass'd, the Dead lay thick behind,
 As sapless Leaves spread by a boistrous Wind.

Ulfina first, a Valiant Lord, did feel,
 In his Left Side, the *Briton's* piercing steel.
 Next *Godred* fell from Valiant *Ingulf* sprung,
 And as he fell, his Arms upon him rung.
 Next fell the famous *Ethelbert*, betwixt
 The Head and Shoulders with a Dart transfixt.

Nothing his Courage, or illustrious Blood,
 Which to his Veins from mighty *Odin's* flow'd;
 Nothing his well-prov'd Armour, when assail'd
 By *Arthur's* Hand, the noble Youth avail'd:
 Struggling he lay, and wallow'd on the Ground
 In the warm Streams that rush'd out from his Wound;
 A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes,
 And his disdainful Soul, from his pale Bosom flies.
 Then *Imerick* he slew a valiant Chief,
 And *Lodocan* who rush'd to his Relief:
 One with his Fauchion, th' other with his Spear,
 That cleft the Head, this pierc'd from Ear to Ear.
 Next from his Arm a singing Javelin sent,
 Thro' the left Groin of mighty *Crida* went:
 The wounded Chief retires in tort'ring Pain,
 And Tracts of Blood his halting Leg distain.
 Then *Sigebert* a noble Youth he slew,
 The fatal Weapon pierc'd his Temples thro'.
 His furious Dart did next at *Ebald* fly,
 Which thro' his Shield pierc'd deep into his Thigh:
 Inflam'd with Rage, and roaring out with Pain,
 He strove to pull the VVeapon out in vain.
 His Javelin next transfixt *Congellar's* Reins,
 And out his Life gush'd from his open'd Veins.
 Then *Edbert* fell:
 Thro' the bright Helmet which his Head encas'd,
 Thro' Bones, and Brains, the furious Javelin pass'd;
 And his left Eye from out its Circle struck,
 On the sharp Point, a ghastly Prospect stuck.
 Then *Ethelrick* a stout *West Saxon* Lord,
 And *Ida* fell, by his victorious Sword.
 The first, his Head down to his Shoulders Cleft,
 Fell to the Ground, of Breath and Sense bereft

The heavy Blade falling with oblique Sway,
 Half thro' the other's Neck, did make its way.
 The Head half sever'd on his Shoulders hung,
 And from the Wound a bloody Torrent sprung.
 Rolling in Gore upon the Field he lay,
 Wildly he star'd, and groan'd his Life away.
 As when a mighty Tempest from the East,
 The Sea assail'd, and on the Billows prest.
 By Heav'n's Command, that *Jacob's* Fav'rite Race,
 Might *Pharaoh's* Arms escape, and safely pass.
 Th' astonish'd Ocean did its Force obey,
 Open'd his watry Files, and clear'd the pathless way.
 The Waves retreated, and erected stood,
 As Fear and Wonder had benum'd the Flood:
 Then Front to Front they kept their Line unmov'd;
 And those that crowd behind, they backwards shov'd.
 Like a long Ridge of Crystal Hills they rose,
 And the low Wonders of the deep disclose.
 So valiant *Arthur* prest upon the Foe,
 And so their Troops retir'd, and let the Conqueror thro'.

Now he advanc'd to *Tollo's* foremost Band,
 Where mighty *Fingal* and *Delavian* stand;
 Both which he slew, next valiant *Duncan* falls,
 While he in vain for Help on *Tollo* calls.
 And now on every side the *Saxon* Host
 Began to fly, and yield the Battel lost.
 Only King *Tollo* with enormous Rage
 Breaks thro' the Troops, Prince *Arthur* to engage.

Mean time the Prince of Hell stood full of Care,
 And fear'd th' Event of this unequal War.
 To save the *Saxon* Squadrons which remain,
 Whereof such Numbers lay already slain,

And to prevent *Tollo's* impending Fate,
 Whose Arms the *British* Hero's could not mate :
 The conquering *Britons* fierce Pursuit to stay,
 And once more *Arthur's* Triumphs to Delay,
 By Heav'n's Permission, causes to arise
 A dreadful Tempest in the troubled Skies.
 The blustering Powers, and Demons of the Air,
 Straight at his Summons to their Prince repair.

To whom thus *Lucifer* :

Aerial Powers, who my Commands obey,
 And in these Regions own my sovereign Sway ;
 Know, I intend to end this bloody Strife,
 To part the Hosts, and guard King *Tollo's* Life.
 Go hasten then, each to his known Employ,
 And let your loudest Storms the Heav'ns annoy,
 Swift, as your own projected Lightnings fly,
 And in a Moment trouble all the Sky.
 The dusky Fiends obedient fly away,
 Some fetch up misty Stores to choke the Day.
 Some Pitchy Clouds of *Stygian* Fleeces made,
 And in their Bowels Trains of Brimstone laid.
 Some ram in Seeds of unripe Thunder, some
 With mighty Hailstones charge their hollow Womb.
 Some fetch strong Winds, which on their Wings may bear
 The heavy Tempest lab'ring thro' the Air.
 O'erspreading mists th' extinguish'd sunbeams drown,
 Dark Clouds o'er all the Black Horizon frown,
 And hang their deep Hydriopick Bellies down,
 Hoarse Thunder rolls, and Murm'ring try's its Voice
 Preluding to the Tempest's dreadful Noi-
 sel. Infernal Torches now the Fiends apply,
 And light the fiery Seeds that hidden lie.

The

The Heav'n's wide Frame outrageous Thunder shocks,
 Loud, as the mighty Crack of falling Rocks.
 The Cloudy Machines burst amidst the Skies,
 And from their yawning Wounds exploded Lightning flies.
 Confusion fills the Air, Fire, Rain, and Hail
 Now mingle Tempests, now by Turns prevail.
 No more the *Britons*, and the *Saxons* strove,
 For that below, yields to the War above.
 The conquering *Britons*, to the Camp return,
 Their Loss in theirs, the vanquish'd *Saxons* mourn.
 So when a Summer Cloud the Sky o'erspreads,
 The Bees that wander o'er the flow'ry Meads,
 Or to the Tops of lofty Mountains climb,
 To fetch the yellow Spoils of od'rous Thyme,
 Forsake their Toil, and lab'ring thro' the Air,
 To their known Hives, with hasty Flight repair.
 All to their Cells returning from abroad,
 Depose their luscious Dew, and strutting Thighs unload.
 Perplex'd, and sad, the *Saxon* Troops appear,
 And horribly they curse Prince *Arthur's* Spear.
 They saw no *Saxon* could his Arm withstand,
 And doubt Deliverance from King *Tollo's* Hand.

When half of this uneasy Night was spent,
 To all the great Commanders *Otha* sent,
 To bring them quickly to his royal Tent.
 And first the Summons they to *Tollo* bear,
 Who to equip himself did straight prepare.
 A VVolf grin'd horribly upon his Head;
 And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.
 He girds his mighty Fauchion to his side,
 VVhich hung across his Thigh, with fearful Pride.
 Frowning, and on the great Affair Intent,
 He straight to *Otha's* high Pavilion went.

Next

Next *Mordred* halting with his Wound, and lame,
And by his massy Spear supported, came.
A Beaver's Skin upon his Head he wore,
And a fierce *Tyger's* his wide Shoulders bore.
A silver Belt, illustrious to behold,
Held his broad Sword, adorn'd with Studs of Gold.

Then *Ella* rose newly laid down to Rest,
And button'd on his rich embroider'd Vest.
O'er which a pompous scarlet Cloak he threw,
Fasten'd with Golden Clasps, and lin'd with costly Blue.
Then putting on his mighty sword, in Hast
Tho lame, he to the Counsel sternly past.
Then valiant *Amades*, and *Chuline* went,
With wife *Pascentius*, to their Monarch's Tent;
Follow'd by *Ofred*, *Sebert*, and the rest
Of their chief Lords, who great Concern exprest:
And now th' august Assembly fill'd apace,
Where all the Leaders took their proper Place.

Then their Attention *Otha* did demand,
And leaning on his Scepter with his Hand,
He thus began, Princes, you see the Field,
To the victorious *Britons* still we yield.
By Sea, and Land we've felt their fatal Arms,
And all our Realm trembles at their Alarms.
Our Heaps of Dead the Field with Horrour crown,
And Seas of *Saxon* Blood the Valley drown.
All *Albion's* Isle resounds with dying Groans,
White with her Rocks, but whiter with our Bones.
Prince *Arthur's* Sword the Field with Ruin spreads,
Like Storms, which from the Trees dishonour'd Heads

Their

Their shady Leaves, and spreading Branches tear,
Cover the Ground, and leave the Forrest bare.
On us th' offended Gods severely frown,
But on the *British* Arms look smiling down.
While we oppose the rapid Tide of Fate,
We think to stop, what we precipitate,
And learn our Errour, at too dear a Rate.
He said, the *Saxon* Chiefs, who found their Host
Feeble, and sunk by frequent Battels lost;
Thinking their Arms unable to oppose,
The rapid Course of their victorious Foes:
Upon *Pascentius* straightway cast their Eyes,
As one above the rest accounted Wise,
And who the King to Peace did still advise.

Pascentius then began:
Otha, the Counsel which at first I gave,
From *Arthur's* Arms our threaten'd State to save;
What since has happen'd, shows was just and right,
For who can meet the *British* Prince in Fight?
Our sinking State, and hard Affairs demand
A Remedy of Force, and near at hand.
He that in such a Storm, would safely steer,
Must have a Head that's steady, cool and clear.
The lab'ring Ship on all Sides feels dire Shocks,
Charybdis shunn'd, she's dash'd on *Scylla's* Rocks.
'Tis hard to give a Monarch Counsel, where
On either Hand such frightful Shelves appear.
Statesmen, in such a Case as this, debate
How best to save themselves, and not the State.
But if my Judgment still I must declare,
I would at any Price compose the War.
And till a more effectual can be found,
This as a safe Expedient I propound.

Sore

Sore with their Wounds, and sunk with ill success,
 The Saxons strong Desires for Peace express:
 This to obtain, we must to Arthur sue,
 And the first Treaty, which we broke, renew.
 The Princess *Ethelina's* Heav'nly Charms,
 Are only stronger, than the Briton's Arms:
 She must be offer'd as the Prince's Bride;
 This once prevail'd, and must again be try'd.
 But then you break the Promise, which you made
 To *Tollo*, who'll complain he is betray'd.
 Since hence to Peace, our chief Obstructions spring,
 I move that *Arthur*, and th' *Albanian* King,
 May by their single Arms the strife decide,
 And let the Princess be the Conqueror's Bride.
 If o'er the Britons we th' Advantage gain,
 And *Arthur* by th' *Albanian* King is slain;
 The Britons shall repass *Sabrina's* Tide,
 And in their Rocks, and Hilly Lands abide:
 But all the Cities, Castles, and the Land,
 That lie on this side, *Otha* shall Command.
 But if King *Tollo* slain by *Arthur's* Sword,
 New Triumphs to the Briton shall afford;
 We'll meet no more their Armies in the Field,
 But all our Towns, and conquer'd Places yield.
 Those who shall ask it, shall be wafted o'er,
 To our old Seats along the German Shore:
 The *Cantian* Kingdom still we will retain,
 And in its Limits circumscrib'd remain.
 This as the best Expedient, I propose,
 He said, the Saxons murmur'd their Applause.

Then *Tollo* answer'd with a haughty Air,
 Pleas'd with my Fate, I undertake the War.

My

My Sword and *Arthur's*, shall the Strife decide,
 And let the Princess be the Victor's Bride.
 This conquering Arm the Saxon Realm shall guard,
 Repel the Foe, and win the bright Reward:
 For if the Foe does not my Sword decline,
 The War is ended, with his Fall or mine.

Th' Assembly rose, and back the Captains went,
 Praising King *Tollo* much, but fear'd th' Event.
 At the first opening of the tender Day,
 Six Orators, King *Otha* sent away
 To *Arthur's* Camp, who introduc'd declare,
 The Measures taken to compose the War:
 The Challenge *Arthur* heard with great Delight,
 And readily accepts the single Fight.

Straight to the sacred Temples all repair,
 Heav'n to solícite with united Prayer,
 That *Arthur* in the Combate might succeed,
 And vanquish'd *Tollo*, by his Weapon bleed.
 With warmer Zeal, and with more earnest Cries,
 The Britons never importun'd the Skies:
 A deep Concern at Heart they all express,
 And mighty Passions struggled in their Breast;
 For if the Prince fell in the Combat, all
 Well knew their unsupported State must fall.

Soon as the Sun had streak'd the Skies with Light,
 Prince *Arthur* rose, and arm'd himself for Fight.
 Pieces with Silver Studs his Legs encas'd,
 And Plates of Gold his warlike Thighs embrac'd,
 And on his Head he lac'd his burnish'd Helm,
 Whence flashing Brightness did the Sight o'erwhelm.

P p

Like

Like some Celestial Orb his blazing Shield;
 Darted amazing Lustre thro' the Field
 And then he girded to his Martial Side;
 His faithful Sword, so oft in Battle try'd.
 Thus arm'd the Hero mount his thundering Steed;
 Nor *Thrace*, nor *Greece* can boast a nobler Breed.
 With his strong Arm he grip'd his trembling Spear,
 His very Friends, tho' pleas'd, yet seem'd to fear:
 And as he spur'd his Courser, and advanc'd;
 Unsufferable Splendour from his Armour glanc'd.
 As glorious *Michael*, when the Poë alarms
 The blissful Realms, clad in Celestial Arms
 Bright as the Sun, leads forth th' Angelick Host,
 To chase th' Invaders from the Heavenly Coast:
 In such illustrious Arms the Prince was seen,
 Hi war-like Grace was such, and such his Godlike Mien.

Mean time King *Otha* from his Camp proceeds,
 High in his Chariot, drawn by milk white Steeds:
 And by his Side, *Tollo* appear'd in fight,
 Completely Arm'd, and coveting the Fight.
 His Coat of Mail was o'er his Shoulders flung,
 And by his Side his dreadful Fauchion hung.
 Like a high Beacon lighted in the Air,
 His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War:
 In his right Hand he shakes his pondrous Lance,
 And on his Steed did to the Lists advance.
 The Marshals of the Field, had mark'd out Ground
 Fit for the Fight, and fix'd high Pales around,
 Which with arm'd Troops, on either side were tir'd,
 Their Spears stuck in the Ground, their Shields reclin'd.
 On either Side the Armies stood in fight,
 Drawn up, as they too were design'd for fight.

Attended

Attended with his Heralds on the Place,
 Prince *Arthur* first appear'd with Martial Grace.
 When *Otha* and his Priests advancing near,
 Raising his Voice that those around might hear:
 His Hand devoutly on his Breast, his Eyes
 Fixt in a solemn manner on the Skies;
 To ratifie the Treaty, thus he swore,
 Th' Eternal Mind whom Christians do adore;
 The God of Truth I here to witness call,
 That if this Day by *Tollo's* Arms I fall;
 We will no more Hostilities repeat,
 But o'er *Sabrina's* Waters will retreat:
 We will no more the *Saxon* State molest,
 But in our Hills and snowy Mountains rest:
 But if we find this an auspicious Day,
 And by Heaven's Aid, my Arms shall *Tollo* slay;
 Then if the vanquish'd *Saxons*, shall restore
 The Towns and Lands, which we possess before,
 They in the *Cantian* Kingdom shall reside,
 And unmolested in those Bounds abide.

Then did King *Otha* by an Altar stand,
 Rais'd with Green Turf, and on it laid his Hand;
 And thus his Idols he invok'd.
Irmanful God of Arms, and mighty *Jove*,
Tuisco, *Odin*, all ye Powers above,
 And you green Gods, and blew-ey'd Goddesses,
 Who rule the spacious Empire of the Seas:
 And you tremendous Powers, who all resort,
 At *Pluto's* Summons, to th' Infernal Court:
 Ye rural Gods, who rule the Hills and Woods,
 Ye watry Powers, who dive beneath the Floods:

P p 2

By

By gloomy *Styx* I swear, bear witness all,
That if King *Tollo* does in Combate fall,
The Treaty now agreed to, shall be kept,
The *Cantian* Kingdom only we except,
All other Lands, our once victorious Sword,
Won from the *British* Kings, shall be restor'd:
He who shall Conquerour in the Field remain,
Shall for his Bride fair *Ethelina* gain.

He said, and to confirm the Oath he swore,
He drew his Sword, that by his Side he wore;
And with its Point did his full Veins divide,
And let out from his Arm, the Crimson Tide:
A golden Bowl receiv'd the vital Flood,
Which *Oeta* took, and drank the flowing Blood.

Arthur and *Tollo* now themselves prepare,
By a brave Combate to decide the War.
The Martials, Heralds, and the Fecial Priests
The Cermonies finish'd, clear the Lists.
Then the loud Trumpet's Clangour did invite,
The mighty Warriours to begin the Fight.
Both in their Hands grasping their pointed Launce,
Spur their hot Steeds, and to the War advance.
And now the Combatants approach'd so near,
Their Voices rais'd, they might each other hear.

Then *Tollo* cry'd aloud:
Till now distress'd without a Friend or Home,
In foreign Lands, you did an Exile roam,
Here stop your Course, your Soul mean time shall go,
A wandering Exile to the Shades below.
I'll take off with this Sword your gasping Head,
And in your Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Were

Were you brave *Hector*, or his braver Foe,
Or God-like *Hercules*, I'd stand your Blow:
Did you advance, with Thunder in your Hand,
Against your Bolts I would undaunted stand:
But such a mighty Foe I need not fear,
You bear not such a Shield, nor such a Spear.
Oh! that bright *Ethelina* now stood by,
To see her Lover, and my Rival dy.
Thus boastful *Tollo* did his Choler vent,
And thus in Air his empty Threats were spent.
The pious Prince enrag'd, without Reply,
Shakes his long Spear, and hastes to Victory:
As when a roaming Lyon from a far,
Sees a strong Bull stand threat'ning furious War,
Who flourishes his Horns, looks sowlly round,
And hoarsely bellowing, traverses the Cround.
For want of Foes, he does the Wood provoke,
Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,
Wishing a nobler Object of his Stroke.
The Lyon fir'd, regards him with Disdain,
And to insult him scowrs along the Plain:
So *Arthur* boiling with Heroic Rage,
Springs with a full Carier, King *Tollo* to engage.
Collected in himself th' *Albanian* stood,
Like some tall, shady Pine, it self a Wood,
Or a vast *Cyclops* wading thro' the Flood.

Then *Tollo* first, *Arthur* advancing near,
With all his Force casts his long Ashen Spear;
Which *Arthur* on his temper'd Buckler took,
While with the vast Concern the *Britons* shook:
Thro' the first Plate of Brass the Weapon went,
But in the next its dying Force was spent.

Then

Then from his valiant Arm the *Briton* threw,
His Javelin, flinging thro' the Air it flew ;
The yielding Buckler did its Force obey,
And thro' the Plates, and Hide it made its Way ;
Thro' the thin Joynts of Steel the Spear did fly,
And wounded, as it past, his mighty Thigh :
The Blood sprung thro' his Armour, from the Wound,
And trickling down the Plate, distain'd the Ground.

Then did King *Tollo's* second Weapon fly,
Which broke within the Buckler's second Ply.
The *British* Prince another Weapon threw,
Which, *Tollo* stooping, o'er his Shoulders flew ;
And falling went so deep into the Ground,
No Arm, of Force to draw it out, was found.
These Weapons spent, to end the noble Fight,
The furious Warriors from their Steeds alight :
And as they nimbly leapt upon the Ground,
The most undaunted Chiefs that stood around,
So fearful was the Chinck their Armour made,
Started, as Men surpriz'd, and look'd afraid.
Then furious Strokes on either Side they deal,
The echoing Air rings with the dreadful Peal :
Pale with the vast Concern both Armies look,
And for their Champion's Life with Terror shook.
So when two vigorous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forrest fear'd,
Resolv'd to try which must in Combate yield,
In all their Might advance across the Field ;
They Nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threatening Heads incline,
And with their clashing Horns in Battel joyn :

They

They rush to combate with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlets meet with dreadful Shocks ;
The mighty Sound runs rattling o'er the Hills,
And Eccho with the Fight the Valley fills :
Retiring oft, the Warriors cease to push,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battel rush.
The trembling Herds at Distance gaze, and stay
To know the Conquerour, whom they must obey
No less concern'd *Saxons*, and *Britons* stand
To see the Victor, who must both command.

Now *Tollo* backwards flinks, and panting stood
Faint with his Labour, and his Loss of Blood.
The *British* Prince entrag'd to see the Fight
So far prolong'd, collecting all his Might,
With double Fury on th' *Albanian* prest ;
And his bright Sword high rais'd, upon his Crest
Descended with so horrible a Sway,
It stun'd the Foe, and took his Sense away ;
He dropt his Arms, and giddy reel'd about,
The joyful *Britons* raise a mighty Shout.
Arthur in fire, lets not th' Advantage go,
But stepping forward with a back hand Blow,
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from side to side,
Did his wide Throat, and spouting Veins divide :
A crimson River gushing from the Wound,
Ran down his burnish'd Armour to the Ground.
Reeling and tottering for a While he stood,
And from his Stomack vomits clotted Blood ;
Then down he fell, the Field beneath, and all
The *Saxon* Army tremble at his Fall :
Groveling in Death, and linear'd with Blood,
And his dim Eyes scarcely admit the

Rolling

Rolling in Dust his wounded Body bled,
 Away his Soul with Indignation fled:
 Convuls'd and quivering, for a while he fetcht
 A dreadful Groan, and breathless out he stretcht.
 As when a Whirlwind, with outrageous Force
 O'erturns a lofty Oak, that stops its Course,
 Its Roots torn up, the Tree's caught from the Ground,
 And with the furious Eddy carried round:
 Then falling from the Sky, his stately Head,
 And shady Limbs, the groaning Hill o'erspread:
 So by Prince Arthur's Arms, King Tollo slain,
 Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

B. I. p. 127 r. *her*. B. II. p. 131. 33 add *a*. p. 41. l. 30 r.
 p. 85. l. 23 r. *the*. B. III. p. 61. l. 17 add *all*. B. III. p. 80. l. 15 r. *their*.
 p. 118. l. 18 add *a*. B. V. p. 154. l. 28 r. *del*. B. VI. p. 167. l. 18 r. *louder*.
 p. 174. l. 9 r. *arriving*. B. VII. p. 210. l. 25 r. *duky*. p. 211. l. 7 r. *be*. B. VIII.
 p. 220. l. 18 r. *ibid*. l. 21 r. *his*. p. 229. l. 19 dele *then*. p. 247. l. 27 r. *watch*. B. IX. p. 248. l. 9 r. *Ref*.
 p. 250. l. 15 r. *coll'd*. p. 262. l. 5 r. *ur*. B. X. p. 274. add *And*.

THE INDEX,

EXPLAINING

The Names of *Countries, Cities, and Rivers, &c.*
 mentioned in this B O O K.

A.
 Bum, the River Humber.
 Agencourt, or Azencourt, in the
 County of St. Paul, in France.
 Alanus, River Alne in Northumberland.
 Alda, a Suppos'd Port in Hampshire.
 Allobroges, Inhabitants of Savoy and
 Piedmont.
 Alpes-British, Mountains in Caernarvon-
 shire.
 Apulia, a part of Italy, famous for Wool.
 Ariconium, Kenchester, Hereford is sup-
 pos'd to have its Original from Ariconium.
 Armorica, Little Bretagne, in France.
 Atrebatians, Inhabitants of Berkshire.
 Attacotians; Ortelius makes them to in-
 habit between the Horeftii and Otadenii,
 in Scotland: But Camden places them
 more Northward, beyond the Venicontes.
 Aufona, River Nine in Northampton-
 shire.
 Augusta, the City of London.
 Ausonia, Italy.
 Ælian's-bridge, an old Town, so call'd by
 Hadrian's Wall.
 Ætna, a famous burning Mountain in the
 Island of Sicily.

B.
 Bannavena, Wedon in Northampton-
 shire.
 Banatia, Camden supposes it to stand
 where Bean-Castle does, in Murray, in
 Scotland.
 Bardunus, a River near Norwich, in Nor-
 folk.
 Barry-Isle, about three Miles from the Ri-
 ver Taf, in Glamorgan-shire.
 Battavia, Holland.
 Blackmoor-land, that which was call'd
 Whitehart-forest, in Dorset-shire.
 Boderia, or Boteria, Edenburg-frith, in
 Scotland.

C.
 Bolerium, the utmost Promontory of Corn-
 wal, or the Lands-end.
 Bosworth, a Town in Leicester-shire.
 Bovium, Boverton in Brecknock-shire.
 Brannodunum, Brancafer in Norfolk.
 Brechinia, Brecknock-shire; likewise
 Brecknock-town.
 Brigantes, the Inhabitants of York-shire,
 Bishoprick of Durham, Lancashire,
 Westmorland, and Cumberland.
 Brige, suppos'd to be Broughton, an old
 Town in Hampshire.
 Bulleum, some suppose it to be Bualht-
 castle in Brecknock-shire. The Addi-
 tions to Camden, apprehends it to be
 Caerphilli-castle, in Glamorgan-shire;
 both under the Silures.

C.
 Calabria, the farthest part of Italy.
 Caledonian-forest, the great Forest
 in Scotland, divided by Mount Gram-
 pius, or Grantzbain.
 Caledonians, those that inhabited on the
 sides of Mount Grampius, in Scotland.
 Camboritum, the City of Cambridge,
 near to which are Gogmagog-hills.
 Camelodunum, Malden in Essex.
 Campania, a part of Italy, in the King-
 dom of Naples.
 Canonium, Chelmsford in Essex.
 Cantians, Inhabitants of Kent.
 Carenians, Camden places them in
 Cernis, in Scotland. Ortelius, more
 toward than the Carnonaca, on the
 side of Scotland.
 Carnonations, they inhabited between the Ri-
 ver Longas, on the West-side of Scotland.
 Carphilli, a famous Castle suppos'd to be
 built by the Romans in Glamorgan-
 shire.
 Cartinia, a Suppos'd Port in Normandy.
 Castralata, City of Edenburg, in Scotland.
 *

Cel

The INDEX.

Celnius, *suppos'd to be the River Keillan; it rises below Mount Grampius, and falls into the German Ocean.*

Chaluz, *a Castle in France, belonging to the Viscount Limoges.*

Charybdis, *a dangerous place in the Sicilian Sea.*

Cilurnum, *it is suppos'd to stand where Colterford does, or else not far from it, at Silchester in the Wall.*

Clamorgania, *Glamorgan-shire.*

Clusentum, *where old Hanton stood by Southampton.*

Combretonium, *Bretenham in Suffolk.*

Conda, *for Condate, a Town of Bretaine in France.*

Conovius, *River Conwy: it divides Caernarvon-shire from Denbigh-shire.*

Coritani, *Darby-shire was a part of the Coritani.*

----- *Northampton-shire, was part of the Coritani.*

Cornavians, *the Inhabitants of Shropshire, Cheshire, &c.*

Creonians, or Cerones, *the Inhabitants of Alesshire in Scotland, according to Camden.*

Croissy, or Cressy, *in Ponthieu, in Lower-Picardy, in France.*

D.

Danmonians, *Inhabitants of Cornwall and Devonshire.*

Danus, *River Dan, in Cheshire.*

Darventia, *River Darwent, in Darbyshire.*

Decantians, or, as Camden calls them, *Canbe; he places them in Rois in Scotland.*

Demetians, *those that inhabited West-Wales, viz. Caermardhin-shire, Pembrokeshire, and Cardigan-shire.*

Deucalidonian-Ocean, *that on the West-side of Scotland.*

Deva, *River Dee in Cheshire.*

Diana, *the City of Chester.*

Donia, *River Dee in Scotland; it falls into the Irish Sea.*

Dorobrevians, *Inhabitants of Gloucestershire, and Oxfordshire.*

Dorobrevia, *Dorchester.*

Dore, *River Dore in Herefordshire; it flows through the golden Vale.*

Dove, *River Dove in Darbyshire.*

Drung, *the River Drung among the Britons.*

Durobrevians, *the City of Rochester.*

Durobrevis, *an old Town call'd Dorchester, on the River Wyne, in Northampton-shire.*

Durotriges, *Inhabitants of Dorset-shire.*

Durovernum, *the City of Canterbury.*

E.

Eborac Race, *York-shire Breed.*

Elgovians, or Selgovians, *Inhabitants of Liddedale, Eufdale, Eskdale, and Annandale in Scotland.*

Epidium, *Cantyre in Scotland: The Island that is near Cantyre, is likewise call'd Epidium.*

Epirus, *a Country of Greece.*

F.

Fautinus, *Villa Fastina, now St Edmundsbury in Suffolk.*

Fial, *one of the chief Mountains in Sweden.*

Froma, *River Frome in Dorset-shire.*

G.

Adenians, *Inhabitants of Teisdale, Twedale, Merch, and Lothian, in Scotland.*

Gallena, *Wallingford in Bark-shire, on the borders of Oxford-shire.*

Garienus, *River Yare, on which Yarmouth stands, in Norfolk.*

Gariononum, *suppos'd to be Burgh-castle in Suffolk.*

Gaul, *France.*

Gevini, *a River in Wales, that runs into the River Usk.*

Glevum, *the City of Gloucester.*

Glotta, *River Cluyd in Scotland: Also an Island now call'd Arran, lying in the Bay of Cluyd.*

Gobanium, *Abergaenna in Monmouthshire.*

Gobeum, *a Promontory of Bretaine in France.*

Goths, *Inhabitants of the Lower-Scythia, in the Northern part of Europe.*

H.

Haga, *the Hay, or Haseley, in Brecknock-shire.*

Halenus, *River Avon in Hampshire.*

Hebudes, or Hebrides, *a Cluster of Isles that lie on the West-side of Scotland, in the Deucalidonian-Ocean.*

Hibernia, *Ireland.*

Hunns, *a People that came out of Scythia and dwelt in Europe, in Hungary.*

Hyperborean-Ocean, *the Irish-Seas.*

Hydaspes, *a River in India.*

Hyperborean-Ocean, *that which washes the North part of Scotland.*

I.

Iberia, *Spain.*

Icenians, *Inhabitants of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge-shire, &c.*

Idumanum, *Black-water in Essex.*

Ierne, *Ireland.*

Imaus, *a Mountain which parts India from Scythia, and divides Scythia into two parts.*

Iica, *River Usk in Monmouth-shire.*

----- *an old Town on the River Usk, in Monmouth-shire.*

----- *River Ex, on which the City of Exeter stands.*

Ilis, *a River in Oxford-shire.*

Ithaca, *an Island in the Ionian Sea.*

Itunna, *River Eden, or Solway Frith in Scotland.*

K.

K Anduara, or Vindogara, *suppos'd to stand in Kyle, in Scotland.*

L.

Lake, *in Brecknock-shire, now call'd Brecknock-mere.*

Lapland, *Lapponia, it belongs partly to Swedenland, Norway, and Moscow.*

Latium, *a part of Italy, now call'd Campagna di Roma, or St. Peters Patrimony.*

Liddeus, *River Ledden in Herefordshire, by Malvern Hills.*

Liger, *River Loire in France.*

Lindis, *River Witham in Lincoln-shire.*

Lindum, *City of Lincoln.*

Loghor, *a River which is the Western limit of Glamorgan-shire.*

Logians, *they inhabited from Mount Grampius, to the German Ocean, by the Mer-tae in Scotland.*

Longo, *a River on the West side of Scotland, that falls into the Western Ocean, it is call'd Logh Longas.*

Loxa, *River Lofse in Scotland.*

Lugas, *River Lug, it rises in Radnor-hills, and falls into Wye, Three Miles from Hereford.*

M.

M Antua, *a Town in Italy where Virgil was born.*

Margadunum, *an old Town suppos'd to stand where Bever Castle does.*

Maridunum, *Caermardhin, in Wales.*

Mauritania, *Barbary.*

Meatians, *They inhabited near the Fift Wall.*

Mediotanum, *an old Town in Montgomeryshire.*

Medvaga, *River Medway in Kent.*

Mersei, *River Mersey in Cheshire.*

Mertians, *those that inhabited the North part of Scotland, which lies towards the German Ocean.*

Mervinian-mountains, *those of Meirionithshire.*

Milford-haven in Wales.

Mona's-Isle, *the Isle of Anglesey.*

Mosa, *the Maes, in Gallia-Belgica, it falls below Dort, into the German Ocean.*

Muno, *River Munow, it rises in Hatterill-hills, and parts Herefordshire from Monmouthshire.*

N.

N Annetum, *the City of Nants, in Brit-tany, France.*

Neustrian-coast, *that of Normandy.*

Nidus, *River Neath, on which stood a Town of the same Name, in Glamorganshire.*

Nile, *the famous River of Egypt.*

Noventians, *they inhabited Galloway, Careck, Kyle, Cuningham, and Glotta, the Promontory which here runs into the Sea, was call'd the Novantian Promontory.*

O.

O Ctopitarium, *St. David's Land, in Wales.*

Olympic, *the Olympick Games were kept in the City Olympia, in Peloponnesus.*

Ordovicians, *Inhabitants of North-Wales, and Powisland, viz. Montgomeryshire, Meirionithshire, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire.*

Orestians, or Orestians Inhabitants of Argyle and Perth, according to Camden in Scotland.

Orrea, *a Town on the North of the River Tay, in Scotland.*

Ottadenians, *those that inhabited next the Brigantes.*

Oza, *River Ouse, there is the great and little Ouse, the former divides Norfolk from Cambridgeshire.*

P.

P Actolus, *a River in Lidia.*

Parthenope, *the City of Naples.*

Peak, *in Darbyshire.*

Pictavian-fields, *Poictou a Province in France, its Capital City is Poitiers, within Two Leagues of which was fought the Famous battle between the English and French.*

Picts, *they inhabited part of Scotland, some place them in the South, in Lothian and Fife: Also Camden places them in Orkney, and the Northern Isles.*

Plinlimon, *a high Mountain in Wales, whence Severn, Wye and Rydol, take their rise.*

R.

R Atostibium, *River Taf in Wales.*

Regnuns-wood, *Ringwood in Hampshire.*

Repan-

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Regnuns-wood, *Ringwood in Hampshire.*

Repan-

The INDEX.

Repandunum, Repton in Darbyshire.
Rhemnius, River Remny in Glamorgan-shire.

Rhine, a River which parts France from Germany, after it has run 300 Miles, it falls into the River Mosa, and the German Ocean.

Ricine, the First Island of the Hebudes.
Riphean-hills, Mountains of Scythia so call'd.

Roman-military-way, call'd Watlin-street.

Rutunium, Routon in Shropshire.

Rutupia, an old Town Richborrow, near Sandwich in Kent.

—The Foreland in Kent.

S.

Sabrina, River Severn.

Salopia, Shropshire.

Scandania, or Scandia, the Country between the Belt and the Northern Sea, containing Norway, Swedeland, &c.

Scylla, a dangerous place in the Scilian Sea.

Scythia, otherwise call'd Sarmatia; now that part of Tartary, which lies in Europe, about the Euxine Sea; and the Meotick Lake.

Segontium, Caerharvan in Wales.

—Silchester, in Hampshire.

Sein, the River on which Paris stands.

Sestus, a Castle of Thrace by the Hellespont.

Severus-wall, the Picts Wall.

Silures, Inhabitants of South-wales, viz.

Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Glamorganshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire.

Sirius, the Dogstar.

Sorbiadunum, Salisbury in Wiltshire.

Spinæ, an old Town hard by Newberry.

Stourus, River Stour in Dorsetshire.

—River Stoure in Suffolk.

Stuccia, River Yestwith in Cardiganshire.

T.

Tame, a Town on the River Celnus in Scotland.

Tava, River Tay in Scotland.

Tegean-lake, Pimble-mere, in Wales.

Thames, River of Thames.

Thaetos, Isle of Thanet.

Thet, the River on which Thetford stands.

Thrace, now Romania.

Tinna, River Tine, Tinmouth stands on it, there is likewise another Tine more Northward.

Trenta, River Trent, it divides Lin-

colnshire, from Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

Trefantona, River Test, it runs into Southampton-Bay.

Trinacrian-Isle, the Island of Scilly.

Tripointum, suppos'd to be where Towcester does, in Northamptonshire.

Trojans, Troy was a City of Phrygia, in the lesser Asia.

Tuelis, a River in Scotland, that rises below Grampius, and falls into the German Ocean.

Turobius, River Teivi in Wales.

Tyber, the famous River of Rome.

U

Uriconium, an Old Town call'd Wroxcester, near the place where Severn and Tern joyn, Shrewsbury, is suppos'd to have its rise out of the Ruins of Uriconium.

Usocona, suppos'd to be Oxeniate in Shropshire.

V.

Vaga, River Wye, it rises in Wales, and runs thro' Herefordshire.

Vagniacans, Inhabitants of Maidstone in Kent.

Vandals, they inhabited about Meklenburg in Germany, on the Coast of the Baltick Sea.

Vara, or Bay of Vavaris in Scotland.

Vesta's-Isle, the Isle of Wight.

Vedra, River Ware, in the Bishoprick of Durham.

Vindogladia, Winburn in Dorsetshire.

Venicones, or Vernicones, they inhabited North of Tay in Scotland, Camden places them in Mernis.

Venta, an Old Town near Chepstow in Monmouthshire.

—An Old Town call'd Caister, near Norwich, out of whose ruins Norwich is suppos'd to have its Original.

—Winchester, in Hampshire.

Verolanium, an Old Town near St. Albans, out of whose Ruines it had its beginning.

Veluvius, a Famous burning Mountain in Italy.

Vicomagians, Camden makes them to inhabit Murray, but Ortelius places them between the Creones and Carnonacæ, in the Western part of Scotland.

Victoria, suppos'd to be Inch-Keith-Island, broke off from the Land.

Vindolana, Old Winchester in Northumberland.